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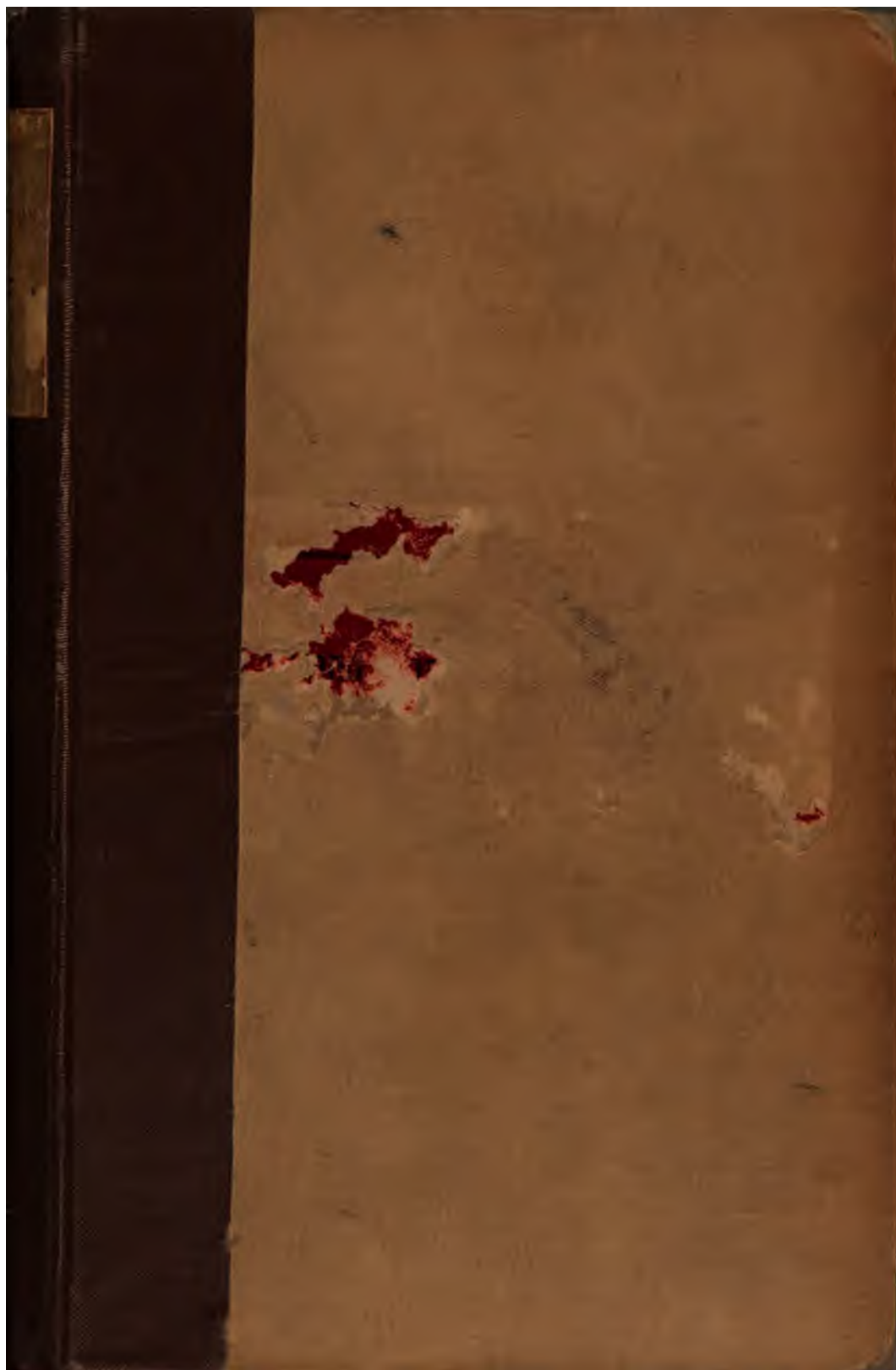
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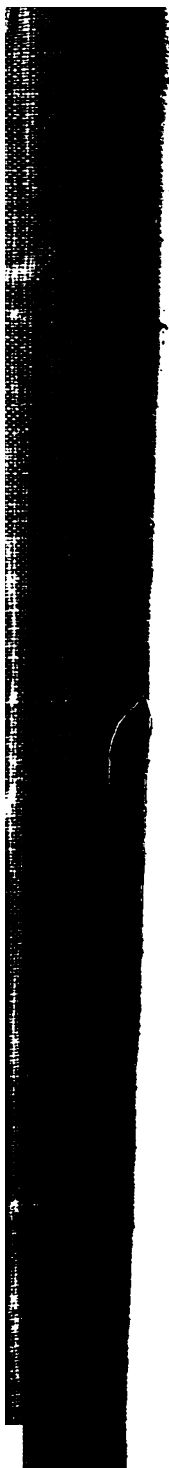
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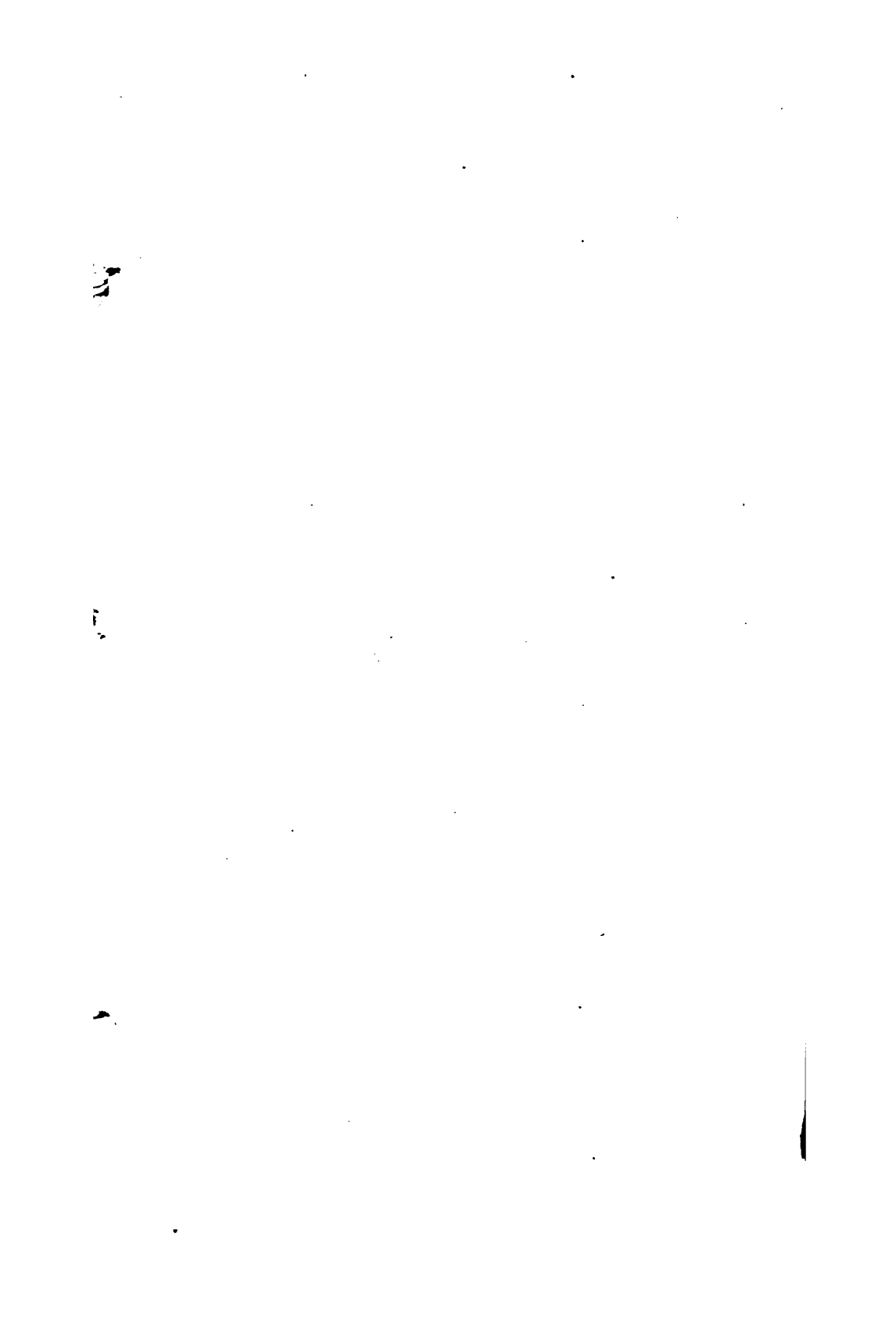
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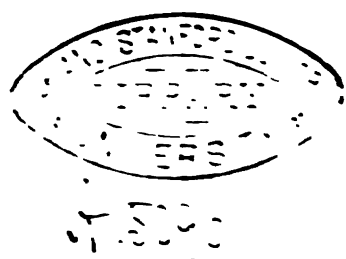
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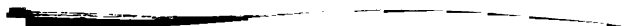
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THYESTES.

2

1

1

*Thyestes. A Tragedy. Acted at the Theatre-Royal,
by their Majesties servants. Written by Mr Crown.
London, Printed for R. Bently and M. Magnes, in Russel
Street, in Covent Garden near the Piazzas, Anno Domini,
1681.*

THE success of this peculiarly disagreeable tragedy upon its representation at the Theatre Royal, as mentioned in the *Biographia Dramatica*, is a singular instance of the vitiated state of popular taste which could tolerate a drama so replete with horrors of the most disgusting character. It is partly founded on the *Thyestes* of Seneca; indeed to a certain extent is a translation, with alterations and modifications made with a view to render it more adapted for representation on the English stage.

More than a century before Crowne produced this play, *Thyestes* had been, with the other tragedies of the Roman tragic poet, brought under the notice of our countrymen by a translation, "Imprinted at London, in Fleet Street, neer unto Sainte Dunstan's Church, by Thomas Marsh, 1581," and dedicated to Sir Thomas Heneage, Knight, Treasurer of her Maesties Chamber, by Thomas Newton of Burley, in Cheshire, who translated the "*Thebais*," the remaining nine being rendered by other persons, whose names are given.

Thyestes, with *Hercules Furens*, and *Troas*, are translated by Jasper Heywood, designing himself student in "*Oxenforde*," who prefixes this argument to the first. "*Megara*, one of the hellish furies, raising up *Tantalus* from hell, invoked him to set mortall hatred betuene his two nephews.* Thus he and *Atræus*, being brothers, and raigning as kings over *Mycenæ* by enterchangeable turnes, that is to witte, *Thyestes* to raine one yere and *Atræus* the other. Now *Atræus* enraged with furie against his brother, partly for defiling and deflowring his wife *Ærope* by pollicie, and partly for taking from him a *Ram* with golden fleece, practised with his servant how to be revenged of his brother. This *Atræus*, there-

* They were grandchildren of *Tantalus*, as Heywood himself states in the extraordinary soliloquy by *Thyestes*, composed by himself, with which he proposes to finish the tragedy.

fore, dissembling reconciliation, and inviting Thyestes to Mycenæ, secretly and unknown to him set before him at a banquet the flesh of his own children to eat. Afterward Atreus having also given to his said brother the blood of his children in a goblet to drinke, did lastly command the heads to be brought in, at the doleful sight whereof Thyestes greatly lamenting, knowing that he had eaten his owne children, was wonderfully anguished. But Atreus, for that he had thus revenged himselfe, toke therin great pleasure and delectation."

This is a tolerable epitome of the plot of Seneca's drama, which, being of a nature unfitted for representation, Crowne was induced to make considerable alterations, so as to render it suitable for the stage. These alterations are certainly improvements. He introduces the son of Thyestes and the daughter of Atreus as lovers, and there is much good poetry in the dialogue between them, with which the second act commences. Still, as Geneste* remarks, "a stranger subject was surely never chosen for a modern play." He might have instanced, as equally strange, Titus Andronicus—a play which we can never bring ourselves to believe to be the veritable production of Shakespeare, and which, as altered by Ravenscroft, was successfully represented at the Theatre Royal† subsequently. It therefore was not wonderful that Crowne's success should have emboldened the author of the London Cuckolds to make a similar experiment upon the patience of the public. Seneca represents Thyestes feeding on his offspring; but Ravenscroft, although he does not venture to go so far, causes Aaron to propose something of the kind, as he makes him exclaim after the Empress had murdered the pledge of their affection—

"She has outdone me ev'n in mine own art
Outdone me in murder, kill'd her own child.
Give it me, I'll eat it."

There was an earlier edition of Heywood's translation of Thyestes than that in the collected edition of Seneca's Tragedies in 1581. It is noticed in the *Biographia Dramatica*, as published in 1561, 12mo. Another translation by John Wright, appeared in 1674, 12mo, which

History of the Stage, vol. i., p. 292.

Biographia Dramatica, Lon. 1812, vol. iii., part ii, p. 2.

had been written many years before that date, and "corrected and rendered into somewhat a more fashionable garb than its first dress, in the interval of a more profitable study, the last long vacation before it was published." He has appended a burlesque entitled the "Mock Thyestes," not intended to ridicule Seneca's drama, which is translated with "much accuracy and elegance." Of Wright we have no further account than that he was a barrister. But there is an interesting biography of Heywood in the *Biographia Dramatica*, from which we learn that he was son of Thomas Heywood, the author of the *Spider and the Fly*, was born in London, 1595, educated at Oxford, was a Roman Catholic, sent out of England in 1583, and ultimately settled in Naples, where he died on the 9th of April 1597-8. He is mentioned by Ritson as the author of three poems in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*.*

Perhaps Geneste may be correct when he says *Thyestes* "is neither a good play nor a bad one," and that some passages have been translated from Seneca "very well," but we hesitate to concur in his suggestion that Crowne should not have retained *Megæra* and the Ghost of *Tantalus*, as they answer no particular purpose, and that he ought to have omitted the golden Ram. It is by no means clear that these objections are well founded, for the curses of *Megæra* prepare the audience for what is to follow, and as possession of the golden Ram was so much connected with the fate of *Argos*, its exhibition might not be without its effect in pleasing those present at the performance.

Heywood adds a fourth scene to his translation, a composition in which *Thyestes* is made to conclude the tragedy with a soliloquy of considerable length, in which the unhappy man very unnecessarily represents himself as a being utterly unsuited for the companionship of the good, and fit only to reside

"Where Gorgon grimme, where harpyes are, and
lothsome Lymbo lakes."

* These will be found in the beautiful reprint of this interesting collection by John Payne Collier, Esq., of an unique edition in his own possession, whereof the impression was very limited.

banquet; the more modern dramatist reduced the number to one, and would have doubtless dispensed with the feast entirely, if he could have done so without injury to the plot.

St Hierome, otherwise Jerome, has the following passage on the subject, which we give in the original, as not exactly suited for translation:—

“Quid loquar de cæteris nationibus, quum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Atticotos (alii Scotos), gentem Britannicam humanis vesci carnibus, et quum per sylvas porcorum greges et armentorum pecudumque reperiant pastorum nates et fœminarum et papillas solere abscindi et has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Scotorum natio uxores proprias non habet et quasi Platonis politiam legerit et Cætonis sectetur exemplum, nulla apud eas conjux propria est, sed ut cuique libitum fuerit, pecudum more lasciviunt.”*

The following note is added: Erasmus & Marianus legunt hoc loco *Scotos gentem Britannicam*: omnes codices MSS. retinent *Atticotos* vel *Aticottos*. Qui sint porro *Atticotti* vel *Acticottæ*, vide apud Buchanan, lib. 2, *Rer, Scot.*, p. 17, & in libro de *Castrensibus officiis Romanorum* per provincias. De iisdem *Actacotis* Marcellinus, lib. 27. *Actacoti bellicosa hominum natio, & Scoti per diversa vagantes*. Ubi *Atticoti* distinguuntur a *Scotis*; Sicut hic in contextu Hieronymiano.

In Bishop Cooper's “*Thesaurus*,” 1578, dedicated to Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, reference is made to the above quotation from Jerome, and in the upper portion of the passage just quoted, he charges the native Scots with this abominable practice. He apparently is satisfied of his correctness, but we suspect the natives indicated by the saint were those of Britany—Celts or Scots—that were meant. The quotation is given as one instance that even in the earlier years of Christianity the use of human flesh for food was no novelty in Europe.

The ballad of the Lady Isabella's Tragedy, first printed by Percy from an old black letter copy, is founded upon a similar diabolical act to that of Atreus, where a nobleman of high rank, by the devices of a step-mother, is nearly induced to feast on a pie made of the flesh of an only daughter.

* S. Hieronymus, adversus Jovianum. Liber II.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT cursed planet o'er this play-house reigns ?
Palsies and gouts are all the old men's gains ;
And we young men ere we have learnt to speak,
Have learnt the old men's cursed trick, to break.
Some went to Scotland ; they had cunning plots
Who went to sell the English wit to Scots.
Scots in that traffic you excel I fear,
Witness their Covenant they sold so dear.
So those young men are come as wealthy home,
As they return devout who go for Rome.
But still we are followed with a cursed blast,
For in the harbour's mouth we have split our mast ;
And such poetic jewels perish here,
As might be worn with pride in any ear.
Our massy treasure we shall ne'er buy up,
But live on poor slight stuff that floats a-top.
To-day, like cunning Romish priests we try
If we can awe you, with an ancient lie.
Some say, you must not dare to pass a doom
On what has been admired by Greece and Rome.
You upstart sectaries of wit, cry down,
What has for twenty ages had renown !
The world will ask, in scorn of your dispraise,
Where was your wit, sirs, before Shakespeare's
days ?
No matter where, we'll say y'have excellent sense,
If you will please to let us get your pence.
We, like the Pope, regard not much your praise,
He tickets sells for heaven, and we for plays ;
All but to make advantage of the keys,
Pay for your tickets, and go where you please.

THE SONG AT ATREUS HIS BANQUET.

1.

A lovely pair endowed by fate,
With love's and beauty's whole estate ;
At the sweetest game have been,
You know, you know what I mean,
You know, you know what I mean.

2.

For kisses first the lovers play'd,
The pleasant sport provok'd the maid
To that height, she growing mad,
Had almost play'd for all she had ;
But the maid was not so mad.

3.

She'll ask her father's leave she swears,
And then he'll play for what he dares,
Leave is had, and to't they go ;
What I mean, you know, you know.
What I mean, you know, you know.

4.

To deeper play they now begin,
The happy young man's hand is in ;
Both have stak'd down all their joys,
But she loses, for she cries :
See ! she cries ! oh ! see she cries !

5.

But now the bride, oh ! tempting sight !
Has won her lapful of delight,
To deeper play she urges on ;

But, alas ! his stakes are gone,
But, alas ! his stakes are gone.

6.

And now she locks her cabinet,
But he'll play another set,
When his hand again is in,
You know, you know what I mean,
You know, you know what I mean.

A CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Goddess Minerva, wise, austere,
Sober, valiant, chaste, and fair,
We bring thee here,
A kind, a young, a lovely pair ;
Who beg thy leave to join their hands
In chaste and holy marriage-bands.

1 PR. Oh ! let him be active fire,
Ever burning in desire,
Ever free
From any smoke of jealousy.

Let her be water, soft to all his touches,
Ever hot when he approaches,
When he takes away his eye,
Ever froze with chastity ;
Long let love possess her heart,
And ne'er let love and beauty part.

The first Chorus sung over again.

THE PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY.

ATREUS, *King of Argos.*

AGAMEMNON,) *his Sons.*

MENELAUS,)

THYESTES, *Brother of Atreus.*

PHILISTHENES, *Son to Thyestes, in love with Antigone.*

PENEUS, *An old philosopher, once tutor and governor to Atreus.*

TEREUS, *a Servant of Atreus.*

ÆROPE, *Wife of Atreus.*

ANTIGONE, *His daughter, in love with Philisthenes.*

Scene: ATREUS HIS COURT.

THYESTES.

ACT I.

SCENE I., *the Palace.*

Thunder. The ghost of TANTALUS, MEGÆRA.

Tan. Thou merciless, detested, horrid fury :
To what new colonies of mocking fruits,
And vanishing false streams, dost thou transplant
The hungry, thirsty shade of Tantalus ?

Me. To colonies where thou shalt eat and drink
Thy fill in quiet.

Tan. Wilt thou clothe me then
In flesh and blood again ? For had I them
Thou would'st permit me to devour myself.

Me. I lash thee hither, to devour thyself ;
Monsters I mean descended from thyself.
Thou, lazy ghost, hast done thy work by halves :
I chas'd thee hither once, to fill thy house
With incest, treason, blood. Incest I see,
Brother whor'd brother's wife ; treason I see,
Brother deposed his brother from his throne ;
But where's the blood ? I see no blood at all,
Th' incestuous traitor is in exile safe.

Let me have murders, such as all my snakes
May rear themselves to see, and hiss applause.
The Father eat the nephew he begot,
The bastard nephew go out of the world
A way more horrid than he came into it.
The vast villany of thy damn'd race
Shall and confound the heavens ; make the night

Engender with the day ; the groaning day
 Bring forth gigantic darkness at full noon,
 Such as for hours may pluck the sun from heaven.
 At this black feast I'll let thee be a guest :
 Devour thy fill in quiet, when thy cup
 Flows with the blood of thy incestuous race,
 Nothing shall dare to snatch it from thy lips.

Tan. Return me to my dark, dire prison in hell,
 And all you tortur'd spirits hug your pains ;
 Nor, might you be releas'd, return to life ;
 For earth in sin and torment exceeds hell.
 Finish thy execrable work thyself,
 The pain is more than I am bound to bear.

Me. Look'st thou for laws and equity in hell ?
 Thy sword was all thy reason upon earth,
 And this is ours.

Tan. Oh ! hold thy gnawing whip !
 I will obey.

Me. Enter the palace then !
 Here with thy son didst thou once feast thy Gods,
 With thy great-grandsons now feast all the furies.

[The scene is drawn, Atreus asleep.]

Behold a shadow of thy pains in hell,
 Heired by thy grandson Atreus upon earth ;
 Night seems to offer him her shady fruit,
 And squeeze her balmy slumbers in his eyes,
 And when he catches at 'em, she pulls back ;
 So from the evening's valley to the morning hill
 He rolls his time, as Sysiphus his stone.
 The trembling shade obeys, and pours himself
 Into the palace, which shakes more than he.

[Exit Tan.]

Nature's diseas'd and scar'd at his approach ;
 Trees shed their leaves, as poison'd men their hair ;
 Streams crowd into their mother-fountain's womb ;
 The seas that hung on the Corinthian neck,
 Like rival queens in endless interview,

Swell'd with convulsion fits, run foaming back,
Nor can be held by all their watery train ;
And in their fright miscarry of new isles.
Winds scour the air like midnight revellers,
Mad with strong spirits they ne'er drunk before.
Night, used to apparitions, sweats at this,
And calls the morning up, morn dares not rise,
But like a timorous virgin lower creeps.

Enter TANTALUS.

The work is done !—Atreus begins to rise,
And rising, raves ; descend damn'd shade. The earth
Cannot support at once Atreus and thee ;
You both will break both poles.—Descend to hell !

[Tan. and Me. descend. ATREUS rises.]

Atr. All of the sudden quiet ! is the masque
Concluded then, and furies gone to rest ?
Then furies may have rest, though I'm denied ;
The gods grudge me what they bestow on hell.
What nights have I ? Sure I mistake for nights
Whole pieces torn out of th' infernal blacks,
To wrap the furies whilst they sport themselves
In this cold upper air, by tort'ring me.
Confound you, furies ! why do you vex me ?
Is earth grown good, that you want work below ?
I'm sure my share has wickedness enough,
And find my brother, and I'll fill your hands ;
Meanwhile, torment me not with nightly pains,
Want of revenge is pain enough to me.
Till revenge crowns me, I am still depos'd,
A contemn'd, artless, nerveless, spiritless slave,
A loaded emptyness, on which my brother,
Like a god, hangs an universe of wrongs.
Ho ! there !

Enter a WAITER.

1. Your royal will ?

Atr. Thou fawning dog !
Thou lazy useless cur, how long wilt thou
And all thy fellow curs, with flattering tongues,
Lie licking my wide wounds, and not hunt out
The savage beast from whom I had 'em all ?
My gaping aching wounds can ne'er be cur'd,
Till they are tented with his naked bones.
By Tantalus, my wicked grandfather,
Who fear'd no gods, by my more wicked self,
Who have no fear of gods, or men, or devils,
Bring me Thyestes all to pieces torn,
Ere I be rack'd by one more restless night,
Or you, and all the race of you shall die !
For I'll leave nothing upon earth to groan
For all your deaths, but the o'erloaded trees,
On whose torn boughs in clusters you shall hang.

Enter a Second [Waiter].

2. Sir, Tereus is return'd from the strict search
Of Prince Thyestes.

Atr. Ha ! go bring him in.

Enter TEREUS.

Now speak the tidings ! yet thou need'st not speak,
Thy trembling joints bow under evil news,
Death fills thy face, and stands as in the door
Ready to take possession of the house.
Thy eyes, like evening lights before their time
Consum'd with storms, are ready to go out,
And let thy soul in darkness scape away :
But first I'll make it lay its burden down.
Speak, can Thyestes yet be found ?

Ter. Not yet.

Atr. Then from this hour thou shalt be found
no more.

1. Great Sir !——

Atr. Nor thou!—thus will I use you all!

[*Stabs both.*]

For you are traitors all, hir'd traitors, all
Brib'd by Thyesteas, you are all his slaves,
He governs here in Argos, and not I;
I am his slave, poor slave: I have not wealth
Enough to purchase from his head one hair;
Yet he can buy my peace, my throne, my wife,
And after all can keep me on the rack
In my own kingdom. In the midst of all
My slaves and guards, a slave can rack a King,
An exil'd slave a King; so many friends
In heaven, earth, and hell, has villany.

*Enter ANTIGONE with AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS,
infants.*

Atr. Now! what art thou?

Ant. Antigone!

Atr. What's that?

Ant. Your daughter, sir.

Atr. And are you sure of that?

By heavens, thy mother was so rank a whore,
That it is more than all the gods can tell
What share of thee is mine.

Ant. You have been pleas'd
To think me all your own.

Atr. I have been pleas'd
To be a fool, and think thy mother too
Was all my own, and chaste.

Ant. So sure she was,
Though any chastity may be surpris'd.
However, sir, we came——

Atr. To make me mad?
Was it for that?

Ant. No, sir, to make you calm:
You have been pleas'd sometimes to take delight
In most unworthy me, and in these two

Poor innocent young Princes, who did ne'er
Offend you yet.

Atr. How ! not offend me yet ?

Then should two flames, all of the sudden, burst
Out of the hill, on which my palace stands,
The hill upon whose brow by night I sleep,
By day I take my prospects of my delight,
The horrid flames would not offend me ? ha !
By all the gods, these damn'd incestuous brats
Are the irruptions of a burning whore,
More hot than *Ætna*.

Ant. Oh ! sir ! howe'er my mother sin'd of late,
Yet I have heard yourself sometimes confess
You thought her innocent when we were born.
She never saw my wicked uncle's face
Till after we were born.

Atr. And what o' that ?

Are there no men to sin withall but he ?
What a vast monster dost thou make thy mother !
At the first minute of her birth in sin,
To conquer nature, cancel all her laws,
Do more than fiends have done these thousand
years !

No, no, so well of her do I believe,
I rather think she always was a whore,
And by degrees ascended to this height :
Oh ! how I lov'd that woman ! oh ! the gods !
Why in her stead was I not doom'd to love
Some ghastly, grim, devouring, hellish fury ;
Whose hairs were serpents, and her breath a plague,
Whose bones were gibbets, and her nerves iron
chains ;
Whose eyes were comets, and her voice was
thunder ;
Whose teeth were hooks all gor'd with human
blood ;
Whose flesh and blood was a devouring bog,

Compounded of all poisons in the world ?
In her abhor'd embrace I had not found
So many deaths and hells as I do now.

Ant. Gods ! if my mother sin'd against such love,
And sin'd so foully, as some say she has ;
Pour all your vengeance on her impious head,
And spare the injur'd King ; his heavy wrongs
Are sufferings great enough for all his sins.

Atr. Gods ! with what witchcraft did this
woman deal ?
She has transform'd me to I know not what,
I am a mingle of fool, tyrant, devil,
Madman, and child ; for, by the gods, I weep,
Who ne'er did so in tender'st infancy.

Ant. Hard were the heart that would not melt
at this.

Atr. I am a madman too, I tear myself,
'Cause him I ought to tear I cannot reach :
I'm such a tyrant, were he in my reach,
I'd teach the furies to torment the damn'd.
I was not always thus, this hellish mind
Was the creation of that cursed woman,
Whom yet I love, so rank a fool am I,
And for her sake, her sin-begotten brood,
For which I loathe myself. Away with 'em !

Ant. Pray, sir !

Atr. How now ! Resist my will ? Begone !
Or on the floor I'll mingle all your brains.
What hinders me from killing these lewd brats ?
Sure it is hell, which is afraid to lose
Fruit of a stock, the like was ne'er before :
Hence from my sight, you bastards ! or my guards
Shall bear you hence upon their holbard points.

Enter PENEUS.

Pen. Get you hence, children ! leave the King
to me !

Go, fair Antigone, your planets lour,
 I like 'em not ; but children your's shine out :
 Prince Agamemnon, oracles agree,
 Shall lay a glorious empire in the dust,
 And Menelaus be the chiefest cause.
 But yet no oracle did utter this
 Without ill-boding sounds ; then children, hence !
 Argos perhaps may perish by your death,
 And that sad way the Oracle fulfill'd.

[*Ex. An, Agam, Mene.*

Atr. How now, old dotard ! what is thy business here ?

Pen. Business I have, or I would ne'er come here.
 A court is not a place for an old man ;
 'Specially if in dotage so far gone
 As to be honest.

Air. Hence with thy old cant !
 That was the unintelligible stuff
 Thou taught'st my foolish youth ; which now I find
 All nonsense, and not fit for Princes' courts.

Pen. What is not virtue fit for Princes' courts ?

Atr. No, 'tis an art of washing o'er false coin,
 And stamping images of gods on knaves :
 Thou seem'st the humblest creature in the world.
 The fool that into flaming Ætna leapt,
 To be esteem'd a God, had not more pride :
 Thou fling'st thyself into the jaws of want,
 To be ador'd, and thought a Godlike man.
 He strove to disappear in flame and smoke,
 And thou in cloudy words of good and wise.

Pen. I serv'd so faithfully your royal house,
 Upwards of threescore years, that I believ'd
 I might assume the name of honest man,
 Since it was all the wages I desir'd.
 When did I ever wrong you in my life,
 That you should throw this scandal on my age ?
 I speak for virtue's sake, and not my own,

Lest all men should forsake her for a cheat.
I'll do her right, as I'm in conscience bound,
And boldly tell you, virtue makes my age
More pleasant, than your Kingdom does your youth.

Atr. Thanks to Thyestes.

Pen. He has wrong'd you indeed.
But what have your obedient subjects done ?
And you kill them. To save their lives I came.

Atr. They hide the traitor.

Pen. I believe the gods
Hide him, lest you by death should set him free
From greater punishments which they inflict :
Vengeance belongs to gods, and they devour
Their luscious morsels of revenge alone.

Atr. I'll find their banquet out, and have my
share,

I care not what it cost me ; let our fam'd
Great house Pelops tumble on my head,
So damn'd Thyestes perish under me.

Pen. You'll make yourself as odious as he ;
Almost as impious too.

Atr. I would be more,
I would do all that villany to him,
That he can only wish were done to me :
I have no other way to prove myself
His elder brother, and a lawful King.
For he of us that is the greatest fiend
Ought to be King of Argos, 'cause he gives
The greatest proof of Tantalus his blood.
And I'll appear no bastard to the world.

Pen. What will your people say ?

Atr. I'll make 'em say
What I command.

Pen. Falsehoods perhaps you may.

Atr. That is the great prerogative of power,
To tax the world for praise as well as coin ;
I'll make 'em praise my actions good or bad.

Pen. Yes, whilst you live you may, but when
you're dead

The world will curse you to eternity.

Atr. My name will live then to eternity.

Pen. So will your soul, but lost.

Atr. Let 'em but live,

No matter how.

Pen. Fear you not men or gods ?

Atr. The fear of gods ne'er came in Pelops' house.

Pen. Think you there are no gods ?

Atr. I find all things

So false, I'm sure of nothing but of wrongs.

Pen. Then fear your injur'd subjects, for the
beams

Of virtue breed the golden mines of praise ;

But vice the iron of rebellion.

Atr. Let them fear that ! oh ! I am mad, I burn ;

Furies with flaming brands are in my breast :

Their snakes with their own poison almost burst ;

And every vein o' mine contains a snake.

Ho ! there ! bid Mycene get in arms,

I will pour all my kingdom upon Greece.

Pen. And who shall guard your cities then ?

Atr. The furies !

They are their temples, and belov'd abodes.

Pen. Oh ! Sir !

Atr. Away ! or I will spurn thee hence ;

I am transported from my self—arm !—arm !—

I'll do !—

Pen. What will you do ?

Ant.

I know not what,

Something that all the gods shall tremble at. [*Exit.*]

Pen. How miserable a thing is a great man !

Take noisy vexing greatness they that please !

Give me obscure, and safe, and silent ease :

Acquaintance and commerce let me have none,

With any powerful thing, but time alone :

My rest let time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me, as by a slumb'ring friend ;
Till with ease glutted, to my grave I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh ! wretched he, who call'd abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour,
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, and uses none,
So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses, ere himself he knows. [*Erit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I., *the mouth of a Cave in a Grove.*

PHILISTHENES and ANTIGONE meet.

Ant. Oh ! my Philisthenes, sad news ! sad news !

My cruel father's fever of revenge
Grows on him every hour, night brings him all
The restless shades of hell, day all the flames,
He's ever calling for thy father's blood :
How greedily would he drink thine more sweet !
But do not fear ; as soon as night appears
Away we'll fly from this accursed place,
Devoted by our fathers to all ill :
By thine to incest, and by mine to blood.

Phi. Oh ! Gods ! what dreadful miseries must befall

Th' unhappy offspring of two such bad men ?

Ant. Our innocence and love will guard us safe :
I have prepar'd a chariot for our flight
To the Ægean sea, and there a boat
Lies lock'd at anchor, in a creek so small,
It seems a little closet of the sea,
Where maiden calms lye hid from ruffian winds :

The creek appears a wrinkle made with age,
 In a high promontory's bending brow.
 The little harbour is o'erlook'd by all
 But a poor humble fisherman, whose hut
 Is all the castle that commands the port :
 There needs no porter where there is no door ;
 Nothing they think can creep out o' that chink.
 The honest fisherman expects us both
 Ere night be old ; then let us fearless fly,
 We cannot lose our way, for we transport
 Our journey's end along with us, our selves.

Phil. What beauty and love do I to misery
 lend ?

*Oh ! love ! I lead thee from thy father's rage
 To a more cruel tyrant, merciless want !
 My father's sins have press'd him down so low,
 He stoops to eat the charitable bread
 Of a poor aged man, Peneus by name.*

Ant. I knew that man : oh ! that's a good old
 man !

Phil. Where he conceals my father, I know not ;
 He would not trust the secret with my youth,
 For fear I should be cheated by ill men ;
 But from my father oft he presents brings,
 Such as his miserable fortune yields :
 Their chiefest value is my father's love.
 Now shall I steal thee from thy father's court,
 And cannot give thee for it a poor cave !

Ant. I forebaw this, and all my jewels brought :
 Those with our love will make a great estate.

Phil. Oh ! you kind gods ! which way have I
 descried

Such wondrous love, from such a wondrous maid ?

Ant. What have I done with 'em ?——I have
 'em not——

I have not lost 'em sure.

I left 'em in my chamber, I did ill,

For I abhor to thrust my head again
Within that cursed house, which is a sink
Where Jove throws all the scum of all ill stars ;
And furies watch'd my absence, I'm afraid,
To set my jewels in some baleful charm :
But I'll go fetch 'em ; hide ! oh ! hide, my dear !
Down to the darkest corner of the vault.

Phi. Oh ! let me see thee, as long as ere I can.

Ant. No, no, 'tis dangerous : down, down, my love !

Oh ! cave, be faithful to thy precious trust,
And all the youthful lovers in the world,
With flow'ry wreaths shall crown thy rocky brow,
Shall make a temple of thee, and adore
Night's little picture that adorns thy walls,
Night lover's goddess, and eternal friend.
Farewell, my love !

Phi. Farewell my dear !—My eyes *[Ex. Ant.]*
Are fastened to her steps, and I must look
What ere it cost me.

*Enter a Captain of the Guard with a Guard, and
seize PHILISTHENES.*

Capt. And 'twill cost thee dear.

Phi. Betray'd ! ha ! What are you ?

Capt. King Atreus' Guard.

Phi. Oh ! I am lost !

Capt. Indeed young man, thou art
So lost, I pity thee ; and would it cost
No life but mine, by heaven, I'd set thee free.
But were it known 'twould cost a thousand lives,
My single life would to the raging King
Be but like a little pillar to the sea,
Not stop the waves, but make 'em foam the more ;
And that 'twill be discovered is as sure
As there are spies and villains in a court.

Phi. What have I done, the King should seek my life ?

Capt. Thy father sin'd both for himself and thee.

Phi. I from my father receive no estate,
'Tis hard I should inherit all his faults.

Capt. May the King use thee as thou dost deserve.

Phi. Since you have so much pity, I dare beg
For my dear love, whom I must see no more !
I know you overheard our talk !

Capt. We did.

Phi. Oh ! spare her life ; and do not tell the King

She loves unhappy me.

Capt. No, no, dear youth !

For our own sakes we'll hide it from the King :
Small trust he'd put in us, if he should find
His daughter false.

Phi. She is not false ! but fate
Deals ill with her, to cast her love on me.

Capt. Ah ! cruel chance, that brought me to
this cave,

To ruin this unhappy lovely pair.

Phi. Ah ! poor Antigone ! ah ! wretched me !—

[*Ex. Phi. with the guard.*]

At another door enter ANTIGONE.

Ant. Methought complaining sounds came from
the cave ;

The sounds of differing voices were compos'd ;
I'm in a horrid agony with fear !

I cannot stay, yet forward dare not go.

Forward I must ; how deadly cold I am,

As if death stood between the cave and me !

If I meet not my love, I shall with death :

He is not in the cave ; where is he wander'd ?—

My love ! Philisthenes—my love, my love !
Where art thou hid ? Come hither ! I am here,
Antigone is here !—my love—my love !
Oh ! nothing answers : he is seiz'd—he's lost !—
[*She falls in a swoon.*]

Enter PENEUS.

Pen. Ha ! what is she, that sleeps in open air ?
Indeed the place is far from any path,
But what conducts to melancholy thoughts ;
But those are beaten roads about this court.
Her habit calls her noble Grecian maid,
But her sleep says she is a stranger here.
All birds of night build in this court, but sleep ;
And sleep is here made wild with loud complaints,
And flies away from all ; I wonder how
This maid has brought it to her lure so tame.

Ant. Oh ! my Philisthenes !

Pen. She wakes to moan ;
Ay ! that's the proper language of this place !

Ant. My dear, my poor Philisthenes is seiz'd !
I know 'tis so ! oh ! horror ! death ! hell !—oh !

Pen. I know her now, 'tis fair Antigone !
The daughter and the darling of the King,
This is the lot of all this family.
Beauteous Antigone ! thou know'st me well ;
I am old Peneus, one who threescore years
Has lov'd and serv'd thy wretched family ;
Impart thy sorrows to me, I perhaps,
In my wide circle of experience,
May find some counsel that may do thee good.

Ant. Oh ! good old man ! how long have you
been here ?

Pen. I came but now.

Ant. Oh ! did you see this way
Poor young Philisthenes ? you know him well.

Pen. Thy uncle's son ? Thyestes' eldest son

Ant. The same ! the same !

Pen. No, all the gods forbid
I should meet him so near thy father's court.

Ant. Oh ! he was here one cursed minute past.

Pen. What brought him hither ?

Ant. Love to wretched me.

Our warring fathers never ventur'd more
For bitter hate, than we for innocent love.
Here, but a minute past, the dear youth lay ;
Here in this brambly cave lay in my arms ;
And now he's seiz'd ! oh ! miserable me !

[*She tears her hair.*]

Pen. Why dost thou rend that beauteous ornament ?

In what has it offended ? hold thy hands !

Ant. Oh ! father ! go and plead for the poor youth !

No one dare speak to the fierce King but you.

Pen. And no one near speaks more in vain than I ;

He spurns me from his presence like a dog.

Ant. Oh ! then——

Pen. She faints ! she swoons !—I frightened her !

Oh ! I spoke indiscreetly !—daughter ! child !

Antigone ! I'll go !—indeed—I'll go !—

Ant. There is no help for me in heaven or earth.

Pen. There is, there is ! despair not, sorrowful maid,

All will be well—I'm going to the King,
And will with powerful reasons bind his hands,
And something in me says I shall prevail.
But to whose care shall I leave thee meanwhile ?
For, oh ! I dare not trust thee to thy grief.

Ant. I'll be dispos'd of, Father, as you please,
Till I receive the blest or dreadful doom.

Pen. Then come, dear daughter! lean upon my arm,
Which old and weak is stronger yet than thine,
Thy youth has known more sorrow than my age.
I never hear of grief but when I'm here :
But one day's diet here of sighs and tears,
Returns me elder home by many years.

[*Ex. Pen., Ant.*

SCENE II., *the Court.*

Enter ATREUS, CAPTAIN of the Guard.

Atr. Thyestes' eldest son fallen in my hands !
I find the gods are tired with holding up
The ponderous villain long above my sword,
And mean to let him fall in the meanwhile
They fling his race like vipers from their hands.
Bring in the youth !

Enter Guard with PHILISTHENES.

How now, boy ! what affair,
What vast affair, in value worth a life,
Made thee adventure to this dangerous place ?

Phi. Love to my native soil. I came to see
The Court and kingdom of my ancestors,
And this great palace where I had my birth :
For I was told King Atreus was so good,
He pardon'd and forgot his brother's faults.

Atr. How bold and ready art thou in a lie !
Who could inform thee I had pardon'd faults
Which cannot be forgiven by men or gods ?
To what strange thing didst thou believe me turn'd ?
To a tame beast ? no beast but loves revenge :
To a mild god ? he cannot be a god
That wants revenge. 'Tis a god's chief delight,
They mark it for their own. What then, a tree ?
Alas ! why did not thy good father come

And whore my wife under my bawdy shade ?
 So dumb a husband need not have been fear'd,
 Nor such a piece of lumber of a King.
 And thou didst come to cut me down, in hopes
 My subjects were as weary of my life,
 As thy lewd horrid father has made me.

Phi. I scorn an act so villanous and base.

Atr. What crowd is this assembled in my breast ?

My soul's a theatre with furies fill'd. [*Aside.*
 The ghastly throng fling all their eager looks
 Upon a table spread with mangled limbs,
 And smoking bowls o'er-gorg'd with reeking blood ;
 Their eyes grow larger with the pleasing sight ;
 And the deluded guest, who eats his son,
 Stamps all their cheeks with a malicious smile.
 The vision takes ! the story's great and brave,
 I'll give it my revenge to copy out.
 Now with my daughter I'll entice this youth
 To cheat his father with a proffer'd crown.
 To meet a crown he'd rush on thundring Jove,
 Plunge in the sea when winds and billows fight,
 Or on deep quicksands, that would swallow hills ;
 Nay, worse than all these join'd,—he would meet
 me—

Yes, and he shall !—(*aside.*)—Philisthenes, bold youth !

Something in thee has made friends in my heart,
 Who by plain force have master'd my revenge,
 After a long and fierce and dubious fight,
 And make it bow to offer thee thy life.

What sayst thou, youth ? Hast thou a mind to live ?

Phi. Let nature answer for me.

Atr.

But to live

On the ill terms of being friends to me ?

Phi. What god puts those good thoughts into
 your soul ?

Atr. Thy own desert ; I love thee, noble youth.

Phi. Oh ! I am overwhelm'd.

[Weeps, and falls at the King's feet.]

Atr. The sweet youth weeps,

And prostrates at my feet ; this must not be.

Rise, rise, my own best blood, my own best self,

The hope and pillar of our falling house !

What wilt thou disobey my first command ?

Phi. Which of the best of gods have done this good ?

Atr. Come to me, near my heart, within my heart.

As soon as ever I beheld thy eyes,

Something flew from 'em, like a charming god,

And bid the furies leave my troubled breast ;

They struggled hard, but now they are all gone ;

And now my heart is free for all my friends.

Oh ! that I had thy father in my arms,

In what perfection would be my full joy ?

Phi. And can you be so excellent to forgive My father too ?

Atr. Ay ! sooner than myself.

My barb'rous rage I never shall forgive.

Phi. How good are you ! For you had been most kind,

When you most heavily was wrong'd.

Atr. No more !

Dear youth, let all thy father's errors die ;

My mortal spite shall only be at them,

And his too lasting hatred. Would I knew

Where my poor wandering exil'd brother rov'd,

That I might send, or rather go myself

To court him to my arms, and to a crown,

To be my friend, and be my King, his turn.

Phi. And do you mean it, Sir ?

Atr. That is unkind !

Dost thou suspect my truth ?

Phi. I do not, Sir ;
But I am so transported with my joy,
I know not what I think, or what I say.

Atr. Then know'st thou where thy father is,
dear youth ?

Phi. I do not, Sir ; but good old Peneus does.

Atr. Does he, indeed ?

Phi. Yes, my poor father, Sir,
Has all his bread from him.

Atr. Oh ! false old rogue !— [*aside.*

Alas ! poor brother, art thou fall'n so low,

To live upon old servant's broken meat ?

But, good old Peneus, thou giv'st what thou hast,

By all the gods thou shalt have thy reward.

See, here he comes ! Come hither, pious man !

Enter PENEUS.

Pen. What means this change ? [*aside,*

Atr. I am to give thee thanks
For my own innocence, my brother's life ;

It seems, 'tis thou hast hid him from my rage,

And given him bread, and starv'd my fierce revenge.

Pen. Who told you this ?

Atr. Nay, be not startled, man ;
No other hurt is meant thee than my love :

But I'm so bad a man, men shun my love,

And think the gods curse all whom I embrace.

Pen. I'm sure you once were good, but potent
wrongs

To flaming vengeance grappled you so fast,

I thought no art or strength could set you free.

Atr. A thousand things conspir'd thy strong
advice :

The tempting sight of this most noble youth ;

And last my nature tired with standing bent

Always to ill, bowed down by force of wrongs,

Starts up for ease, to its own posture, love !

Love of my brother, this dear youth his son ;
And of my sov'reign happiness, my wife !
What think you, sirs, did I not love my wife ?

Pen. Your passion for her hatred shew'd your
love ;

Though some believe she's wrong'd as much as you.

Atr. Faulty or not, so powerful was my love,
My wounded dying love had greater strength
Than all my rage in its most vigorous youth,
And held me from her life, that still she lives.
'Tis true, in heavy sorrow, so she ought,
If she offended, as I fear she has ;
Her hardships though she owes to her own choice.
I've often offer'd her my useless couch ;
For what is it to me ? I never sleep ;
But for her bed she chuses the hard floor.
My table is spread for her, I never eat ;
And she'll take nothing but what feeds her grief.
Hair-cloth and chains she wears, but by that means
She makes me wear 'em, 'cause I feel her pains.

Phi. Oh ! how report has wrong'd this excellent
King !

Atr. But now I've hopes to see my brother's
face :

My spacious arms extend to heaven and hell,
And I've the choice of both, which is soon made.
Oh Peneus ! bring my brother to my arms,
And greater joy shall lift the downcast head
Of Pelop's house than ever it beheld.
I'll give my daughter to my brother's son, .
And then our joys are fasten'd at the root.

Phi. I shall run mad with joy.

Pen. Is not this art ?

[*Aside.*

Aside.

Methinks on this so fine carved pedestal,
An image with two faces I discern.

Atr. Dear Peneus, hasten on thy embassy !

Pen. An embassy that's worthy of a god ;

And would I were a god, that I might find
The wandering prince, and finish this blest work.

Atr. Know'st thou not where he is then?

Phi. Oh! yes, sir.

Ah, Peneus! why do you distrust the King?

Pen. Ah! poor deluded youth. [*Aside.*]

Atr. He fears I'm false;

I blame him not, for I am a bad man:
I deserve all the wrongs I have endured.
All I desire is leave to pardon wrongs.

Phi. Oh! father of my father, thou whose great
And pious charity preserved his life,
Do not destroy us all by needless doubts.

Pen. Gods! guide me in this doubtful labyrinth. [*Aside.*]

Let me not be misguided by vain doubt,
To be the death of seeming new-born joy:
But if the King dissembles, oh, good gods!
Let not my age, and this unknowing youth,
Be worse misguided both, to be the death
Of his dear father he, I of my friend.

Atr. The wary, wise old man distrusts me still.
Oh! brother, thou hast friends, but I have none.

Pen. Yes! I am sir, your friend as much as his;
But more to faith and honesty than both.

Atr. Well, I will put my kingdom in thy hands.
Behind the palace, in a sacred field,
Secured by twenty walls, and watch'd by guards,
Rests all the fortune of our royal house;
A shining ram whose yellow fleece is gold,
The sands of Tagus are not half so rich.
Whoever has possession of this beast
Has all the fortune of our house in pawn;
An hostage all our gods cannot redeem.
They are in perfect friendship with that prince
To whom they send this wealthy minister.

Pen. By long experience, sir, I know all this.

Atr. Ho, there! go catch and bind the sacred ram!

[A field discovered; a golden ram seen in the head of a flock of sheep; a guard round the field; they bring the ram to the King.]

Peneus, this present to my brother bear,
As a rich pledge of my eternal love.
Give it to him on no condition
But that he come and take his turn to reign.

Phi. Oh! good gods!

Atr. Still dost thou harbour doubt?

Pen. Whether I dream or no.

Phi. Oh! on my knees,

I beg with tears suspect the King no more.
I've had no joy in all my youth till now;
And now, good fortune, like a noon-day sun,
Breaks out upon me; if with cloudy doubts
You darken all again I shall run mad.

Atr. I'll say no more. Be witnesses, ye gods!
If never joy come more under this roof,
If it be any, any fault of mine.

Phi. Sir, I will bear you witness the short while
My poor life lasts—which lies in Peneus' hands—
If he will still keep up this wall of doubt
'Tween joy and me, I'm at my journey's end.
Resolve me, Peneus, will you let me die?

Pen. No, but I quickly shall; my feeble age
Can never climb up this high hill of joy,
But I shall faint before I reach the top.
Howe'er I'll go as far as e'er I can;
I'll send—for bring is too much joy for me
(Most excellent King)—your brother to your arms.
But I go hence so surfeited with joy
I shall not live to see you any more.

Atr. Oh! stay, thou richest blessing of our house!
The dear Philisthenes shall go alone.

"I have been thinking of you ever since
 I saw you in the prison. I have
 been thinking of you ever since I saw
 you in the prison. I have been thinking
 of you ever since I saw you in the prison.
 I have been thinking of you ever since
 I saw you in the prison. I have been
 thinking of you ever since I saw you in
 the prison. I have been thinking of you
 ever since I saw you in the prison."

"I have been thinking of you ever since
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 thinking of you ever since I saw you in
 the prison. I have been thinking of you
 ever since I saw you in the prison."

ACT III

SCENE I, the Out-gate of a prison.

Enter ANTIPOUS, attended by two women.

Ant. I'm torn, I'm torn! by sorrow, rage, de-
 spair!
 No tidings yet of my P...
 I dare not, dare not...
 I pull the thunder
 Like a low vale
 Of fear and...

A deluge of delight, or of despair.
 But oh ! the seas roll fastest from despair ;
 For I like not this new and strange command
 Sent from my father, to come visit here,
 In her sad prison, the afflicted Queen.
 For if she sinn'd as some believe, I hate
 To call her mother, but of late she was
 A hated, out-cast, and forbidden thing.
 My father would not suffer to come near
 This doleful dwelling anything he lov'd.
 Then he has heard our love, and is enraged ;
 If so, my dear Philisthenes is dead,
 And with my mother I'm condemn'd to die.
 It must be so ! I grow exceeding ill.

1st Wom. Oh ! help ! the Princess ! help ! she
 faints away.

Ant. No matter what I do—let me alone !
 Oh ! my Philisthenes ! 'twill not be long
 Ere I be with thee !—Call the men that guard
 The Queen, my wretched mother.

1st Wom. Ho ! within !

Enter a KEEPER.

Keep. Who calls ?

1st Wom. Come to the Princess !

Keep. What's her will ?

Ant. Know you this signet ?

Keep. Yes, it is the King's !

Ant. I must have entrance here.

Keep. Madam, you shall.

Ant. Let the Queen know that by the King's

order

to be on her.

the Queen.

gods, prepare me for th' afflicting

[*Exit.*

be alter'd Queen

Is the most doleful object in the world.

The scene is drawn, the queen in hair-cloth, chains at her legs, she lyes on the ground, a lamp burning by her.

Qu. My daughter see me by the King's command?
What does he mean? no good to us, I fear.

Ant. Is that the Queen? is that my mother? oh!

Qu. My daughter there? Antigone! my child!
[Rises and embraces her.

Ant. Ah! mother!

Qu. Daughter!

Ant. O! my tears! my tears!

I cannot speak!

Qu. Weep in my bosom, child,
And let thy poor sad mother weep in thine.
Come rest thy self, my daughter! sit thee down
On the hard floor, thy mother's only bed,
And hear the mournfull'st story in the world.

Ant. Oh! mother! mother!

Qu. Oh! my lov'd, my dear,
My precious comfort, dearer than my life.
My life! what is my miserable life?
Dear as my life was in my happy state.
And happy! oh! too happy once I was;
My massy happiness tired out my fate,
It cou'd not carry it to my lives' end.
Never did woman love a man more dear
Than I once did, and still do love the King;
Be witness all the gods to what I say!
And ne'er was woman more belov'd by man
Than I was by the King,—until—oh! child,
I cannot speak how sadly I have been wrong'd.

Ant. Oh! my dear mother! I believe you
indeed,

All the gods know I ne'er thought otherwise.

Qu. Thyestes! oh! hell is in that name,
Me his own brother's wife, his dear lov'd wife,

Me whom his brother trusted to his care, /
Brutishly forc'd——

Ant. Oh ! horrid !

Qu. And then sought
To get, by fraud, the sacred golden fleece,
The monument and instrument of fate, *u'*
To gain the kingdom to secure his sin, *i*
And retain me a pris'ner for his lust.

Ant. All this I've heard, and ever did believe ;
But no kind god wou'd ere convey this faith
Into my father's soul.

Qu. Oh ! no, my child ;
Then think, oh ! think what are thy mother's
wrongs ;
And what her dismal alter'd sad estate.

Ant. Oh ! gods ! was ever any thing so sad ?

Qu. Oh ! I have known the time I'd not have let
Such dirty earth as this come near my feet,
Which now is all the lodging that I have :
I wou'd not once have vext my curious eye
With seeing such a garment as I wear,
Nor suffer'd to have come into my sight
So vile a creature as my self appears.

Ant. No more, no more, dear mother !

Qu. Oh ! my child,
These outward pains are pleasures, when compar'd
With what I feel within me ; for the loss
Of all my honour and my husband's love.
The heavens are not so spotless as my soul,
Nor gods so fond of heaven as I of him ;
Yet am I thought a strumpet, nay, a lewd
Incestuous monstrous strumpet !——furies ! hell !
Stand from me, child, for I shall do thee hurt ; ✓
My wits are going ; when I think of this
They always leave me——stand away, dear child !
Who says I am a strumpet ? is it thou ?
Liar ! 'tis well I have thee in my arms,

I'll throw thee piece-meal to the furies——thus !

[*Tears herself. Ant. holds her hands.*]

Ant. Oh ! mother ! mother ! 'tis yourself you rend.

Qu. How now, contend with me ? This is a whore !

Ant. Help, the Queen's mad !——

Qu. Ay ! help me from a whore

That comes to get my husband from my arms.

Oh ! this is right the picture of the age,

A shining strumpet, and a tatter'd wife

Indeed ! and am I thus abus'd for thee ?

Some water there ! I'm burnt out o' my bed,

My husband's arms, by a hot flaming whore.

Ant. Oh ! mother ! mother ! I'm Antigone !

Your daughter ! oh ! the Queen will kill me ! help !

Qu. The fire goes out ! alloo ! the ashes fly !

[*Pulls some loose ornaments from Ant.*]

So, now in the King's arms I will go sleep. [*Falls.*]

Ant. Help ! help ! the Queen ! what are there none in call ?

Ha ! her heart strongly beats, breath comes and goes

Upon life's errant, with no little force.

Then all is well, I hope ! she sweetly sleeps ;

Her raving spirit's in a wild uproar.

Thrust her in tumults to the vaults of sleep,

Then shut the door with violence upon her.

Sleep on, dear mother ! heal thy wounded mind

With these sweet balmy slumbers ; though, alas,

'Tis only heal'd for new and deeper wounds.

Oh ! were there ever two so innocent,

And yet so miserable as we are ?

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Where is the Queen ?

Ant. Peace, peace, she's fallen asleep !

Keep. The King is coming here to visit her.

Ani. The King?

Keep. The King!

Ani. See, in her sleep she smiles,

Her spirits rebound at mentioning a name
That has such sweet agreement with her soul;
As strings when tun'd alike, if one be touch'd
The other leaps; and now she starts, as if
She fain wou'd break through all the gates of sleep
To meet the voice that bears the pleasing sound.
And now, she wakes!

Qu. Oh! I have had a sweet
Reviving slumber; not these many months
Have I been so refresh'd. Antigone!
Now I perceive whence I had all my rest;
From the delight my soul did take in thee.
But, oh! my child! was I not very ill
Before I slept? did I no hurt at all?

Ani. Yes, to your self I fear.

Qu. If that be all,
It is no matter; 'tis as it shou'd be,
I am the centre of all miseries,
That wander from me, leave their proper course.

Enter WOMEN with a rich robe, and other attires.

Wom. Madam, the King—

Qu. The King, ha! what of him?

Wom. Sends you these robes, and begs you
wou'd be pleas'd

With these to hide your misery from his sight,
And let the wondrous joy he means to take
In seeing you, be pure from any grief.

Qu. Will he see me? and can the sight of me
Be joy to him? why does he tell me this?
He does not well to make the miseries
Of his poor ruin'd, injur'd wife, his sport.
I love him dearly, witness all ye gods!

In spite of all my sufferings and wrongs.

Ant. Oh ! mother ! mother ! sudden beams of hope

Shine out upon me. Oh ! there is a change !

Wom. Madam, upon our lives we tell you truth,
The storm-toss'd King is on the sudden calm.
We know not what shou'd charm the billows down,
Except the good old Peneus.

Ant. Oh ! no doubt

It was the wisdom of that wond'rous man.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. The King is near !

Qu. Fling the robe loosely o'er !
I never yet dissembled with the King,
Nor hid from him was ever yet my heart ;
The wretch I am, let his own eyes behold,
I ne'er deserved to be thus cast away.

Enter ATREUS attended : The Queen kneels.

Atr. Kneeling ? this must not be ! Rise, madam,
rise !

Qu. I do not kneel, sir, as a criminal,
But as an innocent poor woman, thrown
By grievous wrongs into a state unfit
For you to see ; I fall upon the earth
To hide my self, and save your generous heart
From the affliction it must bear to see
My woful change, whether deserv'd or not.

Atr. Kneeling's a state I cannot bear to see.

Qu. You may be, sir, assur'd I'll quit it then.

[Chairs brought.

Atr. Now seat your self ! Madam, I think you'll
own

I loved you well.

Qu. I were ungrateful else :

And I lov'd you as dearly, the gods know,

And I have ever been your faithful wife,
And ne'er deserv'd to lose that glorious name.

Atr. Well, madam, I will shew I love you still.
If you have wrong'd me, be it to your self,
The gods forgive you freely, as I do :
If not, gods bring your innocence to light.

Qu. Oh ! gods ! good gods ! grant ! grant ! so
good a prayer.

Atr. However, madam, whatsoe'er you be,
All things are so forgot, as if the gods
Had made a Queen o' purpose for my love,
And you were newly come out of their hands,
Just when they finish'd you, and said, 'tis well,
We cannot add one beauty to our work ;
So I receive you to my arms and heart.

Qu. Oh ! this is too much joy for me to bear !
You build new palaces on broken walls.

Atr. Madam, eternal gates are lock'd and
bar'd

On all past deeds, ne'er to be open'd more.
By this new happy meeting of our lips,
Which have been strangers now these many
months,

You are as dear to me, as when you came
A fond young beauteous virgin to my arms.

Qu. How bounteous are the gods in the rewards
Of suffering innocence !

Atr. Oh ! my dear Queen !
Never admit past sufferings in thy thoughts,
I'll have this joyful day without one cloud,
And joy shall shine through all my family :
Even my brother shall not want his share.

Qu. Your brother !

Atr. Yes, I can forgive even him ;
Nay, have invited him home to my Court,
Both to receive my pardon and my love.

Qu. Invite that wicked man home to your Court

Atr. You do not know how dearly once we lov'd.

Qu. Nor you believe how much he injur'd me.

Atr. I know his violent desires by mine ;
We were so one, one fire must burn us both,
And where fire comes all things asunder fall ;
Our union ruin'd us, but I'll build
Our friendship more magnificent than ever.

Qu. Then will my life as wretched be as ever ;
The sight of him will, like a winter cloud,
Darken and freeze the joy I have in you,

Atr. I send not home for him who did you wrong,

But him whose penitence has done you right.
Wicked Thyestes you shall ne'er see more ;
But new Thyestes so to goodness chang'd,
You will know nothing of him but his name.
Oppose not then what all the gods design,
These breaches threaten ruin to our house ;
But the good gods design our house shall stand.
Did you ne'er see a weather-beaten wall
Breed up young ivy to support its age ?
By heavenly care from this bad man is sprung
An excellent race, to bind our friendship close,
And stop up all the breaches in our house.
The gods ne'er made a more accomplish'd youth
Than his sweet eldest son, Philisthenes.

Ant. Oh ! gods !

Atr. And I have sworn to marry him
To my beloved child, Antigone.

Ant. With all the pleasing wonder mixt with dread, [Aside.

I now behold a shining god descend.
Have I been looking for this glorious news,
'Tis lighted on me, and I'm overwhelm'd.

Atr. Child ! you have seen your noble kinsman oft,

What think you of him ? Could you love him ? speak !

Ant. My thoughts are always in your keeping,
sir.

Atr. Well answer'd, daughter : love your kins-
man then,

Give him your heart ! but give him not such hold
But you may take it back, if ill should chance,
And ill may happen. I have sent the youth
With good old Peneus, to invite to Court
My exil'd brother ; if he shou'd not come
I should relapse into my grief again.

The noble youth, at parting, left with me
A wealthy token for you, his dear love :
But you shall take no presents from the son,
Unless the father first accept of mine,
Which, for my comfort, beg of heaven he may.

Ant. Oh ! how devoutly will I make that
prayer !

Qu. Oh ! wondrous goodness !

Atr. Now, my dearest wife,
And my Antigone, embrace me both !

Qu. Oh ! sir !

Ant. Oh ! father !

Atr. Oh ! my perfect joy,
Come let our new-born pleasures breathe sweet air ;
This room's too vile a cabinet for gold.
Then leave, for ever, love, this doleful place,
Leave too behind thee all thy sorrows here,
And dress thy self as this great day requires ;
'Twill be thy daughter's nuptials, and I dreamt
The sun himself would be asham'd to come
And be a guest in his old tarnish'd robe,
But leave my Court t' enlighten all the globe. [*Ex.*]

SCENE II., a Cave in a desert.

Enter THYESTES.

Thy. Astonishment ! confusion ! how came I

*Q to Son.
Surrendered.*

To be the horrid villain that I was ?
 I had it not from nature ; if I had,
 Why did it not break out in many years ?
 How could I carry such a load of sin
 And feel no pain ? did custom dull my sense ?
 No, for as soon as e'er my greedy eyes,
 Numb'ring the treasures of my brother's bed,
 Had stol'n more appetite than I could appease,
 I bowed beneath the weight, and could not rest
 Till I had laid it on his bed again.
 Perhaps I felt no sin, because I liv'd
 In th' element of sin, my brother's Court.
 Things in their element lose all their weight ;
 Water in water feels as light as air.
 No, 'twas not that ; I was the first that brought
 Incest and treason to my brother's Court.
 From my own self came all my villany ;
 Had I not been a dunghill, beauty might
 Have shin'd as wholesomely on me as others.
 I loath, detest my self, and fly mankind,
 Counting the worst of men too good for me.
 Hark ! I hear voices ! nay, and I see men ;
 They're very near me too. I'll hide my head.

THY. *goes into a cave.* Enter PENEUS and
 PHILISTHENES.

Pen. Here dwells your father !

Phi. In this wilderness ?

Pen. Here, in this cave !

Phi. Ah ! lonely, poor abode.

Pen. 'Tis his own choice. I proffer'd him my
 house,

Where I had rooms to hide, and ways to fly,
 In case of danger ; but he rather chose
 This melancholly desert, and this cave.
 I'll call him out to you. Thyestes ! ho !
 Ho ! Prince Thyestes ! know you not the voice

Of your old faithful Peneus ?

Enter THYESTES.

Thy. Peneus here !

Phi. Is that my father ? oh ! how sadly chang'd !

Thy. Who hast thou here, old friend ?

Phi. One you may trust,

Half your own self, your son Philisthenes.

Thy. My son !

Phi. My father !

Thy. Welcome to my arms,

My hope, my comfort ! Time has roll'd about

Several months since I have seen thy face,

And in its progress has done wond'rous things.

Phi. Strange things indeed, to chase you to this
sad

Dismal abode ; nay, and to age I think.

I see that winter thrusting it self forth,

Long, long, before its time, in silver hairs.

Thy. My fault, my son : I would be great and
high !

Snow lies in summer on some mountain tops.

Ah ! son, I'm sorry for thy noble youth,

Thou hast so bad a father ; I'm afraid

Fortune will quarrel with thee for my sake,

Thou wilt derive unhappiness from me,

Like an hereditary ill disease.

Phi. Sir, I was born when you were innocent,

And all the ill you have contracted since,

You have wrought out by painful penitence,

For healthy joy returns to us again ;

Nay, a more vigorous joy than e'er we had.

Like one recover'd from a sad disease,

Nature for damage pays him double cost,

And gives him fairer flesh than what he lost.

Pen. Your son, Philisthenes, has told you truth :

The King, your brother, by what god transform'd

I cannot tell, is turn'd an excellent man.
He has no memory of all errors past,
Except his own ; the chief of which he counts
His too immoderate passion for revenge.

Thy. And can this be ?

Pen. Will I not tell you truth ?

Thy. By thy own goodness, art thou not deceived ?

Thou dwell'st in open truth, and when thou com'st
Among dark men, thou know'st not what they are.

Pen. Oh ! sir, my reason is not dim with age,
What e'er my eyes are ; time which steals our sight
Is, for the thievery by nature, sign'd,
To make us recompence in inward light.

Know, sir, I did not lend your brother faith
Without a pawn, as wealthy as his crown ;
The golden ram ! let this prevail, not I.

Thy. I stand amaz'd ! for what would this prevail ?

Pen. To make you glorious in your brother's
throne,

Your brother happy in the sight of you.

Phi. And me in the possession of my love :
I love his daughter, fair Antigone,
And he has sworn to place her in my arms,
When ever to his arms I can bring you.

Thy. This is too much ! a man that would
revive

His famish'd friend, would never cram him thus :
He choaks my faith with gorging it too fast,
And surfeits sickly friendship with a feast.

Pen. Can you suspect, when you have such a
pledge ?

Thy. If the King be so good, 'twere a new
treason

To blast him with my sight.

Pen. Your penitence

Restores entirely all your innocence,
And now your presence would restore your joys.

Thy. Things are miscall'd; I ne'er was blest till
now.

When I was great, I had not one delight :
Who needs a taster has small joy in taste :
Who needs a guard for safety, ne'er are safe,
And who needs watching, has but little rest. *of choice*
What solitude so bad as throngs of knaves ?
What dwelling so uneasy as is his,
Who in a thousand rooms can take no rest,
Till his proud palace has beat back a sea,
And lifted up a forest on its brow ?
Say poison come not in a prince's cup,
Care will, and that's as bad ; say care should not,
Intemperance may, which is as bad as both ;
A ling'ring poison that consumes our time,
Our nights in drunkenness, our days in sleep. *of sense*
Say he ne'er see the bloody face of war,
A thousand dishes are a dangerous camp,
Where very often men have met with death
Among those fair pretended friends of life ;
Nor is his rest the more for silent peace,
In calms of peace, when all without is still
Factions within will make a kingdom reel.

Pen. No doubt these evils and a thousand more
Attend on royal greatness ; but, what then ?
Will you adventure nothing for your friends ?

Phi. Oh ! father ! humbly on my knees I beg,
Go to the King ! if for my sake alone.

Thy. For thy dear sake alone I fear to go,
I fear to make thee guilty of my blood.

Pen. What reason have you to distrust the
King ?

Thy. He has had heavy wrongs, and no revenge.

Pen. Is poverty and exile no revenge ?
Shame and repentance is revenge enough

To a good man.

Thy. It cannot be denied.

Pen. Can you not say he once was a good man ?

Thy. The best of Kings, and brothers !

Pen. Did he e'er

Shew any hate to you, till you wrong'd him ?

Thy. Oh ! never ! never !

Pen. Did he then requite

Your hate so ill, as you return'd his love ?

Thy. Oh ! no !

Pen. Why judge you then of him so ill ?

Since you could make him turn from good to ill,

May not the gods turn him from ill to good ?

Thy. It cannot be denied.

Pen. Are you not turn'd ?

Would you fain act your crimes all o'er again ?

Thy. I'd rather die !

Pen. Do you excel him so,

That goodness shall be reconcil'd to you

On easy terms, but on no terms with him ?

Thy. I think him a much better man than I.

Pen. Since you are chang'd, why may not he
be so ?

I leave it to your choice, believe the King,

And make up all the breaches of your house,

Or begin new confusions by your stay ;

Affront the King, and make him shed the blood

Of your dear son, and me your just old friend,

Hew nations down to make his way to you,

Whilst curses in full cry shall hunt you out,

As the great common mischief of the world.

Thy. No more, no more, I'm overcome ! I'll go !

Pen. Oh ! gods ! I thank you for so good success

In my good embassy.

Phi. And in my love.

Thy. You divine guardians of these innocent
woods,

My only friends of all the heavenly powers ;
 Who here so faithfully have hid me long,
 And blest my mind with penitence and ease,
 If you can bear the wickedness of Courts,
 Go with us thither, and preserve us there !
 Not but my life to justice is a debt ;
 But let not my dear son, and good old friend,
 Prove guilty of shedding their own blood and mine,
 By undertaking such a good design.
 For who will virtue follow, and obey,
 If when she is their guide men lose their way ?

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene, Mycenæ.

Enter THYESTES, PHILISTHENES, PENEUS.

Thy. Oh ! wondrous pleasure to a banish'd man !
 I feel my lov'd, long look'd for native soil ;
 My former incest, horrid to be nam'd,
 Gave me not greater pleasure, than this new
 Innocent incest with my mother earth.
 And oh ! my weary eyes, that all the day
 Had from some mountain travell'd toward this
 place,
 Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
 Of that great palace where I had my birth.
 Oh ! sacred towers ! sacred in your height,
 Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
 Whither for secret pleasures they retire.
 Sacred, because you are the work of gods ;
 Your lofty looks boast your divine descent,
 And the proud city which lies at your feet,
 And would give place to nothing but to you,
 Owns her original is short of yours.
 And now a thousand objects more ride fast

On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs.

[*A shout.*]

And see ! all Argos meets me with loud shouts.

Phi. Oh ! joyful sound.

Thy. But with them Atreus too.

Phi. What ails my father, that he stops and shakes,

And now retires ?

Thy. Return with me my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts
And faithful desert, and well seated caves ;
The beasts declare their natures without fraud :
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge ; no villany
Lyes in the prospect of an humble cave.

Pen. Talk you of villany, of foes and fraud ?

Thy. I talk of Atreus.

Pen. What are these to him ?

Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.

Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of
your mind.

Thy. The gods for all our safety put 'em there :
Return, return with me !

Pen. Against our oaths ?

I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.

Thy. Here are no gods, they've left this dire
abode.

Phi. Oh, father ! father ! if not for my sake,
For all our family, all the kingdom's sake,
Bring your dear fellow exiles peace and joy
To Argos, who does court 'em with a crown.
Oh ! look upon the splendour of a crown ;
See from the rising King it dawns this way !
Oh ! look upon it, father !

Thy. Yes, I do,

As I have often look'd upon the sun,
When I have seen him heave a thousand waves

In brimming spouts, up to his lips to drink,
To spit 'em all in the sea's face again ;
Or on some desart, where they only serv'd
To cool a while the thirst of burning sands :
So are we all by royal splendour suck'd
Up to the clouds, to be let fall again
Upon some dreadful unexpected fate.

Pen. True race of Tantalus ; who parent like
Are doom'd in midst of plenty to be starv'd.
His hell and yours differ alone in this ;
When he would catch at joys they fly from him,
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.

Thy. A fit comparison ; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.
What ? Shall I trust my brother and a crown, ✓
Two the uncertain'st things,—I was about
To say, the falsest things in the whole world ?

Phi. I must be wretched then.

Thy. Well, for thy sake,
Though I trust not the King, I'll trust the gods.

Enter ATREUS, pompously attended.

Pen. The King is near ! and now his eye is laid
Firmly upon you, and has seiz'd you fast.

Atr. The beast is snar'd !—and I'm as fierce for
prey [Aside.

As the big Spartan dog, when the fell boar
Lags within reach of his long stretching neck.
He breaks the couples, from the huntsman gets,
And knows no master but his love to blood.
My love to blood will from my fraud get loose :
But what a thing he is ! exile and grief
Serve him so slovenly up to my board,
It palls my stomach ; but I'll garnish him
With princely robes. Oh ! brother ! to my arms,
My arms, dear brother ; render me your long
Desir'd embrace.

Thy. Oh ! I have forfeited
The title of your brother ; do not, sir,
Revile the honour'd name, by giving it
To me your humble penitent poor slave.

Atr. Away to everlasting banishment
The odious memory of all moments past,
And all their progeny !

Thy. I had prepar'd
Excuses for my crimes, and what were truth ;
But this amazing piety and love
Render me, past excuse, the worst of men.

Atr. Must these dire thoughts, like Harpies,
hover round
Our friendship still ? hence with 'em to abodes
More hid from man, than those from whence you
came.

And rise ! oh, rise to my embrace ! What means
This low unfitting posture ?

Thy. It means more
Than words can speak ; I never kneel'd before.
Then guess the honour I would pay to you.

Atr. I in the kindest manner take the sense,
But do not like the language of the knee ;
'Tis between brothers an ungrateful tongue.
Then rise to me, or I will kneel to you ;
We will be equal.

Thy. That shall never be :
I'll rise to your command ; and so I still
Bow in obedience low, .

Atr. Once more your arms !
My dearest brother.

Thy. My most excellent King.

Atr. Now dear Philisthenes ! thy arms, sweet
youth !

Phi. Sir, give me leave to fall and kiss your
feet.

Atr. Indeed it shall not be.

Phi. Pray, suffer me!

Atr. No, hang upon my neck, thou art my son : 7
Wilt thou not own the title of my son?

Phi. Not own it, sir?

Atr. Now last, let me embrace
The standing blessing of our family.

[*Embraces Peneus.*]

Pen. Had I been only born for this good hour,
And all my fourscore years a desert road
Without one joy to ease my pilgrimage,
This journey's end had made amends for all.

Atr. Good man!

Phi. Now father, do you credit us? [To *Thy.*]

Atr. Still there are clouds that darken my
delight,
My brother's garments — brother spare my eyes,
And with these royal ornaments conceal
These reliques of deceas'd unhappiness.

[*The attendants give Thyestes rich robes.*]

Thy. Sir, these foul garments are the livery
Of a good master, sorrow for my sins.

Atr. But you shall have no master in my Court ;
For with these ornaments receive my crown.

[*Takes his diadem from his head, and gives it to
Thyestes.*]

Thy. A second usurpation? gods forbid!
If my more fitting garb offend your eyes,
Let me lye hid among th' attending crowd.

Atr. You shall be hid no more.

Thy. I'm great enough,
Whilst you are so; friendship so makes me yours,
In lessening your own self you lessen me.

Atr. It is more great to give than wear a crown.

Thy. And to refuse more glorious than to give.
That is the share of greatness I will chuse;
And you invited me to take my share.

Atr. I did, then both of us will be thus great,

I in my crown, you in excelling me.
But see my Ærope, my dearest Queen.

Enter the QUEEN attended, and richly habited.

Thy. My shame, my horror, my eternal hell !

Æro. Your spacious goodness, sir, has farther
reach'd

Than guilt could fly ; and has invited home,
To all the glories of your Court, a man,
I'll boldly tell it him before his face,
For whom hell has not punishment enough.
There is a creature, for whom heaven has scarce
Rewards enow, oppress'd with heavy wrongs,
And is not suffer'd to breathe open air.

Atr. What is this creature ?

Æro. Injur'd innocence !

Which before man and gods I claim for mine.
And I entreat you, nay, conjure you, sir,
Not as you are my husband, but my King,
The representative of the just gods,
To bring my innocence into the light,
And if the sun himself has not more spots —

Atr. You'd have my brother speak your
innocence ?

What need ? I have exactly weigh'd your cause.

Æro. I'll have the balance hang'd upon sun-
beams,

That heaven and earth may see my innocence.

Atr. My throne exalts it into all men's view.

Æro. Sir, it exalts your goodness and not mine :
Unless you crown my fame as well as me,
I only bear the luggage of your praise.

Atr. The world may be assur'd I've not a doubt.

Æro. But nothing in the world shall have a
doubt.

Atr. By the eternal gods, the whore commits
[*Aside.*

Incest in fancy with the villain here,
Before my face : the very sight of him
Has got her spirit big with insolence.

Thy. Sir, you but lately offer'd me your crown ;
I for a moment will assume the gift,
And be a King ; that is, be uncontrol'd,
Whilst I declare the Queen's wrong'd innocence.

Atr. What need all this ? I know what you
would say.

Thy. I ravish'd her, and hell did ravish me.

Atr. And I, who have been wrong'd by both of
you,

Must, for my recompence, be disobey'd.
Nature, I find, has to the birth and death
Of every thing annex'd tormenting pangs ;
Pangs wait upon the birth of our new joys,
And our past ills die with convulsion fits.

Æro. My innocence is clear'd ! and now dispose
Of me, sir, at your pleasure.

Thy. And of me.

Atr. Then thus I will dispose of all of you.
My brother to my friendship and my crown ;
To my delighted bosom, my dear Queen ;
To my Antigone, this noble youth ;
This good old man to my rewards, and thanks.
Do you all weep for joy ? come, dry your eyes !
My love shall be too hot for such light dew.
Now let the trumpets reparation make
For frightening Argos with the sounds of war,
And set hearts dancing to the sounds of peace.
Let the pale mothers trembling for their babes,
Now dandle 'em in their arms with smiling cheeks ;
Return the husbands back to their young wives,
And let not armour hinder their embrace ;
Let swords wear rust, the livery of peace,
Let every door be with a garland crown'd,
And all the conduits surfeited with wine,

Till they o'er-flow with infinite excess.

And now prepare the temple, altars, priests,

For the great ceremony of the day !

Call my Antigone to meet her love.

Brother, lead on ! indeed you must—you shall !

[*Ex. Thyestes, Atreus, Ærope, and as they go off*

ANTIGONE enters, runs to Philisthenes, and embraces him.

Ant. My love !

Phi. My love !

Ant. Oh ! my excessive joy.

And is this possible ? oh ! gods ! good gods !

When I lost thee at the unfaithful cave,

Did I e'er think to find thee with this joy ?

Phi. When I was seiz'd and dragg'd before the King,

Did I e'er think that this should be my death,

To die in thy embraces with delight ?

Ant. This was the art of the celestial powers,

To hold their jewels up at a high price.

Phi. The gods give nothing cheap, but misery.

What have I suffer'd for this happiness ?

I have a large account to bring thee in,

And thou shalt pay it all ; I will extend

All the estate of beauty which thou hast.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. The temple is prepar'd, the priests attend ;
The court expects you with impatience, sir. *sc 116*
Were wolves, or lions, e'er the tamer beasts *with Phil 94*

For being call'd lambs ; give murders, massacres,
Good names they are transform'd to ex'lent works. *65*

Pr. The king has vowed you to th' infernal gods,
And 'tis our duty to assist his vows.

Phi. And should the people enter into leagues,
And vow the king to the infernal gods,
For money you would aid their hellish vows,

And curse all honest men that would not aid.
Religion's made by you a lottery book,
Which cheats the world of everything they have.
Oh ! gods ! deliver poor mankind from priests :
But oh ! who can deliver wretched me ?
For I am in their dark dominion here ;
One of hell's strongest frontier garrisons.

Enter ATREUS.

Atr. Philisthenes ?

Phi. Yes, sir, what is your will ?

Why have you order'd me to be thus bound ?

Atr. To die !

Phi. For what ?

Atr. Thou art Thyestes' son.

Phi. That's not my fault.

Atr. But a damn'd fault of his,

To dare to multiply his cursed self,

And send a filthy and incestuous stream

To poison all the ages of the world ;

But here it stops. I'll turn its course to hell.

Phi. I thought y' had pardon'd all my father's faults.

Atr. Thou art a boy, thy father is a fool,

Peneus a dotard, all run up to beard ;

I have ensnar'd you all, to feed my fiends,

As men hunt savage beasts to give their dogs.

But tyrants' furies are so highly fed,

That mine will scorn the souls of such damn'd fools.

Phi. Y'embrac'd us all with vows and oaths and smiles,

And promises of everlasting love ;

Can such disguises well become a king ?

Atr. They are thy father's own cast vizards all.

He embrac'd me with vows and oaths and smiles,

Then made my wife an everlasting whore.

No more—the caldron and the fire !

Phi. For what ?

Atr. To serve thee, as thy father has serv'd me ;
He has enkindled such a fire in me,
As boils my flesh in my own scalding blood.
I'll boil thy heart in thy own purest blood,
To treat thy father at thy bridal feast.

Phi. Oh ! hell ! all hell is in your words and looks !

Why start you not at your own dreadful voice ?
For 'tis a devil's voice, and not a man's ;
And hell pours all its rage into your breast.

Atr. Then hell's an ass to throw away its rage
On a heart, full as it could hold before.

Phi. Oh ! horror !

Are these my nuptial joys ?

Atr. Such as thy father's sins provided thee.

Phi. Oh ! my Antigone ! Antigone !
Tyrant ! thank her for all the tears I shed.

Atr. Canst thou be tortur'd with the loss of
her ?

Phi. More than with all thou canst inflict
besides.

Atr. By all thy torment then, guess half of mine,
Thou lovest but the half of what thou lov'st,
Only her sight a while, and with no shame.
My *Ærope* was once as dear to me ;
Her heart was stolen, and body whor'd for me,
That I have lost all of her, and with all shame.

Phi. I must acknowledge, sir, your wrongs are
great.

Atr. And my revenge shall equal all my wrongs.

Phi. But why on me ? unless you mean to spare
My father ; and if so, pour all on me !

Atr. I cannot wound thy father, but through
thee.

Phi. Oh ! spare me ! spare me ! for your own
sake.

See the gods threaten you in prodigies!
Your palace nods to bid you have a care. — 61

Phi. Is't possible? And does love stay for us?
Pardon us love, thou ne'er didst so before:
Since thou art so impatient for thy work, — 62
By all the gods, I'll find thee work enough. [*Exeunt.*]

The Scene, a temple. Priests at the altar. Enter ATREUS, THYESTES, PHILISTHENES, ANTIGONE, PENEUS, Attendants. The nuptial ceremony perform'd; they come out of the temple. The scene continues.

Atr. Now, madam, you shall entertain the
bride; [*To Ærs. Ladies*]
The bridegroom, I have chosen for my guest.
And daughter, you shall spare him for an hour.
To gods that fill our lusty bowls with wine
We usually pour some out in gratitude.
Daughter, I've fill'd your life brim-full of joy,
And you shall offer the first hour to me,
So long the bridegroom is my sacrifice.
Stay in the temple, noble youth, a while,
I will return to thee immediately.
I would unfold to thee some mysteries.

ÆROPE, and Ladies lead out ANTIGONE at one door; at another go ATREUS, THYESTES, PENEUS. PHILISTHENES follows, as to wait upon the King—after a short pause priests bring in PHILISTHENES stript and bound.

Phi. Ha! what means this?

Pr. 'Tis by the King's command.

Phi. What does the King intend?

Pr. We cannot tell.

Phi. You lie!

Pr. Why shou'd we lie?

Phi. 'Cause ye are priests.

It is your trade to lie, you live by lies ;
Your temples are your shops where you sell lies.

Pr. What lies sell we ?

Phi. Why, any lies you please ;
Fools take 'em off your hands at any rate.
You cheats, you murderers, you quacks of hell,
You keep mankind diseas'd to vend your drugs.
The King was cur'd of his disease, revenge,
And you have sold him some religious lie,
Has poison'd him with cruelty again :
And I among you shall be murder'd here,
Barb'rously murder'd.

Pr. Who should murder you ?

Phi. Need I doubt that, when I am among
priests.

Pr. Why do you wrong us thus ?

Phi. How, I wrong you ?

Can any one wrong priests ? Kings wrong them-
selves

And all the world, they do not hang you all ;
For Kings are never safe, nor subjects good,
Where priests prevail ; you keep the power of
Kings,

And only let 'em have what share you please.
You take the foolish people's consciences,
And give 'em back what honesty you please ;
You keep the keys of women's chambers too,
And let men have what share in 'em you please :
When you deliver up a marriage lock,
You still reserve a key for your own use :
But men or women may play any game,
And cheat their fill, if they will pay your box.
Oh ! my Antigone ! Antigone !
Thou little think'st thy beauteous eyes have had
Their last, last view of poor Philisthenes.
A bloody carcass, or a moaning ghost
Is all that ever thou wilt see of me ;

For I am in priests' hands, and the world knows
How little they will leave of what they grasp.
Why do you use me thus, you murderers?

Pr. You wrong us, we abhor the bloody name.

Phi. Will you not murder me?

Pr. We'll rather die.

Phi. Nor aid the King to do't?

Pr. Nor aid the King:

But we must sacrifice you.

Phi. Oh! you dogs;

What differs that from murder but in name?

Oh! how these villains cheat the world with
names!

65—*Atr.* My palace shakes for fear of its own fate;
It did assist thy father in his crimes.

Phi. The temple columns bend to beg my life.

Atr. Did gods come down to beg thy hated life,
Into their faces I would spurt thy blood.

Phi. Then you'll not mind their weeping images;
Like frightened women in cold sweats they reel.

Atr. Let frightened women mind 'em.

Phi. Th' angry gods

Dart fiery javelins fiercely at your head,
But miss it 'cause their hands with horror shake.

Atr. Then I am here the only thing unmov'd,
And I dare do what nothing dare behold.

Phi. Yes, tyrant, I dare see and suffer too,
With greater courage, all thou canst inflict,
Than thou darst look on thy own frightful soul.

Atr. How now! what is this?

Phi. This is Philisthenes!

Tyrant! thou never spok'st with me till now.
The wretched thing that tumbled at thy feet,
Was but a garment which thou kep'st in pawn,
Whilst my soul went to see Antigone,
And take its leave; but now I am come home,
My breast will meet thy dagger when it dares.

Atr. I thank you, gods, I did not kill this boy,
For of the sudden is he grown a man.
Come, priests !~

Phi. Ay, ever while you live call priests !
If you would have a solemn murder done.

Atr. Bind with a purple band the victim's head !
Prepare the incense, fire, knife, wine and meal.

Phi. Oh ! spare your pains ! priests are not to be
taught

The way to murder princes decently.
As to your sorrow you may quickly find,
If any rebels shall e'er need your blood.
But I will give the remnant of my breath
In one full sigh to dear Antigone !
What, have I suffer'd long for a short hope,
Which in a moment perishes with me ?
A short sweet hope was all I had of thee ;
And a long mournful memory will be all
Thou, dear Antigone, wilt have of me.
But I will render it so glorious,
Thou shalt not be quite void of nuptial joys,
As I am not in hopes thou all thy life
Wilt love my name, as I die sighing thine,
Antigone ! oh ! my Antigone !

Atr. Then die ! 'tis done ! 'tis well ! 'tis excel-
lent !

[*Atr. stabs Phi., he falls.*]

So now, Thyestes, I shall bring thee in
A dreadful score for all thy pleasant sin ;
Much dost thou owe me, and much shalt thou pay ;
Gods ask of him the blood is shed to-day.
I lodg'd the traitor, and he rob'd my throne,
And whor'd my wife, for which I seize his son,
If you have title to the blood that's lost,
Pursue the robber, not the plunder'd host. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I., *the Court.*

Enter ATREUS and THYESTES. A table and banquet.

Atr. Come, brother, sit !

Thy. May not Philisthenes
Sit with us, sir ?

Atr. He waits upon the bride.
The Queen, the bride, and ladies are all sat ;
They are before-hand with us, let us haste
To overtake 'em. [*Atr. and Thy. sit.*

Thy. Let us bless the feast
With the bride's health——Sir, to the fair bride's
health ! [*Both drink.*

Atr. My most dear brother, I will do you right.
[*Music.*

Atr. A deeper bowl ! this to the bridegroom's
health !

Thy. This to the gods for this most joyful day !
[*Thy. pours some wine on the ground, both drink.*
Now to the bridegroom's health !

Atr. This day shall be
To Argos an eternal festival.

Thy. Fortune and I to-day try both our strengths ;
I have quite tired her left-hand misery,
She now relieves it with her right-hand joy,
Which she lays on me with her utmost force ;
But both shall be too weak for my strong spirit.

Atr. So ! now my engines of delight have
screened [*Aside.*

The monster to the top of arrogance,
And now he's ready for his deadly fall.

Thy. Oh ! these extremes of misery and joy,
Measure the vast extent of a man's soul !
My spirit reaches fortune's east and west.

She has oft set and risen here, yet cannot get
 Out of the vast dominion of my mind.
 Ha! my proud vaunting has a sudden check;
 See! from my head my crown of roses falls,
 My hair, though almost drown'd beneath sweet oils,
 With strange and sudden horrors starts upright.
 Something, I know not what, bids me not eat;
 And what I have devour'd within me groans,
 I fain would tear my breast to set it free.
 And I have catch'd the eager thirst of tears,
 Which all weak spirits have in misery;
 I, who in banishment ne'er wept, weep now.

Atr. Brother, regard it not! 'tis fancy all.
 Misery, like night, is haunted with ill spirits,
 And spirits leave not easily their haunts;
 'Tis said, sometimes they'll impudently stand
 A flight of beams from the forlorn of day,
 And scorn the crowing of the sprightly cocks:
 Brother, 'tis morning with our pleasure yet,
 Nor has the sprightly wine crow'd oft enough;
 See, in great flagons at full length it sleeps,
 And lets these melancholy thoughts break in
 Upon our weaker pleasures; rouze * the wine!
 And bid him chase these fancies hence for shame,
 Fill up that reverend unvanquish'd bowl,
 Who many a giant in his time has felled,
 And many a monster; Hercules not more.

Thy. If he descends into my groaning breast,
 Like Hercules, he will descend to hell.

Atr. And he will vanquish all the monsters
 there.

Brother, your courage with this hero try;
 He o'er our house has reign'd two hundred years,
 And he's the only king shall rule you here.

* "Rouze" is used here in a double sense—not only meaning
 "awake the wine from its sleep," but "drink it in excess."
 See vol. 2 p. 37 of D'avenant's Works.

Thy. What ails me? I cannot heave it to my lips.

Atr. What! is the bowl too heavy?

Thy. No, my heart.

Atr. The wine will lighten it.

Thy. The wine will not

Come near my lips.

Atr. Why should they be so strange?

They're near a kin.

Thy. A kin?

Atr. As possible, father and son not nearer!

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Does not good wine beget good blood?

Thy. 'Tis true.

Atr. Your lips then and the wine may be akin.

Off with your kindred wine, leave not a drop

To die alone, bewildred in that bowl.

Help him to heave it to his head! that's well.

[Thyestes drinks; a clap of thunder, the table oversets, and falls in pieces; all the lights go out.]

Thy. What ponderous crimes pull Heaven on our heads?

Nature is chok'd with some vast villany,

And all her face is black.

Atr. Some lights, some lights!

Thy. The sky is stun'd and reels 'tween night and day;

Old Chaos is return'd.

Atr. It is to see

A young one born, more dreadful than herself,

That promises great comfort to her age,

And to restore her Empire.

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Confusion I have in thy bowels made.

Thy. Dire thoughts, like furies, break into my mind.

With flaming brands, and shew me what he means.
Where is Philisthenes ?

Atr. Ask thy own bowels :

Thou heardst 'em groan, perhaps they now will
speak.

Thy. Thou hast not Tyrant——what ?—I dare
not ask——

Atr. I kill'd thy son, and thou hast drunk his
blood.

Thy. Oh ! villany so vast it broke the poles ;
And, through the spacious flaw, hell rush'd on earth.

Atr. Thy groaning bowels call'd up hell to
earth ;

Wild beasts will follow one another's howls.

Thy. Hell came to have an interview with thee,
The greater monster ; one whose villany
Has scar'd away the sun ; he would depose
Himself, ere lend thy wickedness his light.

Atr. Ere lend my justice,—but he cou'd lend all
His wealth to help thee to corrupt my wife ;
That he and all the gods may fly for shame ;
They all combin'd to that ; gods stop'd the mouth
Of blabbing thunder, lest it spoil'd the sport,
Nature could see that sight, and not be sick,
Nor in disorder roll ; as she does now.

Thy. I must confess, thy impious self, or I
Would make hell strain to outdo us in sin ;
But of the three, thou art the overmatch,
For hell has bounds, thy wickedness has none.

Atr. My just rewards of wickedness have none.

Thy. Oh ! gods ! if I deserve this punishment,
Revenge the heavens plunder'd of their light :
Compose of lightning a false dreadful day,
And take no aim, but dart it at us both ;
Hit one of us, and 'tis no matter which,
You strike the wickedest man that lives on earth.
You will be merciful in burning me,

Make me become my dear son's funeral pile !
 All gods have left us, but the powers of hell :
 Those only are fit to bear us company ;
 And with a sword I fear to end my grief,
 Lest I in my own bosom stab my son.

Atr. I never had thee in my power till now.
 I had thy fortune, children, and thy life ;
 But now these tears confess I have thy soul,
 And now I'm well rewarded for my pains.

Thy. If now I should not grieve, I were no man ;
 But a more horrid monster than thyself.
 What was my poor son's fault ?

Atr. That he was thine.

Thy. And being mine, wouldst thou give me,
 give me
 His blood to drink ?

Atr. Who injured me but thee ?

Thy. Bear witness gods ! he owns the innocence
 Of this poor youth, whose blood he made me drink ?

Atr. What gods ? the guardians of nuptial beds ?

Thy. Must sin with sin be punish'd ?

Atr. No, that sin
 Becomes a virtue that chastises sin.

Thy. Oh ! my poor son !

Atr. All these are tears of rage,
 'Cause I'm aforehand with thee in this sin
 Thou with my children wou'dst have treated me,
 But that thou wert afraid they were thy own
 Incestuous bastards all.

Thy. I've done with thee,
 And leave thee to the gods for punishment.

Atr. But I've not done with thee ; for though
 thy eyes

Please me with weeping, so they shall not 'scape.
 The sight of the remainders of thy son,
 And of her death thou lov'st above thy son,
 Shall tear 'em out, and then the work's complete.

Open the temple gates, and call the Queen !
 You mingled lusts, now you shall mingle pains,
 And through your eyes, the passage of your lusts,
 Here shew the father the son's torn remains.

[The Temple is open, Philisthenes lies bloody.]

Thy. Oh ! my Philisthenes ! my mangled son !
 Had ever hell such cruelty as this ?

Atr. Nor man such treason and such lust as
 thine,

Nor injur'd monarch such revenge as I.
 Thy former villany, and present tears,
 I'll cast in brass, and in effigy
 I'll drag thee round all ages of the world.

*Enter ANTIGONE in a raving posture, women offer
 to hold her.*

ANT. Stand off, I am not mad ! but I shall be
 If this be true ; it never can be true.

Oh ! sir, I've heard——

Atr. What have you heard ?

Ant. Oh ! Gods !

Oh ! horror !

Atr. What's the matter with you ?——speak !
 What have you heard ?

Ant. You have kill'd Philisthenes.

Atr. There was no secret love between you ? ha ?
 Confess it, was there ? have you been so false.

Ant. Oh ! sir, you fill my heart with fearful
 fears :

The news is true——

Atr. What's true ?——

Ant. That you have kill'd——

Atr. That you have lov'd my enemy ?——is that
 true ?——

Ant. He is not, never was your enemy.

Atr. But did you love him ?

Ant. Yes, above my soul !

We both lov'd long, above expression lov'd,
Unknown to any but our faithful selves.

Atr. Hast thou abus'd me so? why then let
that

Which has thy lover take thy soul.

Ant. What's that?

Atr. What shou'd have damn'd Thyestes' son,
but hell?

If thou wilt take hell's leavings then thou mayst.

[*Atr. points to Phl., Ant. runs to him and falls
at his feet in a swoon.*]

Ant. Oh! my Philisthenes! my murder'd love!

Atr. And, oh! my murder'd hopes! I thought
this maid

Had virtues would support our falling house;

I thought o' her side I was thunder proof,

And she's as false as any of our race,

A traitress to her father and her king.

Thy. Now, 'tis my turn, fell tyrant, to insult,

Thou hast devour'd thy own beloved child

As well as I, the gods have given my heart

This cordial of revenge before I die..

Atr. She's none of mine.

Thy. May they be curst that wake thee from
this dream,

Till thou hast shed thy daughter's innocent blood.

Ant. Oh! horror! horror! my Philisthenes.

All mangled, torn, and gory!—horror—oh!

Atr. How durst thou, traitress, love my enemy?

Ant. He had more worth than all our race
besides.

None of our race did e'er deserve to live,

But this sweet youth, and me for loving him.

Atr. How dar'st thou talk thus? fond idolatrous
fool?

Ant. After this murder, what have I to fear?

Nothing but life, and keeping of my wits.

Oh ! with these words you have more cut my heart,

Than had you pierc'd it with a thousand swords ;
For now I find 'twas I shed all this blood.

Oh ! gods ! oh father ! oh Philisthenes,
What have I spied ? the knife that kill'd my love ?
Oh ! you good gods ! *[Aside.*

I thought a priest shou'd once have join'd our hands ;

But now this knife shall mingle our heart's blood.

Atr. What art thou doing there ? thy looks are wild,

I like 'em not—to thy apartment—go !

I can repair thy loss, but the whole world

Can never repair mine, shou'd I lose thee.

Ant. I have so wounded my obedience,
By loving that dear youth without your leave,
That 'tis too weak to hold my mighty grief,
Which forces me to die without your leave.
Besides, sir, all the gods have call'd me hence,
And sent their pleasure by this instrument.

[Stabs herself.

I come, Philisthenes !

Atr. Oh ! hold her hand——

Too late, too late ! The fatal blow is given ;

Where had she that accursed instrument ?

She's past recovery ! oh ! my dear child.

Thy. Oh ! you just gods !——

ATR. Incestuous traitor, peace !

Thy villany did help to murder her,

Thy guilt is greater, and I'm more enrag'd.

Thy. I scorn thy rage, for what have I to fear ?

Atr. Look here, and think what thou hast not to fear. *[Pointing to Ant.*

Thy. Ay, but look there, and what have I to fear ? *[Pointing to Phi.*

Atr. An age of lingering torments.

Thy. That I bear
In this one minute's sight of that poor youth.

Atr. Then I will add.

Thy. New—will refresh with change.

*Enter ÆROPE, between her two children AGAMEMNON,
and MENELAUS.*

Æro. What is the matter both with heaven and
earth?

For every face below is white as death,
And heaven's face above is black as hell.
Sir, you was pleas'd to send for me, they say?

Atr. I did.

Æro. But I had come if you had not.
I was with my two little pretty sons,
My Agamemnon, and my Menelaus,
When of the sudden, with a thousand groans,
The air brought forth a monstrous shade, as black
As hell had vomited a lake of pitch.

Atr. Thy sins were then in labour, and brought
forth

This bloody vengeance.

Æro. Oh! most dreadful sight!

Atr. The worst I ever saw, except thyself.

Æro. My child is murder'd!

Atr. By thy own lust.

Æro. No, by thy perjury, inhuman Prince.

Atr. How durst thou name, or think of perjury?

Æro. That villain clear'd the innocence he
wrong'd.

Atr. I never will believe either him or thee.

Æro. This bloody spectacle says that too loud.
I see a dagger in my poor child's hand;
I thank thee, daughter, for this legacy.
Now hear me gods, for hear me well you may!
Born high on innocence, I reach your throne,
If ere in thought I yielded to that sin,

For which I suffer so much misery,
 Kindle a hell o' purpose for my soul :
 But if I undeserv'd have borne all this,
 Then build a heaven fit for my reward,
 And I will lay the first foundation stone.
 Thus, thus, thus ! *[She stabs Thy.]*
 Nay, villain, I will lay you firm.

[Stabs Thy. several times.]

This for the loss of my dear husband's love :
 This for the loss of my dear daughter's life :
 This for the ruin of my honest name :
 This for my life I am about to lose.
 Now I have done myself this little right,
 I can with comfort die !——oh ! sir, farewell !

[To Atr.]

Made by great wrongs unfit for your embrace
 But most deserving your kind memory.

Atr. Oh ! sir, come here, and see your work-
 manship !

Pen. Oh ! my deluded miserable age !
 Have I toil'd fourscore years for innocence,
 And am I made a murderer at last ?

Atr. Hence hypocrite ! thou never hadst con-
 ceal'd

My lewd and trait'rous brother in thy house,
 So nurtur'd all his horrid sins, when born,
 But that thou wert a bawd to 'em before.

Pen. An ex'lent thing it is to serve your house :
 For charity to him I'm call'd a bawd,
 For serving you, I'm made a murderer,

Atr. For serving my revenge I give thee life ;
 But for concealing him, thy feeble life
 I cumber with the load of all this blood.

Pen. The scarlet livery of your family ;
 I wear your badge ; furies will know me now,
 They are the stewards of your family,
 They'll pay me all the wages I deserve.

Atr. Go, for thy wages then — to hell !
begone !

Begone, I say, and see my face no more.

Pen. Wou'd I had never seen the face of you,
Or any of your impious family. [*Exit Pen.*]

Atr. Thrust the old traitor out, away with him !

I do no more by him than gods by me ;
For I am driven by them from plague to plague.
Man is a vagabond both poor and proud,
He treads on beasts who give him cloaths and food,
But the gods catch him wheresoe'er he lurks,
Whip him, and set him to all painful works ;
And yet he brags he shall be crown'd when dead.
Were ever princes in a Bridewell bred ?
Nothing is sinfully begot but he ;
Can baseborn bastards, lawful sovereigns be ?
That tyrant then does best, who uses worst,
A mutinous impostor, so accurst :
I'll breed with care these boys for mischiefs born,
That men may feel new rods when th' old is worn.

[*Exit.*]

EPILOGUE.

We showed you in the priests to-day, a true
And perfect picture of old Rome and new ;
One face serves both ; pagan and popish priests
Are but two names for the same bloody beasts.
Wonder not poets ne'er with priests agree,
For priests invade the poet's property.
Lying belongs to poets ; as appears
By old prescriptions of three thousand years ;
And priests permit none but themselves to lie,
Or those that do 't by Church authority :
Nay, they'll impose their lies on you for true,
Which honest poets ne'er presum'd to do.
They talk of being inspired, but do most care,
To have you be such fools to think they are :
But when priests meet in councils, synods, classes,
They feign would have you think heaven mounts
the asses.

The devil rides 'em very oft 'tis true,
When he has any cursed work to do ;
But they have this damn'd fault in ways of sin,
They run so fast the devil can't hold 'em in :
Then halter priests, and tie 'em to the racks,
If you will keep the devil off their backs.
But pray, let poets live, for they no ways
Offend you with damn'd plots, but in their plays,
And ask but half-a-crown for holding forth,
And that's as much as any lie is worth.

CITY POLITICKS.

*City Politiques. A Comedy. As it is acted by his
Majestie's Servants. Written by Mr. Crowne. London,
Printed for R. Bentley, in Russel Street in Covent-Garden,
and Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Golden-Ball, over against
the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill, 1688.*

In the "Biographia Dramatica" it is stated that there is an edition of this comedy, or rather dramatic satire on the Whigs, printed in 1674, but it may be questioned whether this is correct, because Crowne, in the preface to the edition of 1688, informs his reader that he had taught Leigh, who performed the prominent part of Bartholine, the unprincipled lawyer, the peculiar "way of speaking, which all the comedians can witness was my own invention." He then goes on to say "I have printed Bartholine's part in the manner of spelling by which I taught it Mr Leigh." Now Leigh did not join the King's Theatre* until 1682, having previously been a performer at the Duke's Theatre, where Crowne's comedy was never acted.

Geneste, who carefully prepared a list of the dates of the first publication of the dramas after the Restoration, gives the edition of 1688, from which the text has been reprinted in this volume, as the earliest one, and, although the editors have passed through their hands as many as seven copies of the play, these all bear the same date—viz., 1688.

The scene is placed in Naples, but this, as Geneste says "is mere fudge, everything is written so as to be applicable to the Londoners. The principal political characters are the Lord Podesta, or chief magistrate; Craffy, his son; Bartoline, Dr Panchy, and a Bricklayer. There can scarcely be a doubt but that three or four of these characters were meant for particular persons."† Such suppositions are evidently correct, notwithstanding Crowne's assertion to the contrary in his prefatory ob-

* Perhaps his last performance at the Duke's Theatre was in the part of Ballio in Randolph's comedy of the "Jealous Lover," originally printed in 1632 and revived in 1682, before the union of the companies.

† "Some Account of the British Stage from 1660 to 1832," vol. i. p. 399, Bath, 1832, 8vo.

servations. The editors are inclined to think that no particular civic dignitary was intended, but it was meant to satirize the Earl of Shaftesbury and his adherents. His lordship, in his latter days, when he was in opposition to the Court, was particularly obnoxious to the Royalists, and was introduced by Otway in a very ridiculous light into "Venice Preserved," as Antonio, an old senator. It has been said that the success of that tragedy was greatly to be attributed to the excellent acting of Leigh, whose personation of one so well known was considered perfect. It is hardly necessary to mention that the disgusting scene between Antonio and the courtesan, Aquilina, has been for more than a century omitted.

Burnet remarks that Shaftesbury got into the House of Commons before he was twenty years of age, and was then on the side of the King, but took the opportunity of a quarrel with Prince Maurice to go over to the opposition. He "had a wonderful faculty for speaking to a popular assembly, and could mix both the facetious and the serious way of arguing very agreeably." He is described as a Deist, who fancied that after death our souls lived in the stars. Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, has the following anecdote as to his opinions. A person called upon him one day while he was sitting with a lady of his family, who retired to another part of the room with her work, for ladies in those days were accustomed to occupy their time usefully; when the visitor and the earl began to discourse upon religion. His lordship remarked "People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion." The lady, overhearing this remark, on a sudden enquired, "Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?" "Madame," replied the earl immediately, "they never tell it."

Though often changing sides, he did so with such dexterity that he continued to be trusted even by those he deceived. "He had no regard," continues the Bishop, "either to truth or justice." He was not ashamed to reckon up the many turns he had made, and he valued himself on doing it at the proper season and in the best manner; and was not out of countenance in owning

his unsteadiness and deceitfulness.* Had he not died in good time "for his family, or for his party, the former would have been ruined, if he had not saved it by betraying the latter."

Bartoline is conjectured to have been intended for Sergeant Maynard, who lived to the great age of ninety, and who, after the Revolution, having with his brethren waited upon the Prince of Orange, was complimented by him on the fact that he had outlived all the men of the law of his day; his answer was, "He had like to have outlived the law itself, if his highness had not come over." In the life of Lord Keeper Guildford† there is by no means a fair picture drawn of Maynard. Bishop Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, after mentioning his firm adherence to the Presbyterian faction from a sense of honour, adds, "he by adhering steadily but not violently to the party he set out with, was revered by all; and, had he not been more intent on the affairs of his profession, might have become considerable by station."

It is unlikely that a man of such character as Maynard, who does not appear to have taken a part in the treasonable factions of Shaftesbury should have been selected by Crowne for the amusement of the citizens of London, whatever their politics may have been. A lawyer of a different reputation who may best suit the character, may be found in Aaron Smith,‡ barrister-at-law, famed for standing practice in cases of forgery, and *Oates' learned counsel*. Surely this worthy lawyer is a much more likely person to sit for the portrait of the Neapolitan Whig, than an ancient gentleman who in 1688 must have been eighty-five years of age, if not older. In the life of the Lord Keeper§ we are told, "His business formerly lay in Chancery; but he took into the treason trade. He was afterwards in the Rye plot, sent from the Council of Six, there to negotiate with the Earl of Argyle, Scotland, for a rising. He was a violent monster, and his friends for his excuse used to say he was half mad." Smith having been lawyer for Titus

* Burnet's "Own Times," vol. i. p. 176, Oxford, 1833, 8vo.

† By the Hon. Roger North, vol. i., London, 1826, 8vo.

‡ North's "Examen," p. 195, 4to, London.

§ P. 302.

Oates there is strong reason for believing him to have been the individual satirized under the name of Bartoline.

Smith was also counsel for Stephen College, the Protestant joiner, some of whose papers had been seized by the Crown. These writings were minutes prepared for his defence, and Smith applied to the Court for "some-what concerning these papers;" being answered, he stretched him over to the bar, and "Have we not reason," said he, "when our lives and estates are beset here?" The Lord Chief Justice rose up, and without any emotion said to the clerk, "Record these words," and sat down again; * the consequence of which would have been a judgment of misdemeanour, as effectual as after a common process and trial. The lawyer, aware of the scrape into which he had got, endeavoured to explain away his words, which he asserted were not intended for the ear of the Court. His explanations were not accepted, and he was obliged to give security that he would not leave the court without permission of the bench.

No steps were, however, taken against him, as the judges were desirous of convicting the unlucky joiner, and the prosecution might have failed had Smith been severely punished in the first instance, more especially as the seizure of the papers prepared by counsel for a prisoner on trial was unwarrantable, and the retention of them when demanded back even more so. But, as the client was convicted and *justice* thereby satisfied, Smith was permitted to escape; but had College been acquitted, his counsel would have suffered smartly for venturing to utter words which were substantially true.

Dr Panchy evidently is intended for Dr Titus Oates, D.D., of whom Granger thus speaks:—"He was restrained by no principle human or divine, and, like Judas, would have done anything for thirty shillings."† He was successively an Anabaptist, a Conformist, and a Papist, and then became a Conformist again. He had been chaplain aboard the fleet, whence he was dismissed for an unnatural crime, and was known to be guilty of perjury before he set up the trade of witnessing. He was successful in it beyond his most sanguine expecta-

* North's "Lives," vol. i., p. 303.

† "Biographical History," vol. vi., p. 5.

tion. He was lodged at Whitehall, and had a pension assigned him of £1,200 a-year. He was a man of some cunning, more effrontery, and the most consummate falsehood. His impudence supported itself under the strongest conviction, and he suffered for his crimes with all the constancy of a martyr. The era of Oates' plot was also the grand era of Whig and Tory, and he has the peculiar infamy of being the first of incendiaries as he was the first of witnesses.

After the accession of James II. Oates was tried for perjury and sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand marks, to be stripped of his canonical habit, whipped twice in three days by the common hangman, and to stand in the pillory at Westminster Hall Gate, and at the Royal Exchange. He was to stand in the pillory five times every year, and be imprisoned for life. The hangman, it is said, performed his office "with uncommon rigour." Oates bore this punishment with the resolution and constancy of a martyr.

Granger mentions there are two prints of Oates on the pillory, at the bottom of one is a vignette, in which is a representation of the whipping of him at the cart's tail, above him are the Jesuits whose execution he was successful in procuring. In the other, which is a half sheet mezzo-tinto, is the gibbet with the devil on it, at a little distance from the pillory.

There are various other prints of this infamous man; one "Testis Ovat," an anagram on his name, has these verses below :—

" Behold ye heroe, who has done all this
In a small triumph stand ; such as it is
A kind of ovation only ; true,
But those for bloodless victories are due,
His were not such ; he merits more than eggs.
Let him in triumph swing, and ease his legs."

After the Revolution he was released from his perpetual imprisonment, and had four hundred a-year settled upon him, which he enjoyed till death : but his conviction was not annulled.

Tom Brown, says Geneste,* gives a most happy description of Dr Oates' marriage with a Muggletonian

* Vol. i., p. 401.

widow in 1693. He represents him as thundering out, "You — rascal, as thick as hops." This is what Dr Panchy does in the play.

Oates had a peculiarly disagreeable method of drawling out his words, *distending* the vocal letters of the words he used would be a more appropriate description of his mode of utterance. Roger North says* it was fashionable in the court of Charles II., and gives an amusing specimen of its use by the Earl of Sunderland, the unprincipled favourite of James II. "Wha-at," drawled out my lord, "if his Ma-a-esty ta-arn out fa-arty of us, may not he have fa-arty others to sa-arve him as well. And wha-at ma-atters who sa-arves his ma-a-esty, so as his ma-a-esty is sa-arved?"

Whether Sunderland imitated Oates, or Oates Sunderland is uncertain, but the similarity is undoubted. When Oates accused Queen Catherine of Braganza of treason, at the bar of the House of Commons,† he said, "Aye, Taitus Oates, accause Ca-atherine, Queen of England of haigh tra-ison." He was in the gallery of the Commons sitting very near Roger North during the examination of Sir Dudley North, a Tory, by a Whig inquisitor, who was desirous of entrapping him into admissions to be used afterwards against him. After a variety of questions which led to nothing, at last one was put which the enquirer thought Sir Dudley must have answered in the affirmative. "I ask him if Secretary Jenkins did not come down to the city and persuade him to take the office of sheriff upon him." "You hear the question?" said the chairman. After which there was a profound silence in anticipation of the answer, meanwhile Sir Dudley North was gathering as much breath as he could muster, and then out came a long "No-o-o," so loud, as might have been heard up to the House of Lords. "This was so violent and unexpected, that I could see a start of every one all at the same instant, as if each one had had a dash of cold water in his face, and immediately all called out withdraw; and my neighbour, Titus Oates, being, as I suppose, frustrated of his expectations, cried out, 'Aw La-ard, aw La-ard, au-au—' and went his

* "Lives of the Norths," vol. ii. p. 60.

† North's "Examen," p. 186, London, 4to.

way. Sir Dudley North also retired, and never was called upon more about this affair.*

Dryden† in the first part of his "Absalom and Achitophel," introduces Oates to his readers under the name of Corah.

"What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies ;
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's-issuë as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood ;
Whoever ask'd the witnesses high race
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace ?
Our was a Levite, and as time went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud ;
His long chin proved his wit ; his saint-like grace
A church vermillion, and a Moses' face ;
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat,
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book,
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke ;
Some things like visionary flights appear ;
The spirit caught him up ! the Lord knows where,
And gave him his Rabbinical degree
Unknown to foreign university."‡

Scott justly says, this "once called, and believed the saviour of his country was one of the most infamous villains whom history is obliged to record. He was the son of an Anabaptist ribbon-weaver, received a tolerably good education, and, having taken orders, was preferred to a small vicarage in Kent." From his irregular proceedings he lost his living, and was deprived of his qualification as chaplain of the Duke of Norfolk. He next became a Papist, and subsequently boasted he did so solely to worm himself into the secrets of the Jesuits in order to betray them. He protested to Bishop Burnet

* "Lives of the Norths," p. 192.

† Scott's edition of Dryden, vol. ix. p. 236, second edition, 1821, 8vo.

‡ Oates pretended to have taken his degree of doctor at Salamanca.

"that God and his holy angels could witness he only went among them for this purpose." After this abominable declaration the Bishop paid no attention to anything he either said or swore. In evidence of the popularity which may be attained by any adventurer who can impose upon the masses, the portrait of Oates was to be found on the fans of the ladies, and the gloves and handkerchiefs of both sexes!*

In the "Examen,"† North describes Oates as a "low man, of an ill-cut, very short neck; and his visage and features were most particular. His mouth was the centre of his face, and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead, and chin within the perimeter. *Cave quos Deus ipse notavit.*" Sir Walter Scott had, and there is probably at Abbotsford still, an engraving which bore witness to this last peculiarity, and does justice to the cherubic countenance and chin mentioned by North. It is drawn and engraved by Richard White, and bears to be "the true original, taken from the life, done for Henry Brome and Richard Chiswell; all others are counterfeit," and is prefixed to the "Witch of Endor, or the Witchcrafts of the Roman Jezebel, by Titus Oates, D.D., folio, 1679." This work is dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury, etc., "*the publishers' affectionate good friend and singular good lord,*" expressions certainly inferring more than an ordinary intimacy between the Protestant peer and the Doctor of Salamanca.

The Bricklayer is intended for Stephen Colledge, commonly called the Protestant joiner, of whom there is an engraving with a death's head before him, and these lines beneath the portrait.

"By Irish oaths and wrested law I fell
A prey to Rome, a sacrifice to Hell;
My bleeding innocence for justice cries,
Then hear O Heav'n, for man my suit denies."

He was accused of participation in what is usually called the Rye House Plot, for conspiring to seize the King's person, and to detain him till he should consent to the exclusion of his brother from the succession to the crown, and make such other concessions as the Commons

* See Spectator, No. 57, p. 332, Lond. 1789, 8vo.

† P. 225.

might require of him. When the Parliament sat at Oxford he went about armed with sword and pistol, which furnished a pretence for his accusation. The Court party persecuted him with unrelenting violence, and obtained his conviction on the testimony of infamous witnesses before a jury at Oxford of zealous Royalists. He behaved with exemplary fortitude at the place of execution, and persisted in his innocence to the last. He suffered death at Oxford, 31st August 1681. Granger says,* "He was a man of more enlarged understanding than is commonly found in mechanics." His ingenuity in his trade procured him employment among persons of rank, some of whom he was afterwards permitted to visit upon the footing of a friend. His faults were, being too pragmatical and undesirably zealous for his religion. That he was unjustly condemned is now admitted by all parties; he was one of the many innocent persons sacrificed to further the designs of faction, at a time when witnesses could be got without difficulty to swear whatever their patrons required. After the Revolution King William did not forget his illegal conviction. His surviving daughter was appointed Court seamstress, a place worth £300 a-year. It does not appear that he left any male offspring.

Considered as a political drama, the comedy has great merit, and the writer must have been a bold man to have hazarded its representation at a period, and in a city, where he must have known it was almost certain it would be obnoxious to the powerful party, of which Shaftesbury had been the head, and which had given proof of its influence by ignoring the bill of indictment for treason presented against his lordship to the Grand Jury, consisting of twenty-four of the principal citizens of London, on the 24th of November 1681. Upon his acquittal, the noble lord was taken from the Old Bailey with shouts of applause, which lasted for an hour. A medal was engraved by his adherents to perpetuate their triumph over the Court, which gave rise to Dryden's "Medal," or a satire against sedition, published in March 1682. Shaftesbury, aware that the better part of valour is discretion, judged it best to part company with his

* Granger, vol. vi. p. 9, London 1824, fifth edition.

friends and retire to Holland, where he died on the 28th of January 1643.

Great interest was used by the Whigs to prevent the representation of the play, but at last Crowne induced the King, with whom he was a great favourite personally, to order the Lord Chamberlain to authorise the performance, a command he found himself compelled to obey. Whether Charles witnessed the first or any early performance has not been ascertained, but that he perused the play before its representation seems evident.*

Apart from the political portion the drama has some amusing scenes, but is sadly disfigured by that indelicacy which will be found in almost all the writers of the period, and which continued during the early portion of the century that followed. The character of Florio is, to a considerable extent, borrowed from Wycherley's comedy of the "Country Wife," acted in 1672 or 1673, but not printed until 1674, where Horner pretends impotency for the same purpose as Florio.†

The names of the original performers have not been preserved, with the exception of that of Anthony, better known as Tony Leigh—sometimes spelt Lee, and usually so pronounced—who, we are told by Crowne, was instructed by him to act the part of Bartoline, and pronounce the words of the part in the extraordinary fashion preserved in the printed copy of the play. As Leigh was celebrated for his acting it may fairly be assumed that the character would be admirably represented, more especially as Bartoline was, like Counsellor Eitherside, willing to take fees from both sides, and lawyers are usually brought on the stage to be laughed at.

Noble, the continuator of Granger, has this brief notice:‡—"Anthony Leigh, descended from a respect-

* "Crowne's Life," prefixed to this edition of his dramatic works, p. xiii. See also prefatory remarks to Sir Courtly Nice. "Crowne," vol. iii.

† Garrick next century altered this play, and after expunging the offensive parts, made it popular under the name of the "Country Girl." London, 1766. It was revived by Mrs Jordan, and was frequently acted during the early part of this century. It was recently revived in London, but did not suit the present age.

‡ Vol. i. p. 208, London 1806.

able family of Northampton, died in 1692. Lord Godolphin possessed an original portrait of this comedian,* and Mr Granger remarks that the print engraved from it was the first he had seen in which an actor was represented in his theatrical character. Tony Leigh, as he was called, excelled in comedy." He acted the part of Antonio, the dissolute senator, in "Venice Preserved," and was famed for his performance of the Spanish Friar in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of that name. His portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, from which the print mentioned was engraved by Smith.

Geneste says that Leigh died in 1693, about a week after Mountford, the actor, had been murdered by Lord Mohun. He quotes this anecdote of him from Cibber: †—"In King James' time Obediah Walker, head of the University College, turned Papist. As he was a very learned man, and had been an eminent tutor, his conversion made a considerable stir. Leigh acted the part of Teague in the 'Committee,' ‡ at the University, hauling in Obediah, a character of the piece, with a halter about his neck, and threatening to hang him for not drinking the King's health. According to his written part he put himself into a more than usual heat, which occasioned his master to ask what Obediah had done to deserve such usage? Leigh, folding his arms with a ridiculous stare of astonishment, replied 'Upon my shoule, he has changed his religion.' This, of course, every one applied to the real Obediah of Oxford, and the jest was received with a burst of applause, but Leigh was given to understand that James II., as might have been anticipated, was much displeased at it."

Leigh's first appearance was in 1672 in Dorset Gardens, where he acted the part of Pacheco in the "Reformation," and his second in 1674, when he performed Polites in "Herod and Mariamne."§ He appeared every year from 1678 until 1692, in a variety of characters which are for the most part enumerated by Geneste.||

* Probably the portrait painted for the Earl of Dorset.

† Vol. ii. p. 35.

‡ By Sir Robert Howard.

§ A Tragedy written by Samuel Pordage. 4to, 1673.

|| Vol. ii. p. 36.

The comedy of "City Politics" was performed at Drury Lane Theatre upon the 11th July 1712. In the "Daily Courant," No. 4509, Monday, July 15, 1717, there will be found the following advertisement:—"By the Company of Comedians.—At the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on Wednesday next, being the 17th of July, will be revived, a comedy (not acted but twice these eight years), call'd The City Politicks, written by the late Mr Crown, author of Sir Courtly Nice. The Principal Parts to be performed by Mr Leigh,* Mr Smith, Mr Bullock, senior, Mr Bullock, junior, Mr Hall, Mrs Bullock, junior, and Mrs Spiller. With entertainments of singing. Beginning exactly at half an hour after six." This advertisement is repeated on the 17th of July. What success attended the revival is unknown, but from this date no trace has been found of it ever having again been performed.

* This was Francis Leigh, the son of Tony Leigh. It is not mentioned what character he performed,—perhaps the Lawyer Bartoline, so successfully portrayed by his father.

TO THE READER.

THIS Play, since its coming to light, has so clear'd its self and me from aspersions, that I am afraid what I shall now, will appear vanity and a flourishing the colours after victory; but I think it not prudent to lay down arms when there is an enemy in the field. Several stories that once wounded my reputation, and half smother'd this Play, still march up and down, and do me private mischief, and every day they get new detachments of additional inventions; some of these I think my self bound to deal withal. 'Tis said I openly confest who I meant by the principal characters in the Play, particularly by that of Bartoline. That this is false, common sense and the character it self will prove. Is it possible I should be such a Bartholomew-Cokes,* to pull out my purse in a fair, and as soon as ever a knave tickled my ear with a straw—a little silly flattery—I should let go my discretion and perhaps my fortune?—for libels may prove costly things. They that made this fool's coat for me should first have been sure it would fit me, lest it be turn'd on their hands, and they made to wear it themselves. 'Tis known I am too guilty of the other extreme of reservedness: I do not often expose my writings, much less my thoughts, naked. And, for the same reason that

* Cokes—One such as was then commonly met with at Bartholomew Fair, easily imposed on.

beggars keep out of the way when they find the officers severe, the overseers of the folly of the parish have so often whipt an undrest poor piece of mine round the town, when I brought it to beg a little charitable covering, that I care not to come at 'em. If I had nothing to depend on but the collections of wit in the Play Wardens-Box, I should be miserable. If therefore I find such ill entertainment from those who pretend to provide for us, could I hope for good from strangers and enemies? In the next place, is it probable I should make my self worse than I am, and accuse my self of mischief I never intended? That I never designed to personate any one, appears, because I have not done it; for I who have drawn the general corruption of lawyers so well as to please considerable judges, indeed the whole town, cou'd with as much ease have pictur'd any man's particular qualities, which I wou'd not hear of, though some wou'd have entic'd me to it. That I have made my lawyer old and married to a young wife, is of no more concernment to any gentleman in those circumstances than the description of a thief in a gazette, by his wig and coat, is to an honest man directly so habited. He that, finding his friend's accoutrement agree in some thing with those in the advertisement, shall think him a thief, and draw his sword to defend him from every constable, deserves to be laugh'd at for an ass. I had a more honourable opinion of those who are said to be personated than to suspect any one wou'd apprehend them by two such lewd characters as Bartoline and Lucinda; to which they are so directly opposite in all things but what is innocent and common, age and marriage. If I must have stript my characters of these, for fear of giving offence, I must not bring

a villain on the stage with a nose, because many honest men have noses, and some of 'em may be thought to be aim'd at. Nor is any one old man more then another mimiqued by Mr Lee's way of speaking, which all the comedians can witness was my own invention, and Mr Lee was taught it by me. To prove this farther, I have printed Bartoline's part in that manner of spelling by which I taught it Mr Lee. They who have no teeth cannot pronounce many letters plain, but perpetually lisp, and break their words, and some words they cannot bring out at all. As for instance, th is pronounc'd by thrusting the tongue hard to the teeth, therefore that sound they cannot make, but something like it. For that reason you will often find in Bartoline's part, instead of th, a y; as yat for that, yish for this, yosh for those; sometimes a t is left out, as housand for thousand, hircy for thirty; s they pronounce like sh, as sher for sir, musht for must; t they speak like ch, therefore you will find chrue for true, chreason for treason, cho for to, choo for two, chen for ten, chake for take. And this ch is not to be pronounc'd like k, as 'tis in Christian, but as in child, church, chest. I desire the reader to observe these things, because otherwise he will hardly understand much of the lawyer's part, which, in the opinion of all, is the most divertising in the Comedy; but when this ridiculous way of speaking is familiar with him, it will render the part more pleasant.

The next suspicious character is that of the Doctor. Some say I have abus'd an eminent divine to whom this nation is much oblig'd, and are greatly offended. Either that divine is guilty of the faults I have expos'd or not: if he be not, they abuse him by applying them to him; if he be,

he is not wrong'd at all. If a divine's coat be foul, is it sacrilege to brush it, and make it fit for Christian society? Strangely preposterous is the zeal of some men: they will burn the picture of Christ where ever they find it, but defend the picture of the Devil if it be in the possession of one of their friends. And St Jude tells us, A railer and despiser of dignities is not like a good angel, for St Michael wou'd not rail at the Devil; but I charge no man with these crimes; they who have a mind to bestow 'em on their friends, may. The other characters I shall not trouble myself withall, but leave 'em to be shar'd among the party as they please.

Having thus vindicated my innocence, I must say something in behalf of my discretion. Suppose I have not injur'd particulars, yet in assaulting a whole powerful party I appear little less than a mad man, at least in their opinion; perhaps I was so when I first wrote this Play; then half the nation was mad; and no man that I saw had cause to be so but the poets. Our trades and liberties were actually seiz'd; all professions broke in upon us, and made themselves free of the company of rhymers, without any charter from nature. News-mongers and intelligencers took up the invention of fables, and so clog'd the market, ours would not vend; joiners, carpenters, and bricklayers applied themselves to the building of State projects, and, in order to that, very often took measure of verse, but none o' their own heads, which they wou'd have found very unfit for either profession of poetry or policy. Now, it is hard the authors of these confusions shou'd upbraid us with a distemper themselves occasion'd, nay, encouraged in their friends, whom they endeavour'd to make as mad as they cou'd; and truly, when I

saw so many mad men, I thought it a shame for a poet not to be as mad as any one else. Tameless in a poet is as great a disease as frenzy in another; and when a poet does not rave, his wits are not right. When all men's brains were a galloping, I cou'd not hold in mine, and I play'd but the same freaks others did: they rode a tilt at lawful, and I at unlawful powers; mechaniques leapt over the heads of princes, and I over the heads of mechaniques: and I was held in so long, till they were taken many holes lower, that now I may be accounted a very sober rider, and neither my neck nor discretion in danger. I am threatned by a Parliament; but they have a childish opinion of that wise assembly, who think they will concern themselves for such poppets as I have made sport with. No doubt they will endeavour to tune the nation, but not with such clattering keys as mine: they will maintain the laws, but not the knavery and corruption of lawyers; they will defend the liberties of the subject, but railing, faction, and sauciness are no part of our liberties that I know of; they will encourage the evidences of the late Popish-Plot against our religion, but neither them or others in a plot against good manners. No doubt 'tis hateful to see Popes tread on the necks of princes, but 'tis as odious to see a rabble fling dirt in their faces: they will suppress the enemies of our religion and government, than they will encourage this Comedy, for it promotes the same design. Any one that knows the dialect of these times must needs understand the true Protestants reflected on in this Comedy are a sort of men who abuse that honourable name by taking it to themselves; and whilst they cry, Protestant religion, Protestant religion! mean as much another thing as the chimney sweeper did that cryed, Mull'd

sack ! A sturdy crew they are, that think to defy all authority, and obtain whatever they ask, by begging in numbers like gypsies. They pretend also to fortune-telling, and exactly to know what shall be any man's destiny at the conjunction of such heavenly bodies as a Parliament ; or it may be by physiognomy, if your eyes be not as good in seeing plots as theirs, and by twenty other marks in the face or hand ; but they are so often mistaken in their predictions, their art is become ridiculous. The lines in my hand I do not understand, but I do perfectly those in my Comedy ; and I am certain by them to suffer no mischief from good men. I may, as I have done already, from liars and barbarous cowardly assassins. Thus much for the innocence and honesty of my self and the Play ; the wit and poetry of it I leave to shift for themselves. I have heard nothing substantial objected against them, so I shall not fight with chimeras. They who cannot find any wit in it, perhaps wou'd be as much at a loss if it were never so full ; for 'tis probable wit and they are so great strangers, they may meet and never know it. They who do not like the plot must blame the faction who invented the original, for mine's but a copy.

THE PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR SMITH.

GOOD Heaven be thank! the frenzy of the nation
Begins to cure, and wit to grow in fashion ;
Long the two theatres did proudly jar,
And for chief sway, like two republicues, war ;
When of the sudden a devouring host
Of dreadful knights—I say not of the post—
But strange tongue warriors, over-ran the town,
And blew the stage, almost the kingdom, down.
And with the stage the poets must expire,
For bells will melt if steeples be on fire ;
Then coffee houses theatres were grown,
Where zealots acted in a furious tone,
Oliver's porter damning Babylon.
But they more mad ; for he, in his worst fit,
Was ne'er so mad as to talk treason yet.*
'Tis strange those men should wish the Pope such
evil,
Who are so kind to the Pope's friend, the Devil.
They drink, they whore, and at their rulers rant,
And all is well in a true Protestant.

* There is a very curious portrait of Oliver Cromwell's porter in Tempest's "Cryes of London." It was his custom to declaim occasionally on religious subjects in the streets, but he took very good care never to fall foul of the existing powers.

This porter, Daniel, was for awhile in Bedlam, where he had his library allowed him, and it is said that the most conspicuous volume in his collection was a large bible, given him by Nell Gwyn.

These follies have the nation long employ'd,
 And almost all the poet's trade destroy'd.
 That they may justly seek reprisals now,
 And board those pyrates which brought them so
 low;

Seize on that ware by which some men by stealth
 Promote the traffic of a common-wealth :
 Ware, some believe by priest and Jesuits spun ;
 They weave the cloth, fanatics put it on.
 But some will say, A poet mend the age ?
 In these high matters how dare they engage ?
 Why, sirs, a poet's reformation scorn,
 Since the reformers now all poets turn ?
 And by their awkward jangling rhymes proclaim,
 Like bells rung backward, that the town's on flame :
 The city Whigs such cursed poets chuse,
 For that alone they should their charter lose.*
 He is a wretched coxcomb who believes
 Muses, like juries, will be packt by sheriffs.
 But their ill palate no fine dressing needs :
 All stuff that any Whigish fancy breeds
 They swallow down, and live like ducks on weeds.
 These things give all the nations round delight :
 Sure at our fools to laugh we have most right.
 Let's not our mirth to foreign kingdoms send,
 But here the growth of our own country spend.
 Heaven knows what sums the cause has cost this
 town !

Here you may have it all for half-a-crown.

* Evidently referring to Elkanah Settle.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FLORIO, *a debauch, who pretends to be dying of the diseases his vices brought upon him, and penitent. In love with Rosaura.*

✓ ARTALL, *a debauch that follows the Court, in love with Lucinda.*

PAULO CAMILLO, *a factious, proud, busy, credulous, foolish, rich citizen, chosen chief magistrate, or Lord Podesta of Naples.*

✓ CRAFTY, *his Son, an impudent, amorous, pragmatical fop, that pretends to wit and poetry. In love with his father's wife.*

A BRICKLAYER, *a bold, saucy factious fellow, that governs the Podesta.*

DOCTOR PANCHY, *an ignorant, railing fellow, that pretends to learning.*

BARTOLINE, *an old corrupt Lawyer.*

THE GOVERNOR OF THE CITY, *a man of honour and worth.*

A foolish mistaking IRISH WITNESS, *suborned by Bartoline.*

ROSAURA, *a wanton, beautiful woman, married to the Podesta, and in love with Florio.*

LUCINDA, *an ignorant, wanton, country girl, married to Bartoline.*

Scene : NAPLES.

CITY POLITICKS.

ACT I.

Scene I., a Bed-chamber.

Enter FLORIO, in his night-gown.

Enter PIETRO.

Florio. Pietro !

Pietro. Sir !

Flo. What news, Pietro ? Has the worthy citizen whom I have elected to be my cuckold attain'd the other dignity of Podesta of Naples yet ?

Piet. Not yet, sir, but he will attain it very speedily : all his party are hard at work, voices and elbows at it ; and they exceed the other forty for one.

Flo. I am glad of it, Pietro ; for when he is chief magistrate of Naples, I shall be [free] of his wife, dispatch his domestic affairs, and receive all the fees of that sweet office.

Piet. In troth, you deserve it, sir ; for you buy the place dear.

Flo. Indeed I give a great deal for it, Pietro ; I give some scores of ready mistresses I have in bank for the reversion of one, which perhaps I may never enjoy.

Piet. A great price, sir !

Flo. 'Tis so, Pietro ! I give away a hundred

other pleasures into the bargain ; as drunkenness, a sweet sin, Pietro. Wine is as necessary to a man as a navigable river to a city ; it conveys to him many pleasant commodities ; without it, he must depend upon his own growth.

Piet. 'Tis true, sir.

Flo. Then I part with all the society of my witty, lewd friends, to keep company with dull, lewd saints.

Piet. Not saints, sir, but Whigs.

Flo. That's as bad ; and so lose the reputation of my loyalty and good affection to my Prince.

Piet. You also part with the reputation of being sound, sir, and of your affection to women. In short, sir, you pass for a poor, rotten, dying saint.

Flo. A dead Saint, Pietro ; at least a dead sinner ; for I appear the ghost of what I was, all my vices mortified, and I am in a world very different from that I us'd to live in. I talk godly, a strange language to me, Pietro ; I pray, hear sermons, live soberly, abstain from wine, women, and wits ; a strange life to me ; but this new world is a dismal purgatory, for as yet I have not attain'd my heaven—my Rosaura ! if I should never attain her, Pietro—

Piet. 'Twill not be her fault, sir.

Flo. That's true, Pietro.

Piet. I suppose, sir, she is not frightened by the ghost you appear to be ?

Flo. No, Pietro ! she knows me to be flesh and blood, sound flesh and blood, whose only disease is a troublesome, watchful cuckold. If I can be cur'd of him, she'll venture on me.

Piet. If you never attain her, sir, Heaven be prais'd. You won't lose your sufferings ; you will attain the Stateman's mistress, Popularity.

Flo. Popularity ! damn her ! A lewd, inconstant,

common prostitute; so old, she's blind, and cannot distinguish an honest man from a knave; though she has a hundred pair of spectacles put on her nose, that shew the knave never so clear, she cries, I can't see him! Ignoramus, Ignoramus, that's all the sense she has.

Piet. It may be not, sir; she sees well enough, but is too cunning to lay open the blemishes of her stallion.

Flo. It may be so; but were she fairer than the most doting Statesman thinks her, she is not so charming as a hundred beautiful women which I lose for her.

Piet. That's true, sir!

Flo. Do not the ladies give me for gone?

Piet. For a dead man, sir!

Flo. And do they lament me?

Piet. All, all, sir! the virtuous ladies sigh, and cry 'tis pity; the other run distracted; the very common whores abstain from plays, and bawds neglect their brandy-bottles.

Flo. You see what it is, Pietro, to do good in a man's generation. Hark!

[*A shout, "Paulo, Paulo." Pietro goes out, and presently re-enters.*

The news, Pietro?

Piet. Your friend is chosen, sir.

Flo. Is he? Then shall I enter into my employments speedily. Now he is fill'd with authority, he will be drunk with pride to the end of his year; and I can make him reel whether and when I please. Hark! somebody comes——

[*Pietro looks out.*

Piet. Esquire Artall, sir.

Flo. That rogue? My patch upon my nose, my pillow and sick equipage, quickly.

Enter ARTALL.

Art. Where's this damn'd confounded hypocrite ? This religious, factious, dying saint ? I come to give you thanks for the legacy you leave the nation ; a sweet rogue you have helped into power. We shall have a fine time on't.

Flo. Sir, if I have committed any crime in't, let the law punish me, but do not murder me with all this noise. I have mortal distempers enough upon me, I need not your bawling.

Art. That you have not one sound part in your soul or body I firmly believe ; that the greatest part of your body comes out of shops, and every night goes not into bed, but boxes, I know ; but that your soul and body, although they have used one another, are upon parting, I no more believe, than that your soul and your vices are parted.

Flo. I value not what you believe, sir, but why should it be incredible a man shou'd part with any thing that uses him ill ? Say my vices had not murder'd me, 'tis sufficient they fool'd and enslav'd me.

Art. Ah, poor man !

Flo. I was a common bell-man with my rhymes to chime fools asleep in their sins, a beadle to whip out of the parish impudent beggars, and such we esteem all church creeds and principles.

Art. So you do still, sir, and are as little charitable to 'em, whatever you pretend, as to any other kind of beggars, for you will give good words to any handsome beggar you hope to make a whore of ; and you have a worse design on religion, to make her a bawd to carry on some lewd project.

Flo. Rail on, or laugh on, or both, I care not ! you and the rest of my atheistical companions were Heaven-threat'ning, which stood long be-

tween me and the Church ; and though I dwelt among you, I confess to my shame, I was afraid of you ; but now, Heaven be praised, I have travel'd beyond you, and shall never look back on those horrors and precipices more.

Art. And are now got within a day's journey of Heaven ; are you not, sir ?

Flo. What is that to you, sir ? Get you about your business, do not disturb me and make me spend my spirits to no purpose !

Art. I wou'd only take my leave, wish you a good journey, and ask you when we shall see you again ; for you will not stay long in Heaven I know,—there's no company that you will like, sir.

Flo. None that I like so ill as yours, sir. [*Aside.* This fellow vexes me so, I almost faint.

Art. There are none of your club, sir. Wits that believe one *Stet* divine before all the twelve Apostles, sir.—

Flo. I am quite fainting !

Art. That count his story true, and all theirs a sham, sir.

Flo. This fellow babbles me out of my senses.

Art. You'd babble and scribble us out of our estates.

Flo. Quite babbl'd me dead ! I faint ! give me a cordial ! if ever you let him in again—I'll—pooh—I can hardly speak—give me that cordial quickly ! [*Drinks.*

Art. A plague on you !

Flo. Oh ! he has startled me with his frightful curse ! made me spill my cordial, slabber my self, and almost choke my self. Bless me ! what work's here with this fellow !

Art. Have I almost chok'd thee with a cordial ! then thou art no right saint, for I have seen one of those they call the true Protestants swallow an-

other man's whole estate for a cordial, and never choke himself. Choke thee? damn thee!

Flo. Mercy on me! what a cursing and swearing the wretch keeps. To what purpose is all this, thou silly fellow? I warrant thou thinkest those fine mouth'd jewels become thee, and art as proud of them as a cannibal of a ring in his nose. If to be one of the devil's knights, called an atheist, be a fine thing, prithee wear a better badge of thy order than an oath or a curse, for those are portlerly badges.

Art. Confound thee! sink thee!

Flo. Take me away, take me away! I am not able to bear this. [*Exit, led out by his Servants.*]

Art. Ha! ha! ha! the dissimulation of these fellows is pleasant; but, a pox on't, we pay too dear for these jests, they cost us confusion and almost ruin. These fellows so love division, every one of 'em has two parties in himself.

There is in every true Protestant breast

A Heraclitus Ridens, his contest

A knave in earnest, and a saint in jest.

The saint looks up to Heaven, the knave that while

Your pocket picks, and at the cheat does smile:

Catch him, he, like a hedge-hog scrapes your fury

Under the prickles of a sturdy jury;*

Then, looking out, he does the hunters brave,

For squinting vilely between saint and knave:

He looks ten ways at once, so they that watch him,
Cannot tell which he'll take, and never catch him.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PIETRO peeping.

Piet. Sir, he's gone!

* Referable, evidently, to the acquittal of Lord Shaftesbury, the grand jury having found an "Ignoramus."

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. Is he ? that's well.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's the new Lord Podesta's son, Mr Craffy !

Flo. Oh ! my friend's son ! you must let him come in, though he be a very troublesome coxcomb.

Enter CRAFFY.

Craf. Oh, friend Florio ! are you here ?

Flo. Ay, sir, thanks to my distemper that keeps me prisoner.

Craf. Whoo ! but aren't you wi' my father yonder ?

Flo. No, I profess I am here, sir.

Craf. How are you able to be here ?

Flo. I am not able to be any where else, I'm so ill.

Craf. Ill ? you are a dull man, for if you were not dull, you wou'd go to my father's election ; if you were giving up the ghost, 'tis better than a thousand bear-baitings. Stay ! a Camillo ! a Camillo ! a Camillo ! say our party ; what do you keep such a bawling for such a fellow ? says one of theirs ; such a fellow ? say our party, and set up a laughing and hissing, and a hissing and a laughing ; for all your laughing and hissing I'll speak my mind ! says the man ; will ye so ? says one of our party, and gives him a thump with his elbow under the small guts. Now, will you speak your mind ? says our man : the man is speechless.

Flo. A good way of silencing a man.

Craf. The best way we have. So upon that some of their party began to bear up, but we never gave over till we had quite hiss'd 'em, and hooted 'em, and rogued 'em, and Toryed 'em out of the Hall.

Flo. I am glad of it.

Craf. But who do you think was the captain of all our party, to lead 'em on wherever he saw an enemy ; and, I believe, discharged "Rogue, Rogue," forty times for any man's once ?

Flo. Who ?

Craf. Your chaplain, Doctor Panchy.

Flo. Oh ! he is a zealous man ! where is he ? for I want to go to my prayers.

Craf. Pray ? he can't speak, he's so hoarse ; he's gone to drink a glass of sack to clear his pipes. The truth is, I had as live he shou'd pray for me as any body.

Flo. Why so ?

Craf. Because no saint in Heaven dare deny him any thing, for if he shou'd, he'd call him rogue and rascal. Well, but this is not the business I come to thee about : what dost think it is ?

Flo. I cannot guess.

Craf. Guess ! no, I'll give thee a thousand guesses to guess it. I will give thee ten thousand. Come ! I'll give till this time twelvemonth, and thou shalt think of nothing else.

Flo. Really, I have a little other bus'ness to employ my thoughts about.

Craf. Well, I'll put thee out of thy pain, and tell thee the oddest thing that ever thou heardest in thy life. Thou know'st my father has lately married the most delicate, luscious——luscious——lus——Didst ever see such a woman in thy life ?

Flo. I can't tell, I am past those studies now. The young lady no doubt is handsome enough ; but what o' that ?

Craf. I am stark mad in love with her.

Flo. In love with your father's wife ?

Craf. Ay, so mad for her, that I am quite out of

my wits ; nay, I ha' not only lost my wits, but my stomach.

Flo. The greater loss of the two.

Craf. I can't eat nor drink, I can't sleep neither. I was once a rare sleeper ; constantly after supper my eyes us'd to call for their evening's draught, and I was no sooner in bed, but they wou'd tope off fourteen hours at one go-down. Now I tumble and toss like a child that has the worms, love and poetry are continually biting me, I can't pray neither when I fall to my beads. Instead of crying Ave Maria, I cry Ave mother-in-law ! I have given over all sorts of pleasures, I read no news, go to no coffee-house, frequent no club, and take no snuff.

Flo. Why you are come to a sad pass.

Craf. In troth I am ! thou wou'd'st say so if thou knew'st all, and I come to thee, to beg of thee, as ever thou wou'd'st save the life of an honest young fellow of thy own party, and a true Whig as I hope to be sav'd, to lend me a little of thy assistance, for thou art a rare fellow at wenching, know'st all the tricks of women, and hast great power over my mother.

Flo. And so I must procure her for you, sir ?

Craf. Ay, prithee, do now ! Prithee, dear rogue, do now ! Brother Whig, brother Whig, prithee, dear brother Whig, do now !

Flo. Brother Whig ! thou horrid wretch, brother to the devil ! Art thou in earnest ?

Craf. Why, thou horrid fool, brother to a changeling ! dost think I come to hear my self prate ?

Flo. Then wou'dst thou cuckold thy father, thou monster ?

Craf. Wou'd I not if I cou'd, thou monster ? wou'd any thing refuse to lye with such a sweet creature but a monster ?

Flo. Would any thing but the horrid'st villain

upon earth endeavour to dishonour his father's bed ?

Craf. Wou'd any thing but the horrid'st ass upon earth say a lusty young fellow shall not honour his father's bed more than an old fumbler that disgraces it ?

Flo. Then, 'tis a thing of reputation with thee to commit incest ?

Craf. Incest ? Prithee don't trouble me with hard names. I don't think it is any more incest to lye with the same woman my father does, than to drink in the same glass, or sit in the same pew at church.

Flo. Is there no difference between your father's wife and his pew ?

Craf. He makes none, for they only both lay him asleep. I would make a difference, I confess, in the sweet use, not that I think his wife more sacred than his pew, for the locking of a man to a woman in marriage, or in a pew in a church, are only a couple of church tricks to get money, one for the priest, and t'other for the sexton ; that's all.

Flo. You are a fine fellow !

Craf. I wou'd I were so fine a fellow as to please my mother-in-law, and I would not change to be thee, if thou wert at thy best ; and I do all I can to be a fine fellow, it costs me the Lord knows what in one beauty-water or another to mend my face, and, a pox on't, I'm never the handsomer. Prithee, hast e'er a looking-glass to see how I look ?

Flo. Why, if thou look'st never so well, dost thou think thou could'st charm thy mother into an incestuous strumpet ?

Craf. What a robust word is there ! Look thee, I understand trap, and so does she ; I kist her behind t'other day, that is, I came behind and kist her,

pretending I took her for the waiting-woman, and she let me, pretending she took me for my father: a rank sham o' both sides, we had both a mind to kiss, and there's an end: and I swear she let me rumple those sweet lips of hers as patiently as a mercer will let a good customer do his silks in hopes to put 'em off.

Flo. Ha! I'm glad you tell me this, sir, since she is so weak a piece, I'll fortify her.

Craf. With godly counsels! Putting forces into her head will never fortify her tail; what signifies fortifying the capital city, when the remote provinces rebel?

Flo. I shall bring down the prince of the country, your father, sir, upon you, who, if he cannot quell the rebellion, shall deal with you.

Craf. Why, thou wu't not betray me, wu't thou? I never knew a religious fool that was not a rogue in my life. I tell thee what, if thou dost tell my father I would lye with his wife, egad, I'll swear to him thou dost lye with her, and I'll bring a hundred witnesses to confirm it, besides corroborators.

Flo. How?

Craf. Yes, that I will! I'll teach you to play the knave, you stinking, damn'd fellow you! I'm going now by my father's order to search the cathedral for arms to affront the clergy, and make 'em suspected for plotters; now, instead of arms, I'll search for swearers, and if they catch you by the back, they'll shake you worse then an ague, and be harder to cure than the pox, sir.

Flo. There is a way to be cur'd, sir.

Craf. Ay, twelve Protestant consciences cleanly pickt. Not one or t'other side amongst 'em are as certain a cure of an evidence as Jesuits' powder of an ague. Probatum est.

[*Is going off.*]

Flo. Come back ! Thou art such a villain, I know not what to do with thee.

Craf. And thou art such a knave, I know not what to do with thee ; pox on me for trusting thee.

Flo. If I should conceal thy wickedness, thou wouldst proceed in it.

Craf. I will proceed, whether thou concealest it or no.

Flo. And ruin thy soul ?

Craf. I don't know whether I have a soul or no.

Flo. If I tell thy father——

Craf. Then I'll forswear it.

Flo. And hide your roguery with perjury ?

Craf. Ay, and be a true Protestant for all that.

Flo. And break your father's heart ?

Craf. I'll come the sooner to his estate, and the easier to his wife.

Flo. Oh fine fellow ! Well, sir, out of love to your good father, whose heart this news wou'd break, and out of love to the city, whose safety depends much upon your wise father's conduct, I will conceal this ; but I'll watch you.

Craf. Watch and be hang'd !—I wou'd watch thee for my mother, but that she knows thou art such a foul, rusty gun, if she should discharge thee, thou wouldst fly in pieces, and hazard her life too.

Flo. Away, you monster !

Craf. Away, you godly, false puppy. [*Exit.*]

Flo. I am glad the fool gave me this notice. I do not know—

But my fair love, like an o'er fertile field,
May breed rank weeds, if she be idly till'd ;
Lest love for fools should in her bosom live,
She shall have all the tillage I can give. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.—the Street.

Enter the GOVERNOR OF THE CITY, ARTALL, and GUARD.

Gov. This foolish, headstrong city will chuse that factious, troublesome coxcomb Paulo Camillo for their Podesta.

[A shout, A Paulo ! a Paulo !

Enter PODESTA, CITIZENS, BRICKLAYER.

Br. A brave Paulo ! We ha' carried thee, boy.

Go. Is this gentleman elected ?

Br. Yes, that he is, for all the tricks that were us'd to hinder it.

Go. I thought his Excellency the Viceroy had giv'n you intimation another person wou'd be more pleasing to him, and in this juncture more fitting for the office.

Pod. Another man more fit to be Podesta than I ? Then I shall think another man more fit to be Viceroy than he, and so I'll make bold humbly to acquaint his Majesty. *[Aside.*

Br. Are we to follow the Viceroy's pleasure, or our own consciences ?

Art. Here's a saucy rogue !

Go. What are you, sir, that undertake thus impudently for all the rest ?

Br. 'Tis well known what I am. I am a free-man of Naples, a bricklayer by trade.

Go. Oh, I have heard of a busy, pragmatical fellow that calls himself the Catholic bricklayer. Are you he, sir ?

Br. I am not bound by law to give an account what I am ; if any one has any thing to say to me, let him deal with me according to law.

Go. But, sir, you might be so civil as to make me an answer.

Br. I'll do nothing for no man, but according to law.

Pod. My lord, the man as to his occupation is but a mean man ; but as to his abilities, he makes a very considerable figure.

Art. He is a pretty figure indeed !

Br. We have a charter for the free election of our magistrate ; and what we have done, our charter will justify.

Go. Have you a charter to be saucy, sir ?

Br. What I speak is according to law, and I may speak law in defence of our proceedings.

Pod. Come, pray be silent ! 'tis according to law also for me to speak. His Excellence, the Viceroy, has been pleased to oppose my election, stimulated thereunto by evil men, enemies to the city and nation ; they wou'd betray and sell us to the French, and they're angry so active a man as I am put over the city to prevent their machinations ; for that reason I will be ten times more active.

Art. A pox of an active rogue ! *[Aside.*

Go. Who are these evil men you speak of ? Indict 'em and prove 'em guilty, and I'll engage the Viceroy will severely punish 'em.

Pod. I don't know who they are, all's one for that ; I'm sure there are such traitors, though I don't know who they are, and Frenchmen, though I don't know where they are, and plots, though I don't know what they are ; and I'll make work.

Go. May not you be deceived ?

Pod. No, I'm never deceived. For the preservation therefore of the town, I will have four regiments of the train-bands be upon the guard, during my whole year, and I, or my officers, will every four and twenty hours search every house in the city.

Go. At this rate you will not let people be quiet in their houses.

Pod. No, nor out of their houses neither. I will have no ranting, revelling, gaming, drinking; no, nor eating immoderately. I will have all persons eat and drink according to law, and I will have all men's tables examined to see if there be no letters convey'd into their dishes from the French, and if I find but the least cause of suspicion, I'll take their dinners into custody. I will have all persons be in bed at the ringing of the nine-a-clock bell; and I, or my officers, will see 'em a'bed, and see who they have a'bed with 'em too.

Art. Here's a fine business, pox o' thee and thy officers! Shall we neither eat, drink, nor lye a' bed in quiet, for thee and thy officers?

Pod. Pox o' me and my officers? Pox o' your wenches, sir! I'll make you know I am a magistrate; seize him!

Go. And have I no authority, that you offer to seize him in my presence?

Br. Yes, we know your authority, know you are military Governor of the city, captain of the Viceroy's guards, a Lord; nay more than all this, a Justice of Peace, and twenty things more; what do we care for that? we are in the city liberties, and what we do is according to law.

Go. Hold prateing, sirrah!

Pod. He says truth.

Go. It may be according to law, but 'tis unmanly.

Br. All's one, 'tis according to law.

Go. But, sir, this gentleman is an officer under me, and you have not power over him: therefore I advise you not to meddle with him.

Br. Have a care what you do! do nothing but according to law.

Pod. Have you a care of advising me! I know what I do; I'll do nothing but according to law.

Go. Nor I neither, for I have authority by law to protect my officer by force, if you use force; but because I'll make no disturbance, let him alone, and I'll pass my word for him.

Br. If the law will let him alone, do! otherwise not.

Go. Will you not take my word?

Br. Advise with counsel.

Pod. Advise me again! I know what I do; I will advise with counsel.

Go. Advise with counsel whether my word's to be taken or no? Guards, force Artall out of their hands, and take that rascally—[*Bricklayer is seiz'd*]—bricklayer into custody! and let me see who dares resist. Now, sirrah! though I could punish you by law for your insolence, since you are a freeman, I will not disturb the city-festival with the punishment o' the least o' their members, though they deserve it not. Therefore, sirrah, if any of your great friends here will be bound for your good behaviour, I'll release you.

Pod. 'Tis beneath my dignity, though I respect the man.

Go. Who else will be bound for him? No body? You see, sirrah, for what special friends you leave your trade and venture your neck.

Br. Hang 'em, I knew the rogues were of untemper'd mortar. A word with you, sir, in private—Procure me a pension, I'll come over to your party.

Go. A pension? a whip, you rascal! Go, sirrah, I give you liberty; follow your trade, and mind all of you your own matters, leave State affairs to your governors, we have more to lose than any of you.

Pod. I don't know but I have a hundred thousand pound to lose, and that's enough for one man.

But, however, my lord, if you please to introduce me to his Excellency the Viceroy——

Go. What! to be knighted? I understand you, my lord.

Pod. How the devil came he to understand my mind so well?

Go. Truly, my lord, I must tell you plainly I don't care to do so ungrateful an office to his Excellency, for I know his mind very well. I know, till you have a better introducer than my self, I mean your good management of affairs, you will not be very welcome to him, nor receive any honour from him. And so farewell, my lord!

[*Exeunt Governor, Artall, and Guards.*]

Pod. Say you so, shall I not be welcome to him? then he shan' not be welcome to me; and since he'll do me no honour, I'll do his government no honour. My wife, for want of this knighthood, will lead me an ill life; and I for want of it will lead him an ill life. Since he is so huffy and stormy, I'll be a storm.

Cit. Do, my lord!

Pod. A whirlwind that shall rumble and roar over his head, tear open doors by day and by night, toss his friends out of their coaches and beds into goals; nor shall all the preachings and pulpit-charms of their priests

Dispossess me, or fright me in the least,

A Whig's a devil can cast out a priest.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

*Scene—the Podesta's House.**Enter* PODESTA, CITIZENS.

Pod. Not knight me? when he knew I was a proud man, a very proud man, oppos'd him out o' pride, and a knighthood might ha' bought me. He shall repent it.

Enter ROSAURA, *attended.*

Ros. Welcome home, my lord. I wish you joy of your new honour.

Pod. Thank you, sweet-heart! I am glad I'm in a capacity to do my country service, but I'm sorry I can't do you the service you affect.

Ros. What's that, my lord?

Pod. Give you lasting honour. The title I shall bestow on you will live no longer than a grasshopper, or a silk-worm; 'twill die at the end of the year. Your present title of Ladyship shall then die into an alderman's wife, for I am not knighted.

Ros. Not knighted?

Pod. Not knighted.

Ros. How dare they use you thus?

Pod. They are desperate.

Ros. I'm troubled.

Pod. I know it.

Ros. I was born well, and I affect honour.

Pod. I know it. I know your spirit better than you do your self, and am pleas'd with your affection to honour, for honour is an excellent guard to virtue. I know you are punctually just to me.

Ros. Am I? I think I am.

Pod. Out of a point of honour I know it, scorning to appear what you are not; not out of dulness

and want of gaiety you affect pleasures and follow 'em.

Ros. I do.

Pod. Out of a point of honour, to appear what you are. I know you, know your temper perfectly.

Ros. So perfectly, you amaze me.

Pod. Oh! I have a penetrating judgment, know your passion for honour, highly commend it, and would gratify it if I could, but since I cannot, I will give you a kind of honour, revenge. The methods you must leave to me.

Ros. Give me greatness, and do you keep policy.

Pod. Well carv'd.

Ros. So, I have nurs'd the wen of his vanity, till it has blinded his eyes, and made him mistake his affection for mine; what I really affect, he is never like to see, and that's only my dear Florio.

[*Aside.*

Enter the BRICKLAYER.

Br. Your servant, sir! I am much beholding to you, and the rest of my brethren of the city, for the kindness you shew'd me to-day in refusing to be bound for me.

Pod. I'll answer you, sir: we resolv'd to go prudently to work; we did not know but they might have laid treason to your charge, so we resolv'd to see whether they durst have tried you, and if they had tried you, whether they durst have brought you in guilty, and if they had brought you in guilty, whether they durst have hang'd you, and if they had hang'd you—then, let 'em look to themselves.

Br. And who shou'd ha' lookt to me then? a very fine business. Come, come, this was scurvy! but I'll stick to the cause whilst I have a drop of blood.

Enter CRAFFY.

Craf. Ha! there's my delicate mother-in-law! that ever such a curious appendix should be bound up with such a volume of non-sense, cover'd with calves-leather, as that old fellow is. I will tear her from him, I'll be hang'd if she loves him; and as for marriage-promises, they are but church-mouth-glue, they won't hold a couple together three days.

Pod. Oh, are you come, sir? Well, what ha' you done, sir?

Craf. A delicate woman! [*Aside.*

Pod. Sir! are you asleep, sir?

Craf. No, nor a' bed, sir. Wou'd I were wi' your wife, sir. [*Aside.*

Pod. What are you staring on, sir? Why don't you give me an account of what I sent you about? did not I send you to search the cathedral for arms, sir?

Craf. Yes, sir.

Pod. And what ha' you done, sir?

Craf. Sir, I have been searching——searching——searching——sir——that mother-in-law——

Pod. Searching your mother-in-law, sir?

Craf. The cathedral, the cathedral, I mean, sir?

Pod. Sirrah, you said mother-in-law.

Craf. Why, is not a cathedral a mother-church, sir?

Pod. Sirrah, you said mother-in-law.

Craf. Why, is not a cathedral according to law, sir? I spoke jeeringly, and you know we use to jeer the church, sir.

Pod. That's true.

Craf. Lord, sir, must I teach you the language of your own family?

Pod. Well, did the priests let you come in patiently?

Craf. Ay, ay!—fiddle—faddle—a delicate woman! [*Aside.*]

Pod. That's very strange. Then they are not afraid o' me?

Craf. I hope shortly to leave never a priest in Christendom. They call themselves the pillars o' truth, they are rather the whipping posts of truth, and sign-posts of faction.

Pod. I'll handle greater people than they.

Craf. I must have this woman! if courtship won't do, love-powder shall. [*Aside.*]

Pod. Come, sir, I'll try your understanding.

Craf. I am resolved upon love-powder. [*Aside.*]

Pod. I can put the city in arms, upon pretence of a French invasion; but when they see no invasion, and the fright is over, how shall I keep up that army?

Craf. The best way will be by love-powder.

Pod. How! keep up an army by love-powder? you impudent, ill-manner'd, unnatural rascal you, do you jeer your father?

Craf. Sir, I don't jeer you.

Pod. Sirrah, you either jeer me, or, which is almost as saucy, did not attend to what I said.

Craf. Well! I confess my wits were a wool-gathering, and I beg your pardon, sir.

Pod. A wool-gathering? a whore-gathering by your story of love-powder, you saucy, debauch'd fop you. When your father condescends to talk wisely to you of State-affairs, must your brains be a rambling after wenches?

Craf. Wenches are fitter for me than State-affairs, sir; what a deuce shou'd such a young fellow as I trouble himself with State-affairs for?

Pod. Who us'd to trouble themselves and others too about State-affairs more than you, sir? Were you not such a tempestuous disputer in coffee-houses,

that as soon as ever you appear'd in one, both sides wou'd run away, our friends out of envy, and our enemies out of fear.

Br. 'Tis my case: no man will sit by me in a coffee-house.

Pod. Were not your writings like so many fire-drakes? No printer wou'd meddle with 'em, no person come near 'em.

Br. His things are very near my style, and I am forc'd to print all my things at my own charge.

Pod. And now, sirrah, all o' the sudden, you are unfit for State-affairs? Come, come, sirrah! you are a villain, have turn'd cat in pan, and are a Tory.

Craf. A Tory? that's a good one, when I am now writing an answer to Absolom and Achitophel.

Pod. How!

Ros. 'Tis true indeed, he read part of it to my maid last night.

Wom. He did indeed, madam, and 'tis very fine.

Br. May be that puzzles his head then.

Pod. Nay, if it be so, I shall not be angry with him, for o' my word, I shall be very well satisfied. What do you call this poem?

Craf. Azariah and Hushai.

Pod. A very good subject.

Br. Well chosen.

Craf. Is not this a strange thing now, that you who are no poet, nor understand poetry any more than a cat, should lye insulting o'er a man o' sense, when he is breaking his brains for the service and honour of you and your party?

Pod. Well, well, Crafy, I did not know it! I did not know it.

Craf. Not know it? then you shou'd not meddle with that you do not understand. I must break my sleep, and spoil my stomach in studying to do you service, and be call'd a villain and a Tory?

Pod. Well, well, child, I am sorry ! I am sorry.

Craf. Sorry ? what does your sorryness signify ? suppose your vexing me should make me write but a sorry poem, as twenty to one but it will, and so I'll go burn what I ha' done, and there's an end.

Pod. Nay, prithee, child.

Craf. I will !

Pod. Prithee, dear child.

Craf. I say I will !

Pod. No, prithee, child ; let me see, what thou hast done, and finish the remainder.

Craf. I won't !

Pod. Prithee, do now ; 'twill joy my heart.

Craf. I say I won't !

Pod. This it is to breed our sons wiser than our selves, we are despised for our pains.

Br. Look, if he has not made his good father weep ; are not you a cross grain'd, ill-natur'd fellow, to make your old father weep ? What if he be not so good a poet and scholar as you, he has as good natural parts, and better.

Pod. He is ungrateful to me, for what learning he has, my purse paid for ; but I always find overmuch wit and learning make people insolent, and when all's done, a fool's a better comfort to his parents than one of these great wits.

Br. Go fetch the poem, and be whipt to you !

Ros. Do, Mr Craffy ! 'twill oblige your father and me both.

Craf. Will it oblige your ladyship, madam ? To do that I'll run a thousand miles upon my bare head, madam.

[*Exit Craffy.*]

Pod. I'm glad he pays so much respect to you, sweet-heart, though he will pay none to me.

Ros. Yes, yes, he will ! but great wits are humoursome.

Pod. Nay, the boy has excellent parts, that's

certain; **but when** all's done, 'tis but a folly to **breed** boys up to this height, for it does but spoil them, and all business, for they will be a-top o' business, riding upon old men's backs, and so the old men go lamely, and the boys ride madly, and the business goes awkwardly.

Ros. Now shall I be wedg'd in, between the old fool and the young, by the heavy beetle of this poem, and have no opportunity with my charming Florio. When he comes I'll lay away the beetle.
Maria. [Aside.

Wom. Madam!

Ros. Did not you say Craffy fell asleep last night in reading his own verses, and when he wak'd, forgot 'em in your chamber?

Wom. Yes, madam!

Ros. Run quickly and bring 'em to me.

[Exit Woman.

Enter FLORIO, wrapt in his cloak.

Pod. Oh! how do you, good Mr Florio?

Flo. Thank you, good, my lord; the better to see things go so well, that you are chosen.

Pod. Oh! we carried clearly.

Fl. Ay, so my chaplain Dr Sanchy said, who I think labour'd for my lord.

Br. Ay, indeed, he took great pains; there was scarce a man appear'd 'gainst my lord, that he did not call rogue and rascal a hundred times.

Flo. He is a zealous man, and so seldom calls any man by his christen name, that he is suspected to be an Anabaptist, and against christening—Oh! dear madam, is your ladyship here? when I came into the room, I saw a lady, and turn'd my head aside, as my usual manners is when I see women, for they ha' been no good friends o' mine,

and so I did not mind your ladyship. I beg your pardon.

Ros. Oh! it needs not, sir. I am very glad to see you look so well.

Pod. Ay, truly, Mr Florio looks very fine and fresh, ruddy and plump, methinks I have hopes of him. What says your doctors, sir?

Flo. Alas! my lord, they have given me over long since; all my trust is in an incomparable nurse.

Pod. Pray, who is she?

Flo. As you came along, my lord, you might ha' seen her tied by a rope to my door.

Pod. Tied with a rope? what! is she a mad woman?

Flo. No, no, my lord! a cow, my lord, a cow!

Pod. A cow?

Flo. Ay, my lord! ha' I not manag'd my self well, to bring my self from one of those they call the wits of the kingdom, to be one of the calves, and live upon the breasts of a poor beast, for thence I have all my subsistence.

Pod. Alack! yet your face says you are as well as ever you were in your life. I protest it does.

Flo. My face is as false as ever my heart was; it might have more innocence, for it is scarce two months old; I mean the flesh of it.

Pod. Is it possible? I warrant if you were to begin the world again, you would have none of the mad frolicks you had?

Flo. I think I should not. I laught once at mad fellows that in drunken frolics eat fire, but was not I more mad to belch fire at Heaven it self, as I have often done in my abominable talk? but what did I get by't? he threw it all back again in my face, and almost consum'd me. Man is a shallow animal, can bear no excess, too much wit makes

him as bad as too much wine, and a little over-sets him; yet he thinks his silly scull contains all things, rules all things, and Omnipotence it self is afraid of that pitiful engine.

Pod. Very well !

Flo. When all that the most hot-brain'd fellow in the world can do, is to make a smoke to darken things; he can strike fire enough out of himself to light him into the nature of a fly. But 'tis time we went to prayers. Doctor Sanchy !

Enter DOCTOR SANCHY.

Dr. I'm a coming !

Flo. Good doctor, give us a few prayers !

Dr. Ay, if you will.

Flo. My lord, being a magistrate, I think, doctor, you must read the prayers of the Church.

Dr. I'll see 'em burnt first, and all priests hang'd, before I read any of their prayers.

Flo. The law commands it.

Dr. Therefore I won't do it; I'll be commanded by nothing, and do nothing I'm commanded.

Br. For matter o' law, we can easily come off; no body dare indict us.

Flo. But for matter o' conscience?

Dr. Hang conscience! I do it out o' matter of honour, and matter of revenge; the priests are rascals and slight me, and I'll slight their prayers.

Flo. We should not be humorsome in our prayers, doctor.

Dr. I'll do what I please, or I'll do nothing.

Pod. Pray let him! for we are all oblig'd to the doctor for the assistance he gave my election.

Dr. He had need of it; there was a damn'd company o' rogues appear'd against you. I hope to see 'em all hang'd.

Br. There was one great man.

Dr. A great rogue ! he deserves to be burnt.

Pod. There was a great lady very busy.

Dr. A great whore ! she deserves to be whipt. I hope to see all such rogues and whores whipt out of the kingdom. But, come, let us go to prayers !

Enter CRAFTY.

Craf. O, the Devil ! the Devil !

Pod. What's the matter ?

Craf. I ha' lost my Hushai ! I can't find it high nor low. Who saw my Hushai ?

Dr. What ! the poem that you read to me, that was an answer to Absalom ?

Craf. Ay.

Dr. I had rather ha' lost ten pounds out o' my own pocket.

Pod. Then do you like it, doctor ?

Dr. 'Twas an admirable thing ! 'Twould ha' made the rogue that writ Absalom hang himself ; look about for this Hushai.

Flo. Won't you go to prayers first, doctor ?

Dr. Hang prayers ! This is a thing of forty times the consequence ; we may pray at any time, or if we never pray at all, 'tis no great matter, it is but a thing of form to please the people. Look for this Hushai. I'll look for it my self. [*Exit Dr.*]

Craf. Who the Devil has got my Hushai ?

Enter a VINTNER'S BOY.

Boy. Is Mr Crafty here ?

Craf. Well, sir, what would you have ?

Boy. I come from the club ; they stay for you, sir.

Craf. The club be damn'd. I can't come ; I ha' lost my Hushai.

Pod. What club is it ?

Craf. The club o' young politick Whigs ; you know 'em.

Pod. Oh, Craffy ! you must go to 'em ; they are all persons of quality.

Craf. What care I for their quality ? they are but a company o' young coxcombs ; I won't lose my Hushai for 'em.

Pod. Sirrah, you're a saucy fellow to call young men o' their parts and quality, coxcombs ! they are admitted into better company than yours, sir.

Craf. Ay, to help to pay reckonings, flatter an old knave's vanity, and give a guinea to the burning of a Pope.

Pod. Sir, some of 'em have had the honour to sit in great cabals.

Craf. I wonder they cou'd.

Pod. Why so, sir ?

Craf. Because some of 'em were so lately whipt at school for blockheads, I wonder they could sit any where ; they have the marks of fools both before and behind, and, if ever they speak, the mark's in their mouths.

Br. I don't like this fellow.

Pod. Sirrah ! I now begin to suspect you again for a Tory ; and get you to 'em, or I'll not only cudgel you, but disinherit you.

Craf. Take notice if I go to 'em, I shall be very drunk.

Pod. I care not, if you be in such company as they are.

Craf. Your wife's honesty may pay for't, for I shall be very impudent when I am drunk. [*Aside.* Look all for my Hushai !

[*Exit Craffy.*

Br. What else ?

Ros. So ! we are rid of one fool ; could we have as good luck with the rest. [*Aside.*

Enter DOCTOR SANCY.

Dr. What is become of this Hushai ? some conceal'd rogue has burnt it out of envy.

Enter a COFFEE BOY.

Boy. Doctor, you must come to the coffee-house!

Dr. Must come?

Boy. Ay, to a person of quality.

Dr. That person of quality is a coxcomb, and you are a saucy rascal; must come?

Boy. 'Tis the lame lord.

Dr. He is a rascal!

Boy. Your friend.

Dr. Oh! then I'll come, but look all about for this Hushai.

Pod. Do so, and let me have an account of it when I come home. *[Exeunt Dr and Boy.]*

Ros. Are you a going abroad, my lord?

Pod. Yes, sweetheart! and shall not come home these three hours. Mr Florio, you'll excuse me; I leave you.

Flo. Oh! good my lord!

[Exeunt Pod., Bricklayer, and Citizens.]
Ha! rid of all my diseases at once! I mean my fools; and left alone with my health! my Rosaura!

Ros. My life! my Florio!

Flo. My Rosaura! *[They embrace.]*

Enter PODESTA and BRICKLAYER.

Ros. My husband! Faint, faint in my arms, help, help, help!

Pod. What's the matter?

Ros. Mr Florio is fal'n into an apoplectic fit, and dies in my arms.

Pod. Alas! poor gentleman! who is there?—

Enter PIETRO.

Help in with your master, and call a doctor! I'm cruelly afraid he'll go away in one of these fits.

[Exit Pietro, Rosaura, and Florio.]

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord ! here's an old counsellor, Bartoline, lighted at your door, and is coming up to speak with your lordship.

Pod. This old lawyer is a strange fellow ; he is very old, and very rich, and yet follows the term, as if he were to begin the world.

Br. He has lost all his teeth, that he can hardly speak, and he will be pleading for his fee ; but he is of our side, and so we must not speak against him.

Enter BARTOLINE, LUCINDA, and, at a distance, ARTALL.

Art. What pretty country creature's this ? I cannot but venture in after her. The Podesta's house is public, and so I shall not be taken notice of.

Bar. Where's my Lord Poshta ? hah ! where ish he ?

Pod. Here, here, old friend ! do not you see me ?

Bar. No, faid ! my eysh are none of the besht.

Pod. You follow the term still ?

Bar. Ay, and will ash long ash I live ; yer'sh no caush wi'out me.

Br. How can you follow all causes ?

Bar. Ye'y follow me, ye'y will ha' me.

Pod. What young gentlewoman ha' you brought with you here ?

Bar. One I may be asham'd on——shesh my folly, yat ish cho shay, my wife—I ha' play'd ye fool, and marriedg a young garle.

Art. Thy wife ? if thou be'st her husband, thou shalt be my cuckold. [*Aside.*]

Pod. Welcome to town, madam !

Br. Welcome, mistress !

Bar. Ish she not pritchy? you shee I have a shweet chooth in my head shtill.

Pod. Sweet tooth? you ha' never a tooth in your head.

Bar. Yttsh chrue, but I'll bite for all yat wi' my wit.

Pod. Why would you marry such a young thing as this?

Br. A man of fourscore be so fond? fie, fie!

Bar. A man of foashco——yersh no shuch thing, ye are boysh of foashco——if you will, after 'three-shco we ought cho go in long coash, for breechesh are imposh-churesh and prehend cho what yey ha' not. I believe, my Lord Poshta, you are behind-hand wi' your wife, ash well ash I; I believe sho——hah!

Pod. Though I be, I shall suffer no disgrace.

Bar. How do you know yat?

Pod. Because I married a virtuous woman.

Bar. A vartuous woman? Why sho did I for ought I know, but we may be bo'h mishchaken.

Pod. No! I am never mistaken.

Bar. Oh, you're a happy man. I ha' no shuch confidentsh in a woman: I declare it before my girlesh faish I'll wash her wachersh.

Pod. Do, if you please.

Bar. And for yat reashon I have brought her hither; deshire you tho' let her be in your housh, yoursh is shivil family, and here she'll have a great yeal of good company, yat will chake off her fanshy from going abroad and playing ye foole.

Art. So, now I know where to find her.

Pod. What! wou'd you ha' me keep a boarding-house?

Bar. What do you shtand upon sheremonyesh with an old friend for? you and I have known one anoyer thes fortchy years, and when y'are in bed

with your wife, yersh shome'hing about you dosh confesh you cho be old. Come, if you'll let me be here, I'll give your wife a jewel, and you a peish o' plate, and I'll pay a good rate beshidesh; what chay you cho y'ish now, huh?

Pod. With all my heart!

Bar. Will my lady consent? for I believe de maresh de letcher-hoish.

Pod. My will is hers.

Bar. I wou'd know 'yat of her.

Pod. She is busied now in a work of charity, about a poor gentleman, that's fal'n in an apoplectic fit. I don't know whether he'll recover it; if he does, he can't live long, he's in a deep consumption. I shou'd be sorry to lose him, though in point of money I should be a gainer by his death, for he will leave us a very good legacy.

Bar. A Legashy? huh!

Pod. Yes, for he's a rich bachelor.

Bar. What, a kinshman?

Pod. No kin at all, but he has a great friendship for us, because we are a strict, sober family, and he is a mighty religious gentleman.

Art. Oh! I know this religious rogue; 'tis Florio! *[Aside.*

Bar. Will he leave you money, becaush you are shober? huh!

Pod. You must know he was a great follower of naughty women, and now he feels the sad consequence, and has a great value for virtue; and I believe will leave my wife a great part of his estate, because she is a virtuous woman.

Bar. Do you hear, girl? you are fal'n incho a brave housh, where you may get money by vart-show and shobrietchy; come, my lord, what will you have? I'll pay you any rate; come!

Pod. You and I will not fall out.

Art. Ha! is he providing a Florio for his wife? I'll provide him a Florio. By good luck, I have an Indian gown and a cap at the door, just new out of the shop. *[Exit.]*

Bar. What ish yish gentlemansh name?

Pod. Florio.

Bar. Oh! y're ish shuch a man; I never shaw him, but I have heard of him, a great debosh, wash he not? and a good, witsy fellow.

Pod. Oh! a very witty man, and a wicked man too, once, but now the most penitent creature in the world; and he had need be so; he is going out of it, he cannot live many months.

Bar. Alash! poor man; and when he dyesh, he'll leave all hish money to vartuoush people, will he? huh!

Pod. Yes! he says 'tis sowing seed in good ground. Well, I ha' some occasions call me away; you may be here if you will, old acquaintance.

Br. Ay, let him, let him! and come away about your business. *[Exeunt Podesta and Bricklayer.]*

Bar. Hark you! hark you! Sho, yish wash very lucky. Girl, you mush make it your buysh-nesh cho get incho yish genklemansh favour by your shobriechy, and you may mump my Lady Poshta of hish eschate for oughtch I know.

Enter ARTALL in a night-gown and a cap, a patch upon his nose, led by two Servants.

Art. I grow weaker and weaker every day; my time draws on, Heaven prepare me for my change! yet I'll use the means to live. Give me my milk!

Bar. Ay, my consciensh! yish ish de genkleman?

Art. Give me my milk, I say, you rascals! what have I said? indeed I shou'd not call any thing out of its name. I ask your pardon for it.

1 Ser. Ah! sir, ask your poor servants' pardon?

Art. Ay, and thank you too, if you will give it me. I was so accustom'd in the days of my wickedness to libel every thing. I cannot leave the ill habit still.

Bar. Ay, yish ish he, yish ish he, sharchainly !

Art. Truth is, atheism is nothing else but a libel on the whole creation, calling it the off-spring of paltry chance, when 'tis the child of Heaven, that I ought to ask pardon of every dog for detracting from his descent. But give me my milk, and set a chair to repose my self, for I am very weak.

Bar. Alack ! alack ! yish is de poor genkleman ; but what a 'hing it ish y'at y'ish young fellow shou'd bring himshelush incho shuch a shad condition. Let me she how he looksh !

[Puts on his spectacles, and looks on Artall, whilst Artall holds the pot to his nose.]

Luc. Certainly this handsome, sick gentleman is the fine, unhappy Mr Florio I have heard so much talk of. A thousand pities such a delicate gentleman should bring himself to this !

Bar. He looksh very white——odsha' me——'twash the white potch——ay 'twash the potch, and he looks very rudgy, but men in yat giet will do sho ; ay, yey will do sho.

Art. Oh Florio ! Florio !

Bar. Oh ! now I am shachishfyed, 'tish he.

Art. How hast thou brought on this youth all the infirmities of age ? my eyes are dim, my breath is short, my limbs are weak. Limbs, did I say ? I have none, at least of Heaven's making : I have imbezzel'd all the furniture of my soul and body in vice, though Heaven gave me an excellent house-keeper to look to it all, a careful, wakeful creature, call'd a conscience, which never slept, never let me sleep in ill ! but I abus'd her, sought to turn her out of doors, nay, murder her, but could not.

Bar. I prochesht yish ish very shad.

Luc. Exceeding pitiful !

Art. Asham'd of her I was, and to all my athistical companions denied her, at the same time she star'd me in the face ; 'tis the atheist's trick to hide his conscience as the tradesman does his wench, for fear of spoiling his credit, and losing his traffique with those ill people, who will not come near him if he owns so scandalous a thing as a conscience.

Luc. I swear he almost makes me weep.

Bar. Why, chruly I am chroubled, and I don't ushe cho be sho.

Art. But, alas ! let him hide her for a time. When diseases and death come and shake the building in pieces, as now they do mine, the poor foul conscience will appear through all the rubbish, and call out, Mercy ! Mercy ! when it may be 'tis too late. Thank Heaven for the fair warning I have had. Is my coffin ready ?

2 Ser. Dear sir, why does your honour think of a coffin ? 'tis time enough to talk of that forty years hence.

Art. Oh ! prithee, don't flatter my craz'd body. I cannot live. I hang on the eaves of life, like a trembling drop, ready every minute to fall and be seen no more.

Bar. Alash ! alash !

1 Ser. Oh dear ! and please your honour, here is company. I doubt your honour intrenches on a gentleman's chamber.

Art. Heaven forbid ! where is the gentleman ? I beg your pardon, sir, a thousand times. My good friend the new Lord Podesta, you know, sir, is a sober, discreet, frugal person, hates the vanity and prodigality of splendid house-keeping, and so I suppose may content himself with a part of this

house, and oblige a friend with the remainder ; if you be the friend, I beg your pardon, sir, I wou'd ha' gone up higher, but truly I wanted breath.

Bar. Why, chruly, you shay chrue, shir ; my lord yo'sh oblige me with part of hish housh, which part, or the whole housh, if it were mine, should be at your shervish, good Mr Florio.

Art. Do you know me, sir ?

Bar. No, shir, but I have heard mush of your great partsh, and my Lord Poshta chellsh me what a good man you are, and I have heard it choo wi' my own earsh.

Art. May I crave your name, sir ?

Bar. I am call'd Barcholine, shir. I am a fellow pritchy well known among lawyersh.

Art. The famous counsellor Bartoline ?

Bar. I have some repuchation y'at way, shir.

Art. I am glad to know you, sir. I think I see a young woman there ; very young. Is she your grand-child, sir ?

Bar. Why, chruly, shir, I am almosht asham'd cho chell you she is my wife.

Art. Oh dear ! wou'd you marry one so young, sir ?

Bar. I wanch'd a comfort for my age, shir.

Art. And she wants a comfort for her youth. Heaven, that made both sexes, wou'd have both provided for. Can you provide for hers ?

Bar. Whatch I want in provisionsh I make up ina heartchy welcome—hah !

Art. But will that suffice her ?

Bar. It may in chime ; cushtom ish a great matcher. I have obsherv'd lushty sou'dies by cush-tom got cho dine and shup very comforchably on a pipe o' chobacco.

Art. But they steal many a good bit that no body knows of.

Bar. Why, chruly, sho may, shir; but not if she be honesht.

Art. Many an honest parishioner follows private meetings, because he finds no comfort from the parson of the parish: but she seems a virtuous, modest young lady, and I wou'd pay my respects to her in a salute, but I fear my breath may offend her. Pray excuse me to her, sir.

Bar. Oh, good shir! well, shir! she and I are cho chaken with the discourshesh we have heard fall from you, 'yat we are exshtreamly deshiroush to be frequently wi' you, shir.

Art. Alas! sir, I am unfit for company. My good Lady Podesta, indeed, will sit by me half a day here, as by a murmuring brook that slides fast away, and soon will be dried up for ever, and she is content to hear my little purlings.

Bar. Ay, yey are very well ingeed, very well, and you wou'd much obliegsh ush; my wife wantsh shuch good company, shesh a young creature, yat never in chown before, and yos'h not know the world, shir.

Art. Is it possible? sweet madam, you are sail'd into a dangerous gulph which few young ladies pass without casting away their reputations, or honestys, or both. I have been an admiral here, and you see to what I am brought!

Bar. Well, shir, affairsh call me away. I'll make bold cho leave you chogether, shir.

Art. She will be weary of me, sir, for I am weary of my self.

Bar. No, ingeed, sir, she chaksh great gelight in your dishcoursh. Pray, letch her have it, shir. I'll rechurn presently. Wheegle him, dee hear? wheegle him; you may get a good legashy. [*Exit Bartoline.*]

Art. Is he gone?

1 Ser. He's gone, sir.

Art. My periwig and love equipage, quickly!

Luc. How now! what's this?

Art. An adorer of your's, fair creature; no unsound, false, wicked Florio, but a sound, young, vigorous, passionate lover. If you will not believe my tongue, believe my nose; the patch covers wholesome flesh; believe my legs, which leap, vault, and run, except from you, sweet creature.

Luc. I am betray'd! drawn into a snare! but 'tis a sweet one—[*aside*]*—help! help! help!*

Art. I need no help, my dear.

Luc. But I do. Help! help! help!—Oh! 'tis a lovely gentleman!—[*aside*]*—help! help!*—'Tis a delicate gentleman?—[*aside*]*—help! help!*

Art. Why do you call so loud? I can help you to what you want.

Luc. Help! help! will you force me?—I can't resist him—[*aside*]*—help! help!*

Art. All this is to no purpose.

Luc. Oh! fie upon you, what a man you are!—A handsome man, I mean—[*aside*]*—I am out of breath with striving. Help! help! Oh! my heart pants! help! help! help!* [*Artall carries her off.*]*

ACT THE THIRD.

The Scene continues.

Enter ARTALL and LUCINDA.

Luc. Oh! fie upon you! fie upon you! was ever virtuous gentlewoman serv'd such a trick before?

* The latter part of this scene has evidently furnished Congreve with the incident introduced in his "Old Bachelor," of Fondlewife's lady being carried off under similar circumstances.

Art. Oh ! frequently ; scores of 'em are serv'd so, every Easter term.

Luc. What ! women that are as virtuous as my self ?

Art. Ay, full as virtuous.

Luc. O Lord bless us ! what a place is this ? I did not think there had been such a place, nor such a man as you, in the world. I shall never endure to see you more.

Art. Do not say so.

Luc. No, never as long as I live.

Art. You'll change your mind.

Luc. Never whilst I breathe.

Art. Yes, when I come next. Mean while I am your humble servant.

Luc. Your servant, dear sir !

Art. When shall I wait on you again, madam ?

Luc. When you please, sir. I shall at all times be glad of your good company.

Art. Your servant, dear madam !

Luc. Your servant, dear sir ! *[Exit Artall.]*

Enter BARTOLINE and his CLERK, with papers.

Bar. Wher'sh my wife, and poo Mishte Florio ? huh ! where are yey ?

Luc. Here's your wife, but poor Florio is gone away very ill.

Bar. Were you not weary of him ? huh !

Luc. No, indeed. I cou'd have been with him all day and all night.

Bar. I doubt you dishemble.

Luc. Indeed I do not.

Bar. I doubch you had rather been at a play, or shome other diverchishment.

Luc. I swear I had more pleasure from him than ever I had from any divertisement in my life.

Bar. Well, be good whilsht I live, 'twill be the

betcher for you when I die; then I shall leave you rich enough cho chake your choish of young, handshome coxshcombes.

Luc. Do not tell me of young, handsome coxcombs.

Bar. You won't marry, I warrant, when I am gead? no, not you! a 'housand to one, you will be married before; nay, I dare hold chenne pounds you are conchtracted now!

Luc. How!

Bar. Nay, not by a preish, but by looksh, and smirksh, &c., twisching of eye-beamsh, and making a wedging-ring of the fine round mou'h—and yush, I believe you have promish'd your shelfe cho a 'housand foolsh.

Luc. You wrong me extremely.

Bar. All ye betcher. I'm shure I shall disherve your kindness, for I am labring cho make you a rich widgow; the term won't lasht a month, and I ha' more breviatsh and papersh putch incho hand shince I went out yen I can read in 'hree monh'sh, I'm shure on't.

Luc. And what must become o' your clients' causes?

Bar. I yon't care. I know what will become o' yeir money; I'll lock it up preshently all for you. Gi' me my papersh! come, let me shee now—let me shee—whatsh her cho do?—*[Reads his papers.]*—Oh! among other chingsh, heresh a buyshnesh in which my brothersh neck'sh conshern'd; he ish 'hircy years younger yen I am, yet he ish old enough cho be wiser; he hath play'd de fool and killg a man, and ye widow brings an appeal, in which it sheems yere arishesh matcher of law—my brother shendsh me chenne poun' cho re-chaine me, ye widow shendsh me twenchy; sho I follow ye poore widyowsh buyshnesh. I am for ye poor widow, I.

Luc. Will you hang your brother for ten pound ?

Bar. You should ashk me if I wou'd hang him for chenne shillingsh, yen I might conshiger it, but chenne poun' ish a great yeal o' money, 'tish a great yeal o' money. Come, let us shee ! *[Reads.]*

Luc. Methinks it is a little against the law of nature.

Bar. Ye law of natchure belongs cho pchivilians, woman ; we comon lawyeash y'ont studgy the law of nachure, 'tish none of our shtudgy——no——no——But, come, let me shee !——whatsh here, now ? come ! *[Exit Lucinda.]*

[Bartoline reads. Drums beat without ;]

Enter PODESTA, followed by a GENTLEMAN and the BRICKLAYER.

Gent. My lord !

Pod. What's your bus'ness, sir ?

Gent. I have a message to your lordship, from his Highness the Viceroy.

Pod. Very well, sir, I attend !

Gent. His Highness desires your lordship not to disturb and frighten the city, by raising the town forces to no purpose.

Pod. He is of opinion 'tis to no purpose, is he ?

Gent. Yes, my lord !

Pod. I am of a contrary opinion, and I am seldom mistaken.

Gent. His Highness bid me tell you that, for the satisfaction of the people, though danger requires it not, he is willing you should keep up half you do.

Pod. He wou'd have me keep but half ?

Gent. No, my lord !

Pod. Then I will keep as many more.

Gent. Is that your answer ?

Br. Yes, and we will justify it by law.

Gent. Well-bred, good-humour'd gentlemen these ;
and fine subjects. [*Exit Gent.*]

Pod. He shall shortly hear from us things that
will vex him worse than this ; articles that may
cost him his employment. We'll not only humbly
address to his Majesty, but impeach him. I'll teach
him not to knight me !

Br. Here is counsellor Bartoline, the greatest
lawyer in the kingdom, and one of our own party ;
you can't possible advise with a better man about
'em. Give him the hundred pound fee ! the city
allows you to retain some eminent lawyer.

Pod. I will ! Counsellor Bartoline, I must speak
a word wi' you.

Bar. I'm not at leashure ; I have caushesh cho
look over, yat are cho come on cho morrow.

Pod. But we have a cause in which the whole
city's concern'd.

Bar. You must defer it yen, for if I y'ont ap-
pear in yish cause cho morrow, 'twill be losht ; it
wholly dependsh upon me, and I cannot but in
conshiens atchend it ; I have a fiftshe pound fee.

Pod. We'll give you a hundred pound, mun.

Bar. How ? a hundger'd poun ? huh !

Pod. Ay, there 'tis !

Bar. Here, lay ashide yesh papers ! [*To his Clerk*]
—Well, whatsh you buyshnesh now ?—come
—huh !

Br. We are drawing up articles against the man
of the castle.

Bar. Yea man at ye cashtle, wosh yat ?

Pod. He means the Viceroy.

Bar. Archiclsh against the Vicehroy — huh !

Pod. Ay !

Bar. Gi' me ye papersh again, I won't meggie
in't.

Br. How ! not meddle ?

Bar. No, I won't meggle, I won't meggle.

Br. Your reason ?

Bar. I may loosh my head, mun. I won't meggle, no, no ! come, let me shee !

[*Reads his papers agen.*]

Br. No matter if you do lose your head, if you have no more honesty nor love for your country than to refuse to do your country's bus'ness, when you have received your country's money.

Bar. I yon't care whosh money 'tish ; let it be the Devilsh money, I'll keep it, now I have it ; but I won't meggle in the buyshnesh—no—no—come—come !

[*Reads.*]

Br. Keep our money, and not do our bus'ness ?

Bar. 'Tish our way, 'tish our way.

Pod. Sir, by your favour, either do our bus'ness, or pay back our fee.

Bar. Pay back your fee !——'twash never known, mun, and I won't shet an ill pregident ; no, no, 'tish shufficient I won't be against you, yatsh enough. Come, let me shee !

Br. Did one ever know such a knave ? what shall we do ? for you and I must account for this money.

Pod. Let me alone with him ; I understand mankind. Councillor Bartoline, do not play the fool wi' your self, and lose a thousand pound, which you may get by this cause.

Bar. A 'housand pound ? huh !

Pod. Yes, this is a great cause, and the city will go through with it, whatever it costs 'em.

Bar. Come, I'll underchake ye buyshnesh—come !

Pod. Did not I tell you I understand mankind.

Bar. But I won't appea publicly—dee hear ?
——I won't appea !

Br. Give us counsels will do the man at the castle's bus'ness, and we don't care.

Bar. Let me alone !

Enter a SECOND GENTLEMAN.

2 Gent. Councillor Bartoline, a word wi' you.

Bar. Your buyshnesh ?

2 Gent. I am sent to you by his Highness the Viceroy.

Bar. Hish Highnesh the Vy'sh-roy ? shpeak shoftly !

2 Gent. His Highness is inform'd you are here, and very great with these men.

Bar. I great with yesh men ? 'tis falsh ; they're knavsh ; I haitch 'em, I haitch 'em.

2 Gent. Nay, he believes you only assist 'em as a lawyer for your fees ; you have too much wisdom and law to engage in their ill and dangerous designs.

Bar. Hang 'em, hang 'em !

2 Gent. And such they have, his Highness is well assur'd.

Bar. No doubch on't, mosht sherchain !

2 Gent. And therefore he's resolv'd to punish 'em.

Bar. He musht do't ! he musht !

2 Gent. To that end he intends to indict 'em of several crimes.

Bar. I am glad of it.

2 Gent. How far they will extend in law he knows not.

Bar. Very probable.

2 Gent. Therefore he sends you by me a hundred pieces.—

Bar. He doesh very well——very well——hesh a wysh man.

2 Gent. For your advice.

Bar. I'll give it him, but not publiquely—I

won't appea, but I'll give him shuch ash shall do
yeir buyshnesh.

2 *Gent.* I'll tell it him.

Bar. If he has a fanshy cho hang 'em, he shall !

2 *Gent.* I'll tell him. [*Exit Gent.*]

Br. Well, you'll undertake our bus'ness ?

Bar. Let me alone !—give me your articlesh
—come—now I'll go studgy ! come along !

[*Exeunt Bartoline and Clerk.*]

Br. So, this is a notable old fellow ; if he under-
takes the bus'ness, he'll do't.

Pod. You need not inform me in mankind.

*Enter FLORIO wrapt in a cloak, leaning on a staff,
led by PIETRO.*

Flo. Where's my—where's my—every little
thing puts me so out of breath—where's my
Lord Podesta ?

Pod. Here ! Mr Florio.

Flo. I have great—pooh !—[*blows*]. I am so
faint with every little motion, and little talk—
I have great news for you.

Pod. Great news ! and I not know it ? there is
seldom any thing to be known that I don't know.

Flo. I'll tell it you, but I must open a vein first,
that I may breathe—fetch a surgeon—I play'd
the fool—uh ! as I came—uh ! along, I saw a
young woman with naked—pooh !—breasts—go-
ing, I am certain, to—pooh !—to be naught ;
so I reprov'd her, but she was very angry, and said
she was an honest woman ; then I said she was to
blame to let those two breasts come abroad, like
two domestic intelligences, to slander her ; so she
said she did it to please her—pooh !—her hus-
band ; so I said her husband was a wise man to
make his wife shew her—pooh !—her breasts
in such a town as this ; such treasure would invite

pick-pockets enough to rob him of it. And thus with this wanton woman I wasted my——pooh !——my spirits.

Pod. So you have done now more than needs ; you might have told us the news in the time you have told the story.

Flo. 'Tis true, indeed !——Well, I tell you the news ; you may see how things go. For my part, I am glad I have not long to live, to see the nation ruin'd.

Br. Why, what's the matter ?

Flo. There's a French fleet upon the coast, and six of the principal commanders lurk in the disguise of pilgrims about Mount Vesuvio, to burn the town by night, and let in their friends.

Pod. I knew all this several hours ago.

Flo. Is it possibly, my lord ? you have an excellent intelligence.

Pod. So I have,

Flo. I'm sure 'tis not half an hour since I invented it. [*Aside.*

Pod. What do you think made me raise the militia ?

Br. Was it for that ?

Pod. Do you think I rais'd 'em for nothing ? I never do a foolish thing.

Br. And why would you not tell me ?

Pod. I had some reasons of State.

Flo. And what will your lordship do in it ?

Pod. What else, but seize 'em ?

Br. We must do it very privately, lest they ha' notice, for they have friends in town.

Pod. You need not teach me my bus'ness, nor that they have friends in town ; what meant the order to put down two regiments o' the militia ?

Flo. Was there such an order ?

Br. I was an ear-witness.

Pod. You may see how things go ; whereupon I smartly replied, Wou'd they have two down ? said I, then I will have four more up, said I, smartly.

Flo. That was very well.

Br. As well as I cou'd have advis'd.

Pod. Sir, I know what I do.

Br. I protest I thought you had done it only to cross 'em.

Pod. Sir, I have deeper fetches in things than you are aware of.

Br. I see you have.

Pod. Now, you shall see how I'll manage this bus'ness. I will leave my gown and periwig here, put on your hat, coat, and periwig, bricklayer, and go out so disguis'd, that my own family shall not know what is become of me.

Flo. That will do very well.

Br. I cannot advise better.

Pod. Then I'll go to your house, bricklayer, and there send for twenty men, such as I can trust, and arm them ; and, when that's done, I won't trust them neither, but take 'em along, and they themselves shall not know whither they go. What say you to this ?

Flo. Incomparable !

Br. Very well. But why wou'd you not do this before, since you had intelligence of these men ?

Pod. For good reasons, you may be sure. I never do a foolish thing. Come, give me your things !

Br. What shall I wear my self ?

Pod. Any porter's so far as your house.—[*Podesta disguises himself.*—Now, will not this deal with pilgrims ? Mr Florio, have you strength to go with us ? [Armed with a blunderbuss at his back.

Flo. To Mount Vesuvio ? I may as well hope to

carry the mountain on my back ; but, if I had strength, I durst not venture.

Br. Why, what are you afraid of ?

Flo. Pride, pride ! I am mighty apt to be vain. Formerly a little success in a jest or a song, or libel, wou'd have made me a notorious ass. Imagine then, if, when I come from that great expedition, I shou'd see my name in every intelligence, my picture on every wall, what an insufferable haughty coxcomb I should be. Lord, Lord, I should be so proud !

Br. For my part, now, I go o' purpose for these things, and intend to sit for my picture as soon as ever I come home. I was bid money for my face yesterday.

Flo. You who have but one infirmity, need not fear it. But my vices, like Tories, ride in troops ; and if one gets into me, a hundred will follow : if, now I am sick, I should love your praises, when I am well, I shall love your wives.

Pod. He speaks a great deal of reason. We'll go without him.

Br. But who shall guide us ?

Flo. My lord needs no guide.

Pod. No, I who know where they are to a hair's breadth.

Enter ROSAURA.

Here comes my wife ! don't let her know who I am. I remember I read in Plutarchus, that Brutus wou'd not trust his wife Portia with affairs of State ; I'll imitate his politiques.

Ros. No news o' my lord ?

Flo. I suppose, madam, he's busied about some great affair.

Ros. Mr Florio, I have an humble address to make to you.

Flo. What is it, good madam ?

Ros. I am a woman more nice and careful of my honour than any other woman is of her face or skin. In my husband's presence I am secure from malice, but in his absence I can never open my doors but slander will enter; even your religion and virtue, sir, cannot hinder her from following you in, and fastening on us both.

Flo. Slander will have lean food in me, madam.

Ros. All's one, sir, 'tis best to avoid her. I would therefore humbly beg you at all times of my husband's absence to bestow your excellent conversation elsewhere.

Flo. 'Twill be very prudent, madam!

Ros. I hope you'll not take it ill, sir?

Flo. By no means, madam. Do you hear what an excellent wife you have? *[Aside.*

Pod. I know her, sir.

Flo. An admirable woman!

Pod. Sir, you need not inform me.

Ros. Who ha' you got wi' you there?

Flo. A very honest man, madam.

Ros. Are you sure o' that? 'cause these are dark times; a knave will shine in 'em like rotten wood by night; and that man has a notable outside: he resembles much my husband, who is one of the wisest men in this age.

Flo. Do you hear?

Pod. Sir, she is a woman of vast parts.

Ros. I have a great fancy to secure him.

Br. Pshaw! we shall have a fiddle faddle with her, and spoil our business—Get you gone, go!

[Exit Podesta.

Ros. How! does he fly? that's suspicious. Seize him!

Br. Away! away, man! I'll follow you.

[Exit Bricklayer.

Flo. No, good madam, I'll be bound for him.

Ha! ha! what a coxcomb is this? now is he gone he knows not whither, to catch he knows not whom.

Ros. What an excellent thing, and how useful in the world is credulity!

Flo. 'Tis so, to many excellent trades. To the sparkish fop, the shopkeeper's large faith swells his feather and garniture. To the politician, the believing, empty-headed rabble are his bladders. But, oh! 'tis of excellent use to a lover.

Ros. And to a trade you ha' not nam'd—a swearer.

Flo. A lover is a swearer, a private one; he is not a public evidence, a swearer-general.

Ros. You were once swearer-general to our whole sex.

Flo. But I recant, and now will I kiss no book but these sweet lips.

Ros. Hold! not so fast.

Flo. Why, what's to do?

Ros. I must blush a while.

Flo. Blushes are for the morning of love. We have travelled many tedious hours since that, and without any refreshment, except baiting now and then a kiss. Those lips are delightful places, but not the end of the journey.

Ros. You say you have travel'd in love; you say true; you have passed through many hearts, and, I fear, have wasted all your love by the way.

Flo. I have only trifled away some unnecessary travelling expences; here will I lay out my whole heart.

Ros. A mortgag'd heart!

Flo. Indeed, it is not.

Ros. What security will you give me?

Flo. Have I not pawn'd a kingdom to you. I was a king of libertines, and I have left my domin-

ions, and all my fair female subjects, to be a slave to you, and a fool to the priests.—[*Knocks.*]—Knocking! we're undone! have talk'd away our precious minutes. Heaven grant it be not the old coxcomb.

Ros. Whoever it be, we are in an ill condition to be thus lockt up together. [*Louder knocking.*]

Flo. Venture to ask who 'tis.

Ros. Who's there?

Craf. 'Tis I, madam! [*Craffy within.*]

Ros. 'Tis the fool Craffy.

Flo. What shall we do with him?

Craf. Madam, I must speak with your ladyship. [*Within.*]

Ros. Come some other time, I'm very busy now!

Craf. This business must be done now, madam. [*Within.*]

Ros. Dispatch it where you are, then.

Craf. I cannot; this is private business, madam. [*Within.*]

Ros. Then you must let it alone, for I neither can nor will speak wi' you.

Craf. You must and shall speak with me, since you go to that; and if you won't let me in at the door, I'll climb in at the window.

Ros. You are saucy, sirrah.

Craf. There is no business to be done without sauciness.

Flo. What shall we do with this fellow?

Ros. Put on my husband's gown, hat, and periwig, and lye upon the couch as if you slept.

Craf. Will you let me in or no?

Ros. You are in great haste, sir!

Craf. Yes, that I am; my business is earnest.

FLORIO *is disguis'd, and lies down.* ROSAURA *opens the door.* Enter CRAFTY, *drunk.*

Craf. So, she's all alone, as I hope to be sav'd !

Ros. Well, what's your business, sir ?

Craf. I have business ! delicate business ! and I'll do't, I'll warrant me.—Drunkenness has given me wit and impudence ; if it don't disfigure me, I don't care. I am cursedly afraid 'twill put my features out of rank and file ; they won't march even, and gracefully, and in battalia. [*Aside.*]

Ros. Well, hast thou given me all this trouble, and now hast nothing to say ?

Craf. Yes, I have something to say, and now it shall out. I come—I come—most sweet—

Ros. Speak softly, for your father's asleep on the couch.

Craf. My father there ! the Devil take him for his pains ! that blockhead never did me any good, nor ever will ; now he lyes like a great boom to hinder my vessel from coming into the harbour when the wind is fair. Od I could find in my heart to cut him !

Ros. Well, sir, you ha' no business, it seems ?

Craf. Od, I'll do my business, and let the old fool dispose his greasy bags as he has a mind ; I care not, I'll pass the Rubicon, and be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*—I come then to tell thee such a story as no age nor history can do the like.

Ros. Ay, prithee, let me hear that.

Craf. Ay, prithee let me hear that with a smile ; many a Roman general has fought a battle upon the encouragement of birds that have not chirp'd half so prettily ; prithee let me hear that—and, thou sweet rogue, thou sha't—

Ros. The brute is drunk, and I never discern'd it.

Craf. Then, thou delicate creature, I come to tell thee I love and adore thee!

Ros. Love and adore me? what does the coxcomb mean? but why shou'd I consider the meaning of a fool in drink?

Craf. Nay, my news does come wet out o' the press, that's certain; 'tis delicate news, is't not? what say'st thou? Have I no darts nor arrows in my eye? Prithee look upon me! nay, look, if this fantastic woman will look upon me? prithee look upon me! I'm newly shav'd, and a man looks like a notable smirk rogue when he's shav'd; his face is like a bowl new wip'd; he may kiss the mistress if he has any skill, and I'll try.

Ros. Sirrah, attempt any rudeness to me, and I'll waken your father, and ruin ye. I am amaz'd he should sleep thus!

Craf. I believe there is a proclamation come out against sleeping, and the rogue takes a nap to affront the government, for nothing else could make a Whig quiet so long, that's certain.

Ros. So, sir, you are a ranting Tory? begone, you had best, before I waken your father, and you, who are now, so full o' wine, be turn'd out o' doors, and want bread. Consider that, sir.

Craf. How! When I have thee before my eyes, dost thou think I can consider a crust? what a pitiful, hungry thought was there!

Ros. Disinheriting, then, and starving are nothing to thee?

Craf. I starve now. Love has disinherited my stomach, which, before I fell in love with thee, had as good a title to meat as any stomach in Christendom; that is, if meat be made for stomachs; and now if I were to go to law with a chicken for crumbs, he'd cast me. I shou'd ha' nothing to shew for 'em; so that I must enjoy thee, that I may eat again.

Ros. Enjoy me, sirrah ! do you know who I am, that you dare mention such a word before me ?

Craf. Know thee ! Ay, well enough.

Ros. Am not I your father's wife, sir ?

Craf. And what of all that ?

Ros. What of all that ?

Craf. Thou think'st, I'll warrant, I'll be frightened with incest ? with fee, fa, fum ! I am not a child to be scar'd from a sack-posset with a white sheet ; if we must meddle with nothing that is a kin to us, we must not eat or drink, for we are all near a kin to our victuals ; but thou art no kin to me ; thou art only tack'd to my father's side by a priest, and art no more my mother than his back-sword is, for that's buckled to his side sometimes ; besides, I don't know whether he be my father or no. I'm sure he is not fit for't.

Ros. Whatever I am to him or thee, 'tis sufficient I am nearly related to virtue and honour ; and do not dare, sirrah, so much as to talk undecently before me.

Craf. Why dost thou talk undecently before me ?

Ros. Who, I ?

Craf. Yes, thy eyes talk bawdy ; thou hast the wanton'st eyes that ever I saw in my life. Gi' me a kiss, gi' me a kiss ! say—the best you have in the house, won't you ? I'll come to the vessel my self then.

Ros. Bless me ! Husband ! husband !

Craf. Let him wake, if he dares !

[*Craf. chaces her round chairs. Florio snorts.*

Ros. Oh Lord ! what shall I do ?

Craf. Ha ! does he snort ? let him snort again ! he has neither powder nor shot in his nose.

Knocking at the door. CRAFFY starts. ROSAURA opens it. Enter PIETRO.

Piet. Oh madam! your husband and the bricklayer!

Ros. How! where are they?

Piet. Just coming into this room.

Ros. Cannot your master possibly get by?

Piet. Not possibly.

Ros. Oh misery! shame! death! what shall I do?

Craf. What's the matter, madam?

Ros. Ha! what comes into my head? I'll make this fool beat his father out.—*[Aside]*—Oh! your father will be murder'd, and I abus'd; here are villains got into the house in arms! one of them, they say, has a design upon my person.

Craf. Your person?

Ros. Ay; help us, for Heaven's sake!

Craf. Where are they?

Ros. Just coming into this room; beat 'em out o' the house, as you value your father's life and my honour.

Craf. I'll do't!

Ros. Here they come!

Enter PODESTA and BRICKLAYER, with musquets and blunderbusses at their backs, their waists stuck round with pistols. CRAFFY knocks his father down; PIETRO gets down the BRICKLAYER. Whilst they are scuffling, ROSAURA conveys FLORIO away, and lays the hat, gown, and periwig upon the couch, as if one slept under 'em. After some rowling upon the stage, PODESTA gets CRAFFY undermost.

Pod. Some one help me to kill this unnatural rogue.

Br. No, take him alive, I charge you! that we

may know who put him upon this horrible, damnable plot ; for this is as horrible a plot as has been these thousand years.

Pod. Sirrah ! who put you upon this horrible wickedness ?

Craf. Sirrah, who put you upon the horrible wickedness of attempting this sweet lady ? not nature, for nature and you have been parted these twenty years.

Pod. This fellow's drunk !

Ros. As drunk as he is, he asks no impertinent questions, nor has he committed any great error in the ill-favour'd entertainment he has given you for entering my husband's house in this arm'd posture, in these dangerous times, without giving me any notice ; what he has done, he did by command, and I'll justify it.

Pod. This is a wise woman.

Br. The woman could not act wiser if she were my own wife.

Pod. I'll reveal my self to her. Sweet-heart, I am your husband !

Ros. Come, sir, lay aside your unseasonable and unmannerly mirth ! these are no rallying times, or if they were, you are not my equal at repartee with me. But now I think on't, see what's become of my husband, some body ! he has slept these two hours upon that couch, and this rude scuffle has frighted him away.

Piet. Indeed, madam, I fancy this is my lord.

Pod. Sweet-heart, upon my heart, I left my gown, heart, and periwig upon that couch ; and there's no difference between the Lord Podesta and me but a gown.

Craf. Then there is roguery, for there lay a fellow under that gown. I'll swear I heard his nose go.)

Ros. He says true.

Pod. Bless me ! here's a plot.

Ros. Some of the French pilgrims to murder you, and burn your house.

Pod. Most certain ! Fetch a regiment of the militia ; I'll have a sentry at every door in my house, two at every post of my bed, and one under my bolster.

Br. Search all the tubs, pots, bottles, and vessels in your house, for gun-powder.

Pod. Yes, and I'll unpave the streets to see if the stones be not hand-grenadoes.

Ros. 'Tis necessary ! and I hope your lordship will not blame me for defending your house, though you suffer'd something by it.

Pod. 'Twas admirably done !

Br. Wisely, very wisely !

Pod. Like a woman that knows man kind.

Craf. Well, and shall I no praises have, That beat the knave ?

Pod. O ! 'twas very well done, Craffy.

Br. Very well, indeed !

Pod. But are not these unhappy times,

That I can take no joy
In such a wife, and great estate ?

Craf. And such a son as I. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, a Garden.

Enter PODESTA, BRICKLAYER, CAPTAIN of the
MILITIA, and two SOLDIERS.

Pod. Come, captain ! place those two soldiers behind those two doors, and then my house will be too hot for a knave.

Br. For the justification of our proceeding, we will print a narrative of the pilgrim under the gown. As paper, in Holland, passes for money, pamphlets with us pass for religion and policy: a bit of paper in Holland, from a man of credit, takes up goods here, pays debts there; so a pamphlet will take up fools here, make fools there. A pamphleteer is the best fool-maker in the nation. And this story, well improved——

Pod. The story's well enough; what need we lie to no purpose?

Br. By your favour, 'twill be to good purpose; a lie will give it the stamp of our party. Lies are the supporters of our arms, and the great seal of our corporation.

Pod. If a lie will do the nation any service, I shall not scruple.

Br. You wou'd ha' no reason; for that lie that does as much good as truth, is as good as true; ergo, 'tis true. *Quicquid est idem, est idem*, is a rule in logic; but you know no logic

Pod. But I know a rule in divinity that says, you are not to do evil that good may come thereby.

Br. Ay, that good may come, and not come; but the evil that does good is a good evil; but no evil is good; ergo, 'tis no evil at all. But there's no talking logic to you, you don't understand it.

Enter a MAN with a prisoner's basket, and BEGGARS.

Pod. How now, what would you have?

Man. May it please your honour, my lord—

Br. Speak to me. I am my lord,—that is, I manage all.

Man. It has always been a custom for the new Lord Podesta to send poor prisoners some relief.

Br. It has been a custom, you say?

Man. Yes, master,

Br. Is there any law for it ?

Man. Law, master ?

Br. Ay, for we will do nothing but according to law.

Man. You wou'd not have poor pris'ners starve, master ?

Br. Sir, if they starve according to law, no body has any thing to say.

Man. That's hard, master.

Br. Go, get you about your bus'ness !

Man. Pray, master !

2 Begg. I hope, master, you will be kinder to us, master.

Br. Why, what are you ?

2 Begg. Honest, poor people, master, that always us'd to have some broken meats from my Lord Podesta's table ; and now we ha' not one bit.

Br. Is there any law for it ?

1 Begg. Law, master ?

Br. Ay, for, in plain terms, we will do nothing for any body, that is not of our party, but what we are forc'd to by law.

1 Begg. We are all o' your party, master.

All the Beggars, and Man with the basket. Ay, master, we are all Whigs, master ! we are all Whigs !

2 Begg. Master, I poll'd for you.

3 Begg. I poll'd three times over, for my lord ; came in three several coats, and past for three men.

Pod. Say you so ? who employ'd you ?

3 Begg. The doctor, master.

Man. And several of our prisoners poll'd for my lord, master.

Pod. Well, give 'em half-pence apiece.

Omnes. Half-pence !—my lord—half-pence ?

Pod. Well, when my year's out, I'll consider further.

1 *Begg.* We shall starve in that time, master!

Pod. Go, go, be gone! the bricklayer and I are consulting about affairs of State, for the good of you all, how to secure your religion and property.

2 *Begg.* Our property, master?

Br. Go, go! you ha' no property, nor, I think, religion; you are idle knaves——begone!

1 *Begg.* The Devil take you!——a half-penny lord! is the Podesta's place worth but a half-penny? [*Aside.*]

2 *Begg.* Plague rot you!——a half-penny lord! I'd ha' seen the Devil have you, before I'd ha' chosen you, if I had known. [*Aside.*]

All. A half-penny lord! confound 'em, damned rebel rogues! I hope to see 'em hang'd.

[*Exeunt Begg. and Man.*]

Br. Now, let us to counsellor Bartoline's chamber, to know his opinion concerning our arming and fortifying.

Pod. One lawyer is positive against us.

Br. That's a Tory fellow; I don't mind Tory-law.

Pod. But he spoke a great deal of reason.

Br. I care not a farthing for reason, law, nor Scripture, if they side with the Tories. I prefer Whig-nonsense before Tory-reason. But come!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter a GENTLEMAN; BARTOLINE and his CLERK at a little distance after.

Gent. No body in the house here? O! sir, you are the man I desire to speak with. I suppose you remember me?

Bar. I remember you? How shou'd I remember all the people gat come cho me?

Gent. 'Tis strange you shou'd forget me; 'tis not

long since I put just such another fee into your hand as this.

Bar. Od sha' me! now you putch it incho my headge, I do remember you; you come from ye Vish-roy.

Gent. I do so.

Bar. He ish a warty genkleman; I shall be glad to sherve him.

Gent. The business is, my Lord Podesta fortifies without his leave.

Bar. Doesh he? yen hesh a yebel! shay I shay it.

Gent. But is there no clause in their charter will bear 'em out?

Bar. Shir, if yere be shuch a clausch, 'twill overthrow yeir charcher; 'twill argue the king was de-sheived, so his grant will be void; 'tish against ye prerogative, ash I'll prove outh common law, and clea shatchute law; and if I yon't hrow 'em on yeir backsh I'll hang for't, sho chell ye Vishroy!—but I'll be privatsh.

Gent. I'll tell him.

[*Exit.*

Enter PODESTA and BRICKLAYER.

Pod. O, here he is! come, counsellor, we must speak with you.

Bar. You musht not, for I am very buishy.

Br. But these ten pieces must, and shall speak with you.

Bur. Why, chruly, I have a great yeal o' buishness; but I have alsho a great kindness for boh you; for I hink you are very honesht men, and wish well to ye nation, and have very good yeshignsh. And I will do you what kindness I can, I will ingeed. Well, come! your buishnesh? —huh!

Br. May the subject?—subject! I don't love

that word subject : but, come, may the subject fortify by law, without leave ?

Bar. May he wear a shword by hish shide without leave ? a shimple shtory.

Pod. But a lawyer told me the contrary.

Bar. 'Twash not the lawyer, 'twash hish fee ; and fees will shay any 'hing.

Pod. He said 'twas against clear statutes.

Bar. Yersh no such hing ash a clea shtachute ; han't we lawyersh the penning of 'em, and do you hink we won't make work for our shelu'sh ? We hate a clea shtachute, as a house-breaker yoesh a clea night. I shpeak against my own profession ; for I am an honesht fellow. I am worth but shix housand a year, and I mightch ha' been worth twentchy if I would ha' been a knave ; but I love to make a consciensh of what I shay and do. I do ingeed, ingeed I do.

Br. But we are told that 'tis so against law, that if there shou'd be any such power in our charter, 'twould argue the king was deceived, and overthrow the charter.

Bar. If such a power in your charcher should overthrow it, 'twould argue the king had yeshieved you, mun, and who dares shay yat ? yersh a chrick for you ; yey chalk like foolsh and knavesh, yey don't know what yey shay. Let me alone wi' you buishnesh, dee hea ? but privately, very privately. Come along, come !

[*Exit Bar. and his Clerk.*]

Pod. This is a notable old fellow.

Br. I was of his opinion.

Enter ROSAURA.

Ros. My lord, will you continue those guards and sentries about your house ?

Pod. Sweet-heart, to ask my wisdom questions, is to question my wisdom.

Ros. I confess you have reason so stand upon your guard : 'twere well the people knew it ; and your son Craffy has a pen fit for the purpose.

Pod. He shall meddle no more with his pen ; it has almost mop'd * him. I wou'd give five hundred pound he had never seen a pen in's life ; but I will take him from it before he's too far gone, and enter him into business. Here he is ! powder'd, a feather in's cap, and catechising—

Enter CRAFFY.

his face in a glass ; but it does not make him one wise answer. The boy is spoil'd.

Craf. Ay, this will do——this will do ! Nature writ no good hand when she penn'd me, because she wrote after a damn'd copy, the fool my father ; but this will mend some letters. This will take my mother.

Pod. Craffy !

Craf. Drunkenness, like a hog in a garden, rooted up my flowers, but now the tulips in my face begin to lift up their heads.

Pod. Craffy !

Craf. They do, i'faith.

Br. Why don't you come ?

Pod. Let him alone ! all this is not his folly, but mine, who have let him take more poetry than his brains wou'd bear, and have ruin'd my child ; and though I say it, a delicate young fellow.

Br. I fancy he's turn'd amorous fop, for he's broke out into a feather, and all those fooleries that trouble love-sick people.

* "Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness."—*Milton*.

Ros. Indeed, his feather says some such thing.*

Br. And I'll take the feather's word.

Pod. Before mine? Do not you teach me to know my own boy, nor any thing. I'd give you a hundred pounds I were an ass.

Ros. You may have it cheaper. [*Aside.*

Pod. I mean in this, that I mistook the boy's distemper. Lord, that I should let him spoil him self!

Ros. I have a mind to know his contemplations. I'll go towards him.

Craf. Ha! my delicate mother-in-law! I'm ready for her: I'll charge her with smiles, wit, impudence, modesty, humility, all sorts of weapons. First, with humility upon my knees. Most sweet dear——ha! my father behind——that old fool is always in my way——how shall I get from my knees again? The Devil take him! Most sweet dear, madam, pray to Heaven to bless me——pray, my lord, pray to Heaven to bless me!

Pod. Bless thee?

Craf. Ay, to bless me.

Pod. What! o' this time o' day?

Craf. A blessing will do a man no hurt at any time o' day.

Pod. Well, the Lord bless thee, and deliver thee from poetry, say I; it has utterly spoil'd thee. That ever I should let this fellow tamper with poetry. I cou'd ha' made him——I don't know what——I cou'd ha' made him such a States-man as these times cou'd not ha' produc'd. These times? pitiful fellows! the States-men o' these times were all

* "When your noblest gallants consecrate their hours to their mistresses, and to revelling; they wear feathers then chiefly in their hats, being one of the fairest ensigns of their bravery: but thou, a reveller, and a mistress-server all the year, by wearing feathers in thy hair."—*Decker's Gull's Horn-book*, 1609.

s arv'd at nurse. Some of'em were foundlings, one found under a rump, another was a maggot in English Noll's nose. A pack of strange fellows they are all; in short, Craffy——

Craf. Most sweet woman! [*Aside.*

Pod. You shall never write nor read more, but be a man of business.

Craf. Yes, madam!

Pod. Madam?

Craf. Yes, my lord, I mean——

Pod. Did you mind what I said to you?

Craf. No, madam——yes, madam——ay, my lord, I mean.

Pod. Yes, madam——ay, my lord——sirrah, where are your brains?

Craf. Brains, madam?——my lord, I mean

Pod. In your ink-pot, sirrah?

Craf. I'm now answering the Medal.

Pod. I thought as much; the Devil take thy poetry. Sirrah, meddle with pen and ink more, if you dare.

Craf. Who must answer these things, then? There's ne'er a man o' wit of our party, but my self, and my things are discommended. I know several people don't like my Hushai: that I intend to call my poem, The Medal Revers'd, written by him who was not the author of Hushai, nor of any pen writ of our side.*

* "The Medal: a satire against sedition," by John Dryden, poet laureate, was published early in March 1682. It was written to check, if possible, the triumph of the Whigs in the acquittal of Lord Shaftesbury, who had been tried for High Treason, and in commemoration of which a Medal had been struck for the partizans of the patriot to wear at their breasts. Spence relates this anecdote, on the authority of a Catholic priest, a friend of Pope: "One day as the King was walking in the hall, and talking with Dryden, he said: 'If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject in the following manner.' He then gave

Pod. Come, poetry be hang'd, and prose too !

Br. Come, come ! my answer will be the best.

Pod. What's that ?

Br. A flail—if I meet with the author in a convenient place, I'll give him an answer.

Pod. Yes ! and, sirrah, you shall never meddle with pen, ink, nor book more, but be a man o' business.

Craf. I shall be a pretty man o' business ! never write nor read.

Pod. Sir, the greatest politicians of our times never write nor read, as you may see by their speeches. Come, sirrah ! you have wit enough, and courage too, and we have business and enemies to employ both, insomuch as I shall not dare to go to bed to night.

Craf. Shan't you ? Then I'll dare to go thither in your stead. I have shew'd my mother my wit, I never shew'd her my skin yet ; I'll tempt her with that. *[Aside.]*

Pod. I'll have you in the head of a party go to Mount Vesuvio.

Craf. I'm resolv'd to steal to her when she's a bed. *[Aside.]*

Pod. Get a horseback presently, d'ye hear ?

Craf. Ay, my lord !—in a rich night-gown, point de Venice shirt, and velvet slippers.

Pod. How ! a horse-back in this equipage ? Do you know I bid you get your horse ?

Craf. Ay, my lord !—wash'd from head to foot in rose-water.

the plan of the 'Medal.' Dryden took the hint, carried the poem, as soon as written, to the King, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it." As "the Medal," attracted immense attention, several Whig champions stood forth in contest. First appeared "the Mushroom," by Edmund Hickeringell ; and, in succession, "the Medal reversed," by Samuel Pordage, "the loyal Medal vindicated," and "the Medal of John Bayes."

Pod. This is mockery ; give me a cane !

Craf. O ! good, my lord.

Br. Come, let him alone !

Pod. I will not.

Craf. What's the matter ? what's the matter ?

Pod. What's the matter wi' your brains, sirrah ? for when I come to one side of your head, they shift o' tother, that you never mind what I say. Get you gone, you rascal you !

Craf. Sweet rogue, I'll be with thee at night !

[*Aside—Exit.*]

Pod. Wou'd the Devil had had this fellow's poetry. A gentleman may carry a little of it for an ornament and pleasure, as a lady carries an orange in her hand ; but to have a fool carry a great basket of it on his head, like a costard-monger, and break his brains !——

Enter FLORIO panting, PIETRO leading him.

Flo. Clamb'ring up these stairs has almost spent me. I'm ready to tumble down dead.

Pod. Poor man, how bad he is !

Ros. I wonder he's come abroad.

Br. 'Tis pity ! he's a pretty fellow.

Flo. My good lord, I beg your pardon a thousand times for the liberty and confidence I take in your house.

Pod. You are very welcome, good Mr Florio !

Ros. You may believe my lord, sir ; he's your very humble servant.

Flo. Your servant, good madam ! Why, truly, we sick people take upon us a strange authority, I know not by what commission ; I think 'tis because sickness is Heaven's messenger ; and when a man is upon the road in a messenger's hands, all people give way, and I am riding post.

Enter DOCTOR SANCY.

Dr. Where are you all? where are you all?

Pod. What's the matter?

Dr. Who says there are no plots?

Br. He that has a mind to be hang'd.

Pod. As he shall be. He that will not believe in the doctor must expect no salvation in this life.

Ros. What's the plot, good doctor?

Dr. Only to cut your husband's throat, and all our throats, that's all!

Ros. Oh! you ha' struck me dead. Some help! I faint.

Pod. Good creature, she's swooning! who's there?

Enter WOMEN.

Wom. My lord?

Pod. Your lady swoons!

Dr. Carry her away! don't let us be troubled with women.

Pod. Take her into the fresh air, and give her some strong water! and, do you hear? bring me some privately. [*Exeunt Women with Ros.*]

Br. Come, the plot!

Dr. What do you think the Tory rogues have done? They have met with our Paper of Association.

Br. What care we for that?

Dr. Ay, but they have drawn up one among themselves, in imitation of ours; cast one in our own mould, taken our own words, and discharge 'em upon us.

Br. The Devil!

Dr. As you shall hear: We, the loyal, &c., finding to the grief of our hearts a certain sort of people, consisting of Hobbists, Atheists, Fanaticks, and Republicans, have for several years last past

pursued a pernicious plot, to root out the true religion, subvert our laws and liberties, and set up arbitrary power.

Br. Well, and what of all this?

Flo. Pray, hear!

Dr. And it being notorious that they have been highly encouraged by the countenance and protection given 'em by the rabble, and by their expectations of the said rabble coming to the government, it appears also to us, that for these designs ignominious garrisons have been established among us, by whose assistance these men have laid a blockade before the crown it self, denying it all relief, unless 'twill own it self a dependence upon them.

Br. All this is true, and we are not ashamed of it.

Pod. Go on!

Dr. And we considering, with heavy hearts, how greatly the reputation and honesty of the kingdom hath been wasted in maintaining the said garrisons; and finding the same counsels, after exemplary justice upon some of the conspirators, to be still pursued with the utmost devilish malice and desire of revenge, whereby his Majesty is in continual hazard to be destroyed, to make way for the said rabble's advancement to the crown.

Br. Well, and what of all this?

Pod. Have patience!

Dr. The whole kingdom, in such case, being destitute of all security of their religion, laws, estates, and liberties: sad experience in the case, the Rump Committee of Safety, Noll and Dick in England, and Massaniello here, having proved the wisest laws to be of little force to keep out tyranny under no prince, or no lawful prince.

Br. I wou'd we had 'em.

Dr. We have, therefore, several times endeavoured

voured in a legal way, by indictments, to bring the said criminals to condign punishment; but, being utterly rejected, and brought almost to despair, we bind our selves one to another, jointly and severally, in the bond of one firm and loyal society and association: and do solemnly vow, promise, and protest to demolish the said ignominious garrisons, which are kept up in and about this city, to the great terror and amazement of all the good people in the land.

Br. And shall be in spite of 'em.

Dr. And utterly destroy all that shall seek to set up the said rabble's pretended title, or shall raise any war, tumult, or sedition in his behalf, or by his command, as public enemies to our laws, king, religion, and country; and this on penalty of being esteemed such our selves. Witness our hands.

Pod. Are there any names to it?

Dr. Only nick-names, to know one another by: as Loyal Domestic Absalom, and Achitophel, Tory Coffee-house, Towzer, Heracitus, and such names, forty thousand.

Br. Oh! we have six times their number.

Dr. Pray, hear the postscript! Persons to be destroyed: imprimis, the Podesta.

Pod. Am I to be murder'd imprimis? bloody rogues!

Dr. Then the doctor: and why after him, unmannerly rascals?

Pod. Why after me? Sure, good doctor, you won't dispute precedency with me?

Dr. But I will, good Podesta, with you, or any man in Christendom; what the Devil are you?

Pod. What am I?

Dr. Ay! if you compare your self with me, you are a fop.

Pod. Fop! you are an unmannerly fellow.

Dr. How ! ho ! call one of my men, somebody !

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir ?

Dr. Go bid the Archbishop of Naples come to me ! I'll make his fortunes.

Br. Nay, nay, doctor, doctor !

Pod. He means, bid the Archbishopric of Naples come to him ; but it won't come, doctor.

Dr. You are a rascal !

Pod. Call a constable !

Flo. Gentlemen, gentlemen, are you out of your wits, to quarrel who should be murder'd first ? I need care for it as little as you, I shall lose as few days ; for shame, reconcile ! pray, reconcile !

Dr. Then let him not play the coxcomb. If the Pope disparage me, I'd say he were a rascal.

Br. Well, well, the Podesta respects you, doctor ; give him your hand !

Dr. Give him my hand first ? I'd scorn to do't if he were a prince.

Br. Then give him your hand, Podesta ?

Pod. Welcome, Mr Panchy !

Dr. Mr Panchy ?

Pod. Doctor, I mean ; come, doctor !

Dr. Then come, Podesta !

Flo. So, this is well ! now let us know whose throat is to be cut next.

Dr. The bricklayer's and yours : *cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*

Flo. Will they cut mine ? They may spare their pains. Well, we had more need to go to prayers than quarrel. Pray, doctor !

Dr. Pray, fool's head ! what should we pray for ? That's like your Papists, who think to keep off devils with holy-water, as if a devil were like a

cat, he cou'd not endure to wet his foot. These devils are best driven away with fire-locks.

Br. You are in the right, doctor!

Flo. I'm sure our cause is in the right.

Br. We have a hundred thousand men, and they are always in the right. Set me in the head of such a general counsel, and I'll be Pope, the only infallible judge.

Pod. Ay, and have what forms of worship you will: when a canon's the preacher, who dare shut up the conventicle? and nothing opens and divides a text like gun-powder.

Flo. Heaven turn these wicked men! I love their souls.

Br. Heaven turn 'em out of the kingdom, for I love their lands; that's my way of turning my adversaries; and I'll set 'em part o' their way to night. I'll shove the whole town against 'em! that shall be my business. [*Exit.*]

Pod. I'll go arm my self, and then watch upon the battlements.

Dr. I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Pod., Dr., Captain of the Militia.*]

Flo. I'll to my devotions; that is, to your wife —if I knew where she was.

Enter ROSAURA.

Ros. Not far off.

Flo. I might ha' guess'd it by the sudden gaiety of all things; the whole face smil'd on her sweet favourite.

Ros. Upon the ridiculous cuckold and his wise companions, which you have finely fool'd; for was not this paper yours, sir?

Flo. It was!

Ros. What a ghost every shadow appears to a guilty conscience: therefore I had not best consent

to your murder of my honesty, for I shall never sleep for fear of the discovery ; and you men commonly boast of those murders, and cast a brazen image of the dead creature in an impudent libel.

Flo. If this be not privately buried, it shall be your own fault.

Ros. It shall be yours, for I have provided a chapel fit for the work, this garden-house.

Flo. Then will I be a second Nero : I have put all my city in a flame.

And now, with harp in hand, I will survey
My burning Rome, and whilst it burns I'll play.

Ros. Then, Nero, take thy harp into thy hand,
The tuneful strings will follow thy command :
Now equal Orpheus in thy art divine,
Make all things round thee dance with one sweet
touch of thine. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene continues.

Enter BARTOLINE with ARTALL.

Bar. Come, pray come in, sir ! ingeed I love your company mighchily. Come, how isht with you, shir ?

Art. Better and better, sir ! that is to say, worse and worse ! nearer my end, which I hope will be the better for me.

Bar. Ay, yer'sh no doubt on't, shir ! you're a very good young genkleman.

Art. Not so good as I ha' been bad, sir.

Bar. 'Tish no great matcher, shir ! we have all been bad, one chime or anoyer.

Art. Not so bad as I, sir ; the Devil is not, cannot be so bad as I ; he cannot drink, can he, sir ?

Bar. Why, chruly, shir, I believe notch. I yont know what he can goo ; I yont chrouble my self much wid him.

Art. I was one of the Devil's low countries,

always under a flood. The Devil cannot whore, sir neither, can he ?

Bar. I yont know, sir, in chroth, but I believe in general heish a great rashcal.

Art. I have not only debauch'd women, but the whole age ; poison'd all its mortals,* murder'd thousands o' young consciences, sung others asleep, pump'd others with drunkenness ; sin I honour'd and privileg'd as a peer to the Devil ; Heaven I affronted, libell'd his court, and, in my drunken altitudes, have endeavour'd to scour the whole creation of souls and spirits. Now, is it fit I should be saved ?

Bar. Ay, why not, shir ? Yon't chrouble your self wi' yosh matthersh.

Art. I doubt I trouble you, sir, with tedious discourses.

Bar. Oh ! no, shir ; ye'y are ve'y goodg ingeed. I never heardg a parshon chalk sho well in a pulpit, and I hear 'em shomechimes.

Art. Don't you go always to church, sir ?

Bar. Yesh, shir ! but we lawyesh are sho employ'd all the week, y'at we may be excush'd if we chake a nap a Sunday at a shermon.

Art. You should not neglect the business of your soul, sir.

Bar. No, chruly, sir, but we have a great yeale of business, a great yeale of business.

Art. I do believe so, sir ; therefore I don't know how I can with any confidence beg the favour of you to be one of my executors.

Bar. O yesh, shir ! I'll find a chime for yat, I wayant you. Pray, employ me, shir !

Art. Thank you, good sir ! I will endeavour to reward your trouble.

* Qy. Morals ?

Bar. O, good shir! what you please. I shall be glad of any choken of your love.

Art. I have drawn up some heads of a will.

Bar. You have y'one mighchy wishely, shir.

Art. Will you please to look over it, sir, as also some deeds of my estate, whilst I lay me down, for I am very faint? Shall I borrow your bed, sir?

Bar. Ay, with all my heart! Lushinda, girl!

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Husband?

Bar. Why gee come wi'out a godly book in your hand, when you know how hesh inclin'd? [*Aside.*

Luc. I ha' none; you must lend me one out of your study.

Bar. I ha' none in my shtudy—ne've hadg one in my life; we lawyesh yead no' yivinichy.—Buy one!—[*Aside.*]—Come, chake yish poo genkleman, and lay him upon our bedg, and cover him warm, and shit by him, and, gee hear? chalke goly to him. Hesh making his will; you yont know how yo umay win upon him.—[*Aside.*]—Pray, shir, go in! and I'll go cho my shtudy, and come chee in a minute.

Art. Pox o' thy haste!—[*Aside.*]—I'm in no haste, sir; take your time!

Bar. No, no, I won't shtay, shir. But, pray, let me lead you, for you are very weak.

Art. Oh no, sir!

Bar. Pray, shir, let me!

[*Exit Art., led by Bar. and Luc.*

Scene continues.

Enter CRAFTY.

Craf. What new larum's this? And I'm enquir'd after to be made an ass on; and sent on some silly errand, and so shan't come at my mother to night.

POX ! I'll ha' none o' these foolish doings. I'll get out o' the way ; and now I think on't, I'll hide my self in this room. How now, the door's shut ; there's somebody in the room, sure ! I'll peep !—— I'm shot——I'm shot——I'm shot !——

[Throws himself down and raves.

Enter PODESTA, DOCTOR, CAPTAIN of the MILITIA, SOLDIERS. BRICKLAYER *first.*

Br. What's the matter ? what's the matter ? what's the news ?

Craf. I'm shot, I'm shot, I'm shot !

Br. Guard, guard, guard ! train-bands, Podesta, Podesta, come hither all quickly !

Pod. Bless us ! what's the matter ?

Br. Your son's kill'd !

Pod. My son kill'd ?

Craf. I'm shot——I'm shot——I'm shot !

Pod. Oh ! where, where, where, poor child !—— poor boy.

Craf. To the very soul, to the very soul !

Pod. Oh ! my poor boy, my poor boy ! who shot thee, and where are the murderers ?

Dr. Who should, but the associating bully Tories ?

Craf. Ay, ay ! associators, associators !

Pod., Dr., Br. Oh ! rogues ! villains !

Craf. A whore and a rascal are associated in that room ; I mean, your wife and Florio are there join'd in one close abominable bond of lewdness, and cuckold you, as if they were to be hang'd if they did not despatch it in a minute. The sight has shot me to my soul, my soul !

Pod. How, sirrah ! have you invented such a notorious sham as this, to set me at variance with my wife, and with my friend ? and to buzz me with domestic confusions, that I might not ha' my brains at liberty for the public ? Is it possible ?

Dr. Sirrah, you are a traitorly rogue !

Craf. I'll call you as much out of your name, sirrah : you are a doctor of divinity !

Br. Sirrah, you are an associating Tory !

Craf. Sirrah, you are an hermaphrodite ! compounded of two sexes, verse and prose, and engender with neither.

Br. Sirrah, I make better verses than your self ; and verses is all that you are good for. I make officers and jury-men, and evidences, and pictures, and poppets, and as good verses as you into the bargain. I made your father what he is, that you are an ungrateful fellow to be thus saucy with me.

Pod. Come, sirrah, you are a notorious parricide ! and plot with traitors against your own father.

Craf. Father, you are an abominable cuckold ! and plot with him that makes you one, against your own son. I will swear Florio is in that room aboard your vessel and stealing all your customs ; and here you stand upon the key, and let him.

Pod. I will break open the door to shew thou art a rascal.

Br. Are you mad ? Is not this a plain sham-plot ? Here are either traitors or treasonable papers, and they will be found and laid to your charge.

Pod. You speak with a great deal of prudence ; and I'll guard the door with my life, for my honour is concern'd.

Craf. Your honour is concern'd, for you're made a cuckold.

Pod. The honour of my loyalty is concern'd ; for, sirrah, you would make a traitor of me, that you might hang me and get my estate.

Craf. I will call a guard ! Break open the door, and shew that you are a cuckold ; the doctor,

bricklayer, a couple of pimps. And I see a guard go by. Guard! guard! guard!—Treason! treason! treason!

Pod. Nay, then, Militia! militia! militia! keep this door here. Treason! treason!

Craf. Why, who the Devil's able to bear this? Give me a pike! I'll force my way in.

Pod. Nay, then, give me a pike!

Craf. Oh! cuckold, cuckold! wittal, wittal!

Pod. Oh! unnatural monster!

Dr. Villain!

Br. Tory!

Pod. Hold, gentlemen! I have considered of it. Because this fellow is so insolent and positive, and may report to the world I hinder truth from coming to light, to clear the honour of my self, my wife, and my friend, I will open the door in the presence of you all, and you shall see what's there; and so, gentlemen, all bear witness.

Br. You shall not open the door.

Pod. I will!

Br. You shall not!

Dr. He shall!—Break open the door!

Pod. Break open the door!

Enter BARTOLINE.

Bar. What! are you all madg? are we in Beglam here? you a magishchrute, and shuffer shuch dish-orgersh as yesh in you housh? you may be ashamed! if ye ha' no yegard cho your own cregit, ha' some pitchy on a poo genkleman almost murger'd by the noish you make; your own friend, Mishe Florio.

Pod. Florio! why, where is he?

Bar. Upon my bedg, giving up the ghosht.

Dr. So, sirrah! and you say he is in this room?

Craf. Giving up the ghost upon that old fellow's bed?

Bar. Now the sham plot's plain.

Craf. Then h'as given up the ghost, and I saw his ghost in this room.

Pod. And has my wife given up the ghost too, sir?

Craf. I don't know; but if they were ghosts, they were the lewdest ghosts that ever I saw.

Br. Come, sirrah, confess your rogueries!

Craf. What rogueries? Is it treason to be mad? If he be there, my wits are not here; I'm crack'd, and there's an end.

Bar. Sho, shcolding again? I shuppose he'll conshiger your shivilitiesh in hish will, which he is now a making. [*Exit.*]

Pod. So, sir, we shall lose all our legacies through your roguery? come, ask him pardon on your knees!

Br. I'm cruel afraid he'll die before we come. Let's go quickly, quickly!

Pod. Come all away softly for fear of disturbing Mr Florio—softly, softly! [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

FLORIO and ROSAURA coming out of the room where they were hid.

Flo. Ha! gone! this was good fortune; away to thy chamber, my dear!

Ros. And do you go home! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ARTALL.

Art. Pox on't! my pretty opportunity is cast away in a storm; I must make t'other voyage. I venture boldly into the dominion of these arbitrary rogues, who have a strange absolute authority over their own consciences, in lying and swearing; but love, love, love! [*Exit.*]

Enter PODESTA, BRICKLAYER, DOCTOR, CRAFTY, BARTOLINE, LUCINDA, MILITIA.

Bar. Gone away in dishconchent?

Luc. No, but in great pain ; he said his head was torn in pieces.

Bar. Well, I shall be no loosher ; he knowsh 'twash not my fault. Come, way, girl !

[*Exeunt Bar. and Luc.*]

Br. Now I'll see what's in this house. Fellow-soldiers, guard me in, and have a care o' me !

[*Exeunt Br. and Soldiers.*]

Enter WAITING WOMAN.

Wom. My lord ! my lady's extremely discompos'd with the fright she had about your lordship, and begs there may not be so much noise ; it almost kills her.

Pod. Poor, kind heart, where is she ?

Wom. In her chamber, upon her bed.

Pod. So, sir ! and you said she was in this room.

Craf. Well, I'm mad ! and there's an end.

Pod. Tell her there shall be no noise made.

Enter BRICKLAYER and SOLDIERS.

Br. There's nothing in this room.

Pod. Nothing ?

Br. Nothing !

Dr. What do you say to this, sirrah ?

Craf. That thou art an ass to talk to a madman ! for my wits ha' given me the slip all o' the sudden, I don't know how nor which way.

Pod. Truly, I'm convinc'd he says true, and my heart's ready to break.

Br. I am partly o' that mind ; for in the room is no sign of a sham-plot.

Dr. He does look wildly, that's the truth on't.

Pod. He's mad, he's mad ! and I ha' lost my child, my dear child, my poor child !

Craf. Well, well, poor father ! don't take on so ! My wits are not gone far ; they'll come again, I

warrant 'em, for I don't know who the Devil will entertain 'em; they were mad sort o' wits, and they are as mad that entertain a poet's wits.

Pod. Oh! curse, curse on poetry! that ever I should let thee meddle with it, my poor boy.

Craf. Nay, prithee, father, don't take on thus! thou'lt make me cry too.

Pod. I'm so griev'd, that I will eat, drink, and sleep, and never mind what becomes o' the world.

Br. Fy, fy! you won't be so wicked as that.

Pod. Wherefore should I trouble my self, when I have no body to inherit my labours?

Br. You ha' friends enow; the doctor, and I another.

Pod. Puh! a child's above all. Don't we see old politicians venture their necks for half a child, a changeling? And I have lost a boy worth millions; and so I'll enjoy my self 'till my heart breaks, and there's an end.

Br. Come, come, leave off this!

Pod. No; I remember a saying of a wise man:
Who plays the knave t' enrich his son, a fool,
Is like a fox that ventures for a prey,
To bury it in some poor dirty hole,
And feed an idle dog that trots that way:
The beast is torn with fruitless pain and care,
And hang'd at last to make his foe his heir.
I shall play the knave, and be hang'd for a mad
son, and so have a Tory—beg my estate? no, no,
no!

Br. Let's after him! and get him out of this
humour.

[*Exit.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

*Scene — the House.**Enter ARTALL.*

Art. I am strangely taken with this sweet young creature! 'tis so pleasant to drink at such a fresh spring, which never brute defil'd, or muddied. This old fellow is but a wither'd tree, that shades it; 'tis so much wholesomer to love it than the sophisticated beauties o' this town, which sicken and kill an intrigue in few days. Ha! where's my gown and cap? I came in such amorous haste, I forgot my sick-dress, and I shall not be able to act my sick part without it; but I ha' no patience to go back for't now——Here she comes!

Enter LUCINDA.

My dear! where's the old devil that would hinder our happiness? old tempter I will not call him.

Luc. I will not tell you.

Art. But you do.

Luc. What?

Art. That he's abroad, your smiles say it; those birds would be gone, if that winter were here. They say he won't come home a great while.

Luc. You are a witch, I think.

Art. We'll lose no time.

Luc. Fie! fie! you must not do such things as these.

Enter BARTOLINE and his CLERK.

Cl. O sir! here's a gentleman kissing my mistress.

Bar. How?

Luc. O dear! my husband!

Art. Sirrah, you lie! unsay't again, or you are a dead rogue.

Cl. No, no, sir ; you did not indeed, sir ; I mistook ! This is the sick gentleman, Mr Florio.

Bar. How ! a shick man kish my wife ?

Art. No, no, I am not the sick man.

Bar. What are you yen ? Call shomebody, cho sheize the rogue.

Art. Yes, yes, I am the sick man—I don't know what I am, a pox !

Bar. Yesh, yesh, I know what you are, a rasch-cal ! and you choo have abus'd me, a yamn'd rogue and shlut.

Art. No, no, sir——

Bar. Why do you geny your shelf yen ?

Art. Sir, I was afraid you might be jealous, because I was whispering in your lady's ear, my lungs being weak.

Bar. Your lungsh weak, and huff, and rant like a bully ? Ah ! you are a rogue.

Art. That was only a sudden blast of zeal for your good lady's reputation and mine ; 'twill shorten my days. I ha'n't above a month to live, and I have spent a fortnight's breath before-hand.

Bar. Oh ! you rascal ! have I catch'd you in your chricksh ? ha' you sherv'd me shush ?

Art. Why do you censure so rashly ? I appeal to your lady.

Bar. Make a partchy judge ? no, you have feed her too well, cho let her bechray her caush.

Luc. You wrong me extremely.

Bar. I wrong'd my shelf, cho entcher incho bondsh of marriage, and cou'd not perform covenantsh. I might well hinke you wou'd chake the forfeychure of the bond, and I never found equichy in a bedg in my life. But I'll trounce you boh ! I have pav'd jailsh wi' the bonesh of honestest people yen you are, yat neve' did me nor any man any wrong, but had law o' yeir shydsh, and right o'

yeir shydsh, but cause yey had not me o' yeir shydsh, I ha' beggar'd 'em, 'thrown 'em in jailish, and got yeir eshchatsh for my clyentsh, yat had no more chytile to 'em yen dogsh.

Art. And were you a good man in that?

Bar. I wash a good lawyer, and sho you shall find cho your cosht; we'in yish twelvemonth you shall not be worth a groatch.

Art. Oh! I have two good a tittle to what I have.

Bar. Chytile? I value you not your chytile. Beggarsh ha' not sho many chricksh cho make shorsh in yeir bodyesh ash we have cho make 'em in chytlesh. But I'll chell you what, I'll draw you up an exshellent chytile cho the jail; and if you have any children, I'll shettle it upon you and your heirsh for ever; a jail shall be the sheat of your family. Od sha' me, if any brishke rogue wou'd cut hish 'hroat neatly and privately, yat nothing might appear against him but shircumshansesh, I'd bring him off, proviged it be not a shimple rogue, yat wantsh money. [*Aside.*]

Art. At this rate, your wife shall be never the better for the settlement you have made upon her.

Bar. No! no more than I am the betcher for the shettlement the priesht hash made of her upon me, the Devil chake him for hish painsh. Wou'd I cou'd find a flaw in't!

Art. Now thou makest me angry, thou ungrateful knave! suppose she and I have sinn'd, hast thou got an estate in the Devil's service, and wou'dst thou hinder his——

Bar. Oh! you impugent whore-mashcher.

Art. Sirrah, you have made more whores than ever I did.

Bar. I make whorsh?

Art. Yes, thou hast debauch'd whole families by

beggarin' 'em ; made fathers and mothers bawds to their own daughters, to earn that bread thou hast cheated 'em of.

Bar. You lie, you lie ! but if I have, I only follow'd my trade.

Art. Well, and it may be my trade is whoring, and I'll follow that.

Bar. Follow it wi' your own commoditchyesh then, and don't meggles wi' mine.

Art. No more I ha' not ; your clerk is a lying fellow, and your lady a virtuous young woman, and my near kinswoman ; and since you abuse her, I'll take her into my protection ; come, cousin !——

Bar. Oh, brave rogue ! he chaksh away my wife before my faysh. Sirrah, I'll ha' forty actions on you back preshently.

Art. Then in a little time I will have forty swords at your throat ; French swords. I'll let in the enemy, and cut the throats of such rogues as you, who abuse your trade, and, like so many padders,* make all people deliver their purse that ride in the road of justice. Better be rul'd by the swords of gallant men than the mercenary tongues of such rascals as you are.

Bar. Bear witness ! chreashon, chreashon, horrible chreashon !

Art. I defy thee ! Do thy worst ! I am Florio, prince of Whigs, never without a chosen life-guard of jurymen, with brazen conscience, proof against oaths, like bucklers against arrows. So come away, cousin !——Now will this rogue fall on Florio.

[*Exeunt Art. and Luc.*]

Bar. Oh, impugent, yamn'd rogue ! Shirrah, be sure you yemember all yish chreashon ; ha' you a good memory ?

Cl. Yes, sir.

* Padders, or rum-padders :—Highwaymen.

Bar. I mean a fercible memory ; will a 'hing grow in it.

Cl. I'll remember enough to hang Florio, I'll warrant him. I'll remember all he said.

Bar. And more choo. And becaush the rogue runth away wi' my wife, he'll plead I proshecute him out o' malish ; sho, if no body swearesh against him, but you and I, the rashcal may come off : yefore, we musht look out for an evidensh or choo more. Go cho shome able atchurney, they are acquainted with 'em all.—I'll look out for shome my shelf,—and run for Lord Chief Jush-chishesh warrant cho apprehend yish rashcal. Go quickly, quickly !
[*Exeunt Bar., Cl.*]

Scene continues.

Enter PODESTA, ROSAURA, FLORIO, DOCTOR,
BRICKLAYER.

Ros. Impudent, lying, perjur'd villain ! accuse me of being a secret strumpet ?

Flo. And me of being your gallant ? I'm in a fine condition to be a gallant to a fair lady.

Ros. All's one ! Malice will believe it, and I, though innocent, shall live in reproach.

Flo. Not long, madam, not above a week ; my doctor has confess'd to me I shall die some day next week, and then I suppose this story will die too.

Pod. How ! are you to die next week ?

Flo. Yes ! a great lady will call for me, the only lady in the world I have an intrigue withal.

Pod. What lady ?

Flo. The moon, my lord, the moon ! she has an intrigue with my body, and never puts on new cloaths but at my cost : she means to be very fine about Thursday come sevensnight, that is to say, in

the full ; and then the world will see if my bankrupt body be able to carry on such a trade.

Ros. All's one, sir ! if you were dead, malice would live and entertain censure.

Pod. Well, sweetheart, as long as I don't entertain it, you need not be troubled.

Ros. I confess, if I have the comfort of your love——

Br. You have, you have, woman ! don't make more fiddle faddle than needs, and hinder us from business of consequence.

Pod. Sweetheart, no body takes a degree in my university, but they perform their exercises, which you two have done. I have had experience of your virtues, and pronounce you both innocent. All the shame and grief is mine, that my only son, the pillar of my family, is crack'd or rotten, mad or a knave : I say he is mad.

Dr. I say he is a suborn'd rascal.

Br. I'm o' the doctor's mind.

Pod. I'll give you an unanswerable reason to the contrary.

Dr. What's that ?

Pod. I never discover'd it, not so much as in the boy's face, and I'll see through such a boy as he, as plain as through a new-laid egg. The oldest face shall no more cheat me, than old coin does an antiquary.

Dr. And what am I ? an owl ?

Pod. I don't say you are.

Br. You two will kindle again.

Pod. No ! the boy shall decide the diff'rence. I ha' sent for him ; here he comes.

Enter SERVANTS with CRAFFY.

Craf. This woman is a whore, and I was in the right. [*Aside.*]

Pod. What say you now? Does not the mad-man peep through all his looks and gestures?

Dr. I'll examine him——Sirrah!

Craf. Hold your prating——damn'd whore!

[*Aside.*

Pod. De'e see? stark mad!

Dr. Who suborn'd you to accuse your mother of being prostitute to Florio?

Craf. Who suborn'd you to accuse the title of Doctor of Divinity, of being a prostitute to such an ignorant ass?

Dr. Sirrah! I am a scholar, and you are an ignorant, saucy, pragmatical rascal.

Craf. Nay, if rogue and rascal be Latin and Greek, thou art the best scholar in Christendom, for no man living is so verst in those languages.

Dr. When I use those languages, I, like Adam, give every beast its proper name.

Craf. And when I call thee ignorant coxcomb, I give thee no other name than thy own sermons do. That thou art an insolent fool, is the only true doctrine thou preachest.

Pod. Is he mad, or no?

Br. He is more knave than fool. Sirrah, don't you abuse the doctor.

Craf. How do I know he's a doctor? We have only his word for it, nor that neither when he preaches.

Dr. Sirrah, I'll hang you!

Craf. Ay, thou art a doctor at that.

Dr. Ay, and of divinity too, you impudent rascal!

Craf. Where did you take your degree—in Beargarden?

Dr. In a learn'd university, sir.

Craf. I' the University of Coffee-houses, the University of Lies, where, if any one speaks truth,

the University forfeits its charter. There thou'rt a doctor, and the bricklayer principal fellow of a college.

Br. Don't you meddle wi' me, you malapert boy you! The greatest lords and politicians of the kingdom, of our party, won't be so saucy wi' me as you are, but court me, and are proud o' me, and depend upon my counsel and countenance.

Craf. Depend upon thy countenance! They have a foolish dependence——Damn'd, confounded woman! great with a rascal.—[*Aside.*]—Gnaw'd with diseases, 'till he's as venomous as a chaw'd bullet, and refuse me——Jilt, I'll make her great with me.

Pod. You see what salleys o' madness he has. Craffy! But to what purpose should I speak to him? Craffy, if you have any understanding, say whether you saw your mother in the garden-house wi' Florio, or not?

Craf. Why should I swear that——

Pod. Look upon her!

Craf. She's the handsomest woman in the world; what breasts she has!

Pod. The handsom'st woman! what's that to business? Is not this distraction, gentlemen? Answer to the question, Did you see her in the garden-house with Florio?

Craf. I'll see her there with me, or I'll——
[*Aside.*]—Hark you, gentlewoman, you know I saw you there! I have three witnesses to swear it; meet me there, I'll bring you off! [*Aside.*]

Ros. Your witnesses are perjurd rascals, and you are an ass, who abuse me just now I'm coming to have more inclination to you than my conscience will admit of.

Craf. Say'st thou so?—[*Aside.*]—I did not see her there; I did not.

Pod. Then thou art mad.

Craf. Will you meet me there? [*Aside.*

Ros. Perhaps I may, if you'll be civil.

Craf. Delicate rogue! [*Aside.*—Now I swear I did not see her there, but that damn'd rascal I did see there: an impudent, rotten fellow, that has never a sound bit about him of his own, but is inlaid like a cabinet: that he should dare to kiss and embrace such a delicate woman as my mother there.

Pod. Why, did he?

Craf. Did he? ay, a hundred times. I saw him; a rascal!

Pod. And yet just now you said she was not there.

Ros. How now? Was I there?

Craf. I forgot my self—[*Aside.*—No faith, she was not there.

Pod. How could he embrace her then?

Craf. In his fancy. I saw her in his fancy, as plain as cou'd be; he has a huge fancy for her.

Pod. Fancy! Lord help thee, boy, thou hast strange fancies; take him away, he's a sad sight—take him away, or I'll break my heart. Lock him up!

Craf. Lock me up? how shall I come at my mother then? Now I think on't, I have a pick-lock in my pocket. [*Exeunt Serv. and Craf.*

Flo. He's far gone!

Pod. I think my judgment is to be relied upon.

Flo. I wish in his madness he had not torn my good reputation, the only image of a man we ought to venerate.

Br. I wou'd have no body's picture preserv'd but the doctor's.

Flo. Nor I! Well, I have news to tell you from another world: the very devils have more care of

us than our pretended friends have. A spirit appear'd to a country maid, and told her Naples wou'd be burnt on this night, if care was not taken.

Pod. Is it possible? Where is the maid?

Flo. In the country! she was coming to town, fell ill by the way, so she has sent the story to the Viceroy by the post.

Pod. And what says he?

Flo. He laughs at it.

Dr. He's a fine fellow!

Br. He's in the right. Why the Devil wou'd not the spirit come post himself, but deliver a message of this consequence to a silly country gossip? The Devil who never employs any but fops of spirits, he's not fit to be a Devil. I'll justify it.

Pod. How do you know 'twas a Devil? May be 'twas the soul of some of our friends.

Br. Let it be whose soul it will, I say the soul was a fop. I think people, when they are dead, turn Tories; they never say one wise word, nor ever come into any wise company. I'll go put all the town in arms!

[*Exit Br.*]

Dr. I'll go wi' you! I dare not stay in any house.

[*Exit Dr.*]

Pod. I dare not stir out o' mine.

Enter a SERVANT conducting PIETRO, who is disguis'd like a Spaniard o' quality.

Serv. My lord! here is a great gentleman says he must needs speak with your lordship presently, about affairs that concern your self.

Pod. Look to me, for I know not what he is.

Piet. My lord, I must beg leave to whisper you.

Pod. You may, sir; but I must also beg leave to use caution. These are dangerous times; some men ha' been almost whisper'd out o' their necks.

Piet. I come from the Viceroy ! he is sensible of your great parts and interest, and desires to speak wi' you presently ; and if you will be his friend, he offers you your own terms, for honour, profit, and greatness.

Pod. Ha ! is it come to this ? I like this——
Sir, I'll go !

Piet. A chair waits for you at the door ; he desires this intrigue may be manag'd with all secrecy 'till 'tis well settled.

Pod. 'Twill be best——He's a wise man. Mr Florio, I'm call'd away about matters of very great importance. I must take my leave.

Ros. O' this time o' night, my lord ?

Pod. It must be.

Ros. Wou'd the nation were settled once, that we might enjoy one another.

Pod. It may be very speedily. Good night !

Flo. Good night, madam !

Pod. You going, too, Mr Florio ? Are you well enough ?

Flo. All's one, my lord ; my good name is the child of a sick man, seldom sound ; never thought to be so. I must be tender of it. Good night, madam ! come, my lord, I'll see you in your chair.

Pod. No, no ! I cannot stay for your dreaming pace : I'm in haste.

Flo. Pray, my lord !

Pod. I cannot stay, I cannot stay ; good night, good night !

[*Exit Pod., Pietro.*]

Flo. Ha ! ha ! ha ! how greedily this fool swallows the bait. Is the room, that must pass with him for the court, and secure him 'till his horns be grown, so drest he cannot know it to be one in his own house ?

Ros. That was my care.

Flo. You see my man's new furniture has cheated him.

Ros. So shall the room.

Flo. Then we may securely hoist sail for the haven of love. All the mud that barr'd it up we have convey'd away, and I will come a shore on these white cliffs, and plant my heart there for ever.

Ros. Do so ! and I'll promise thee the happiness and wealth I gain by the residence of my prince shall not make me ungratefully factious. Be true to me, and I'll be most loyal to thee.

Flo. Then we'll be the happiest pair in the whole world. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes.

Enter PIETRO, conducting the PODESTA with ceremony.

Piet. My lord, you are very welcome to court !

Pod. Your most humble servant, sir !

Piet. Take not your private reception ill, for few or none are entrusted with this intrigue ; 'tis a great State secret ; and great honours, to my knowledge, are design'd you : no less than the high office of Lord Treasurer.

Pod. Lord Treasurer ?

Piet. Sir, I speak what I know ; 'twill be some time before you come to it ; and the Viceroy will expect you sacrifice to him the doctor, bricklayer, Florio——

Pod. Ay, and my father, too, if he were alive ; he shou'd hang 'em all. Lord Treasurer !

Piet. I hope, my lord, you won't refuse some oaths——and——

Pod. Nothing ! I'll refuse nothing, sir, for such honour as this. Lord Treasurer !

Piet. I'll acquaint his highness with your arrival. You must be willing to suffer some attendance, the common affliction of all courtiers.

Pod. I'll do, or suffer any thing for so much glory as this Lord Treasurer!

Piet. Your humble servant, my lord! [*Exit Piet.*]

Pod. Your most humble servant, sir. Lord Treasurer! to what grandeur am I rising? Some of the court are coming.

A noise of picking the lock, and enter CRAFTY.

Craf. So, I ha' got out o' my prison.

Pod. Crafty in court!

Craf. So, I have shot back the lock admirably, and got out of prison. My father! but why shou'd I be afraid of him? He thinks me mad, and will be afraid o' me.

Pod. What a notable boy is this! I thought he was mad, and he has more wit than my self; has climb'd to preferment before me; I always said this boy had nimble parts. Son!

Craf. My lord!

Pod. You are surpris'd to see me in court.

Craf. In court?

Pod. I am much surpris'd to see your wit, which so subtly disguis'd your policy under pretended madness.

Craf. Policy! Am I grown from a madman to a politician?

Pod. Well, I am proud o' thee. Father and son, both favourites! o' my word, we shall be a great family. Well——what says the Viceroy to thee o' me?

Craf. Viceroy!

Pod. Ay, and how art thou in with the Vice-Queen?

Craf. Vice-Queen!

Pod. Ay, for women have great power in all courts. Did'st not thou now come out of the Vice-Queen's side?

Craf. Out of her side!

Pod. Her side, that is, her part o' th' court—her apartments; 'thou think'st I'm a raw courtier; no, sir, I know court phrases.

Craf. My dirty hole? the Vice-Queen's apartment!

Pod. Why art so shy to thy brother courtier? I'm thy brother courtier now.

Craf. Now wou'd I give ten pounds to know which of us two is mad. If I were sure he were mad, I'd run and beg him presently; but the danger is lest I be beg'd my self.

Pod. Thou art close wi' me, but I'll be open with thee. I have sold all the Whigs, and my self into the bargain; and what dost think the court gave me?

Craf. I don't know.

Pod. The Lord Treasurer's place. I am to be Lord Treasurer, boy! so the Whigs are all to go to pot, and the court to win the game, boy, which they had done long since, if they had put one black rook into the bag where they put me. But the game's their own in getting me; they'll pick up t'other men apace; the doctor's a desperate black knight, skips over rooks, bishops, nay, the queen her self, and checks the King, but he'll be snap'd.

Craf. Why do you call the doctor a knight?

Pod. Because a knight's notch'd in the crown, and the doctor's a little crack'd there; but he and all the Whigs will be snap'd—And hey then, up we go!

[Sings and dances.]

Craf. Father!

Pod. Child!

Craf. The Lord bless thee and deliver thee from poetry, for thou art a sad sight.

Pod. Ha! a noise! the court assaulted! I am cruelly afraid the Whigs ha' made some attempt upon the court, and got the better, then will they catch me in court, and hang me for a turn-coat—hide, boy, hide!

Craf. Yet cannot I tell which of us is mad, or where I am.
[*Exeunt Pod. and Craf.*]

Enter GOVERNOR, a GUARD, DOCTOR and BRICK-LAYER, prisoners, PORTER of the Podesta's house.

Gov. Friend, you were best confess where your lord is, before I break open any more doors, for if I find him in the house, after your denial of him, I will punish you.

Port. Indeed, if it please your highness, he never came home since he went abroad with a strange gentleman.

Gov. Your lady you say's a bed, and will not be disturb'd.

Port. I must disturb her, if it be your pleasure; but she has forbid any person coming near her chamber.

Enter PODESTA and CRAFTY peeping.

Pod. The Governor o' th' city here! then the Whigs are worsted, and I'll shew my self.

Craf. The Governor here! then this is the court.

Pod. My lord!

Gov. D'ye see, sirrah! your master's in the first room I come in.

Port. I did not know it, indeed, my lord.

Gov. Secure the Podesta!

Pod. Secure me!

Gov. Ay! The Viceroy will endure your intolerable disorders no longer. Arm the city at midnight, and send your agitators to disperse new

minted lies among 'em, the coin wherewith you raise all your forces. I have order to secure you all.

Dr. I fear you not!

Br. I demand my Habeas Corpus!

Craf. How now, brother courtier? is this your greatness?

Pod. Ha! am I trepann'd? Was this fair o' th' Viceroy to entice me to court with promises of honours and preferments, and then secure me?

Gov. The Viceroy entice you to court with promises?

Pod. Yes! you had not seen me at court else.

Gov. Why, when did I see you in court?

Pod. When! that's a strange question. Where am I now?

Gov. That's a stranger question. Do you not know where you are? Do you not know your own home?

Pod. My own home! Why, am I at home?

Gov. The man's mad!

Craf. Then the dispute's at an end! My lord, I beg to be his guardian.

Pod. If I be at home, I have a fine trick played me, and by this gentleman. I am glad I have you, sir; pray, let him be secur'd, and examin'd, sir. Where am I?

Enter PIETRO.

Piet. At home, sir!

Pod. At home! And wherefore did you entice me out o' my house, and after you have danc'd me to and fro, bring me home again, pretending you brought me to court?

Gov. Confess, sir!

Craf. His periwig, and false beard, confess 'twas that his master might make my Lord Treasurer a cuckold—for this is Florio's man——

Pod. Florio's man ! Then his master is an impostor, my wife a slut, and I'm a fool.

Dr. And a knave, for I believe you went abroad with designs to betray us.

Pod. I shan't inform you, sir.

Br. There's not an honest man in the world.

Craf. Now, am I to be believ'd, or no ? Sirrah, you pimp, where ha' you pim'd this couple together ?

Piet. In the next room.

Gov. Force open the door !

The Scene is drawn. FLORIO and ROSAURA are discover'd sitting arm in arm. They offer to fly, and are catch'd.

Craf. You villain !——

[*Draws.*

Gov. Disarm the fellow !

Pod. You strumpet !

Craf. You jilt !

Dr. You rogue !

Br. Tory in masquerade !

Gov. Are you sick, sir ? I'll know the state of your body.

Pod. My wife can tell.

Gov. There's another lady shall require a rack.

Flo. That lady's a scurvy bedfellow. I'll spare her pains.

Pod. Are you to die a Thursday come se'ennight ?

Flo. I believe 'twill be put off a little longer now.

Craf. So you are a healthy rascal, are you ?

Flo. Why, truly, I find my self very finely well. I thank heaven, very well.

Br. Oh, you shamming rascal !

Ros. How ! ha' you abus'd me thus ? and are you an impostor ?

Pod. And wou'd you abuse us, madam? and cheat us into a belief you did not know it?

Ros. Do you believe I did?

Pod. Did not all our eyes see you arm in arm?

Ros. What o' that? I invoke heaven to witness——

Pod. Away, you strumpet!

Ros. Is it possible——

Pod. Never come near my bed or sight more.

Ros. I invoke heaven to witness——

Pod. What?

Ros. That thou shalt never come near my bed or sight more.

Pod. Oh, impudence!

Ros. The impudence is yours. I modestly conceal'd your shame, and mine, and you wou'd force me impudently to confess.

Pod. Is it my shame that you are a strumpet?

Flo. Yes! she is a true Whig, and has revolted from you, because you did not pay her nightly pension well.

Pod. I hope you have, sir.

Flo. I won't say whether I have, or no.

Pod. But I will say thou art a rascal.

Flo. I'm an honestest man than your self, and truer to my principles. You wou'd have left 'em for preferment; I retain 'em. Our principles are, He is not to be regarded who has a right to govern, but he who can best serve the ends of government; I can better serve the ends of your lady than you can, so I lay claim to your lady.

Ros. And you have my consent.

Flo. So, I have the voice of the subject too; then you are my wife, and I'll keep you.

Pod. Oh, brave Sir! must this be?

Gov. Ask the law. I must do all things according to law.

Craf. Your servant. My Lord Treasurer, these are a fine crew, sir. Here's the bricklayer, sir, a fine Privy Counsellor, is he not? he expects also every day to be a colonel; he's already a colonel presumptive.

Br. Very well.

Craf. Here's the doctor, too, a fine divine, sir.

Dr. Sirrah, don't meddle with me!

Craf. He applies himself very much to the Bible; I mean, to kiss it. He prays much, so help him the contents o' th' Book, and they have helped him to many a pound, though they and he scarce ever saw one another. The Bible is the only benefice he has, sir.

Dr. Sirrah! I'll have your ears.

Craf. Never when you preach, doctor. They are all very good men, never take Heaven's name in vain, that is, swear, and get nothing by it; but to get your estate, or command, they'll swear your head off.

Gov. That I believe.

Craf. They are moderate drinkers o' wine, but will carouse water abundantly, for they'll drink your rivers, fish and all, and put your land into it for a toast, if you'll let 'em. And yet sometimes they have very narrow swallows; they cannot down with a little Church ceremony, but they'll swallow Church lands, hedges and ditches.

Gov. Well, my Lord Podesta, your office the Viceroy and the Council will order to be manag'd by a wiser man.

Pod. I wonnot part wi' my office but by law. I have done nothing but by the advice of able counsel—Here he comes!

Gov. That knave!

Enter BARTOLINE and two WITNESSES.

Pod. Counsellor Bartoline, will our charter justify us?

Bar. In what? keeping a bawdy-housh? Your housh has been made a bawdy-housh, notch by me, but by Florio, your shicke shaint—a yam'd rascal.

Pod. I know it to my sorrow. But the question I ask is, Will our charter justify our arming against the Viceroy's leave?

Bar. I have chold you it will a hundred chymsh, and let the Vishroy do hish worsht.

Gov. How? Bring that knave to me!

Gent. Sir, the Governor o' th' city commands you to come to him.

Bar. The Governor here! od' sha me, yen I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd!

Gov. Sir, did not the Viceroy retain you for his lawyer, and did not you send him the direct contrary opinion?

Bar. Yesh, and pleash your lordship, and I sent his highnesh chrue law. I only shcatcher'd chaff among these fellowsh cho catch 'em, caush I found 'em arrant rashcalsh; and cho shew my loyalchy, I have drawn up articlsh of high chreasion against 'em, and you may hang 'em all.

Dr. What a rogue's here!

Br. This was you that understood mankind.

Pod. I'll never pretend to it more.

Bar. There yey are, shir—

Gov. Articles of high treason, with other high crimes and misdemeanours against Don Pedro, Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples. How! articles of treason against the Viceroy?

Bar. Oh! my lord, my lord, I ha' given you the wrong paper; yat wash a paper I drew to delude

yesh roguesh. Pray, don't chake advanchage of an old fumbling fellow.

Gov. An old bloodhound !

Bar. I beg your lordship's pardon on my kneesh.

Gov. Oh ! sir, if the Viceroy were at a bar, you'd bring him upon his kneesh.

Bar. Ingeed, I am loyal, shir. I have discover'd a horrible plotch ; one Florio has plotched cho open the gatesh, and letch in the French.

Flo. How !

Gov. What Florio ?

Bar. A debaush'd fellow, yat prechends to be shick, and godly ; preachesh up and down for a benefish, yat is, any man'sh wife he likesh.

Gov. Here's the man you speak of.

Bar. Then I desire he may be apprehenged for high chreashon. I have choo witnessesh will shwear all yish upon him.

Flo. What means the rascal ?

Bar. Yesh are the men.

Gov. What countrymen are they ?

1 Wit. I am an Irishman ; I'm not asham'd o' my country.

Gov. What religion are you of ?

1 Wit. Hubbubbow ! ask an Irishman what religion he is of ; shertainly, if I be an Irishman, I'm a good Catholic.

Gov. Well, and what can you swear against Florio ?

1 Wit. I'll shwear he'sh a knave and a rascal, and a traitor, and hash been in a plot.

Flo. What plot ?

1 Wit. To kill all the town, and let in the French ; yesh, indeed.

Flo. Kill all the town by my self !

1 Wit. No ; I wash to have a tough and cobs to help tee.

Flo. Cobs! what are those?

1 *Wit.* Pieshes of eight—and I was to have ten hundred of 'em.

Flo. To do what?

1 *Wit.* To let in the French, and make a fire in the town, and cut all our troatsh; yesh, indeed.

Flo. All our troatsh? wast thou to cut thy own throat?

Dr. Sir, we won't have our evidence baffled—he means, all our throats—dost not?

1 *Wit.* Yesh, indeed—all our throatsh.

Flo. I'll swear I never saw this fellow's face before in my life.

1 *Wit.* Hubbubbow! tou hasht drunk above a tousand times ushquebah wi' me, to de carrying on of tish plot.

Flo. Ushquebah! what's that?

1 *Wit.* A brave liquor tat we have in Ireland; tersh no such here; I never shaw any here.

Flo. How cou'd I drink it then?

1 *Wit.* I don't know how tou could'st drink it, but tou hash drunk it above a toushand times, and a toushand.

Gov. Come, come, sirrah! I doubt you are a villain.

1 *Wit.* Hubbubbow! tou talk'st like an English ignoramus juryman; wilt thou be an English heretique, and not believe an Irishman?

Dr. Come, come, the fellow's an honest, simple fellow.

1 *Wit.* Ay, by Shaint Patrick, am I!

Dr. H'as discover'd a horrible plot, only wants expression. Is it possible, you rogue, you? was this the meaning of all your canting, and deluding us, to lull us asleep whilst our throats are cut?

Pod. Thou monster! not only cuckold me, but cut my throat?

Flo. 'Tis false !

Dr. 'Tis true !

Flo. I never saw the fellow before.

Dr. I'll swear I have seen him with thee above forty times.

Craf. And so have I too—I'll teach the rogue to lie with my mistress. I'll hang him, if I can !

[*Aside.*

Br. So the plot's prov'd, plainly prov'd.

Flo. A plot to murder me is prov'd ; but sure such a rascal as this who has sworn contradictions shall not be believ'd.

Dr. He is a rogue and a traitor that does not believe every word he says.

Enter the CLERK and OFFICERS, with ARTALL and LUCINDA.

Cl. Sir, I have catch'd Mr Florio here.

Bar. What Florio ? Art out of thy witsh ?

Cl. The Florio that was to let in the French, and run away with my mistress. I ha' catch'd 'em together, and brought 'em.

Bar. Thou art mad ! our evigensh has shworn againsht anoyer man.

Cl. Then your evidence is mad, and don't know what they swear.

Wit. Sir, I know what I swear as well as you do, and know Mr Florio as well as any man. I have known him this seven years, and know this man to be the true Florio, and a traitor that plotted to let in the French.

Cl. Then thou art a rascal, and bought off, for this is the true Florio, and a traitor that plotted to let in the French.

Gov. Then thou art a rascal, and hired to be one, for I and all the town can swear his name is Artall.

Craf. Oh, the Devil ! all our plot's confounded.

Gov. You Irishman, which do you say is the true Florio ?

Wit. Tish ish de man I wash bid to shwear againsht.

Gov. Bid to swear against ? who bid you ? confess, or the rack shall make you !

Wit. Oh ! preedee, do not wrack me, and I will confess. Tish knave and I had shome acquaintansh, and sho I had shome occasionsh for money, and I borrow'd shome of him, and he had shome occasionsh for teshtimony, and sho I tought I wash oblig'd in shivility to lend him shome teshtimony, and sho he bid me shwear againsh one Florio, and shaid tish was de man ; but if tou wilt forgive me, I'll shwear him off again.

Gov. So, sirrah ! and who put you upon this ?

Wit. An attorney, sir, employ'd, I suppose, by this counsellor.

Dr. O, notorious, mercenary rogues ! who'll believe such rogues as they are ?

Br. None but rogues.

Gov. Just now you said he was a rogue that wou'd not believe 'em.

Dr. Ay, when they said the same things that I did. What I said was confirm'd by Craffy, a considerable young man, heir to a great estate, and of a spotless reputation ; no man can say the least against him.

Gov. And what say you, Craffy ? speak truth, if you mean to have your ears.

Pod. Or any part o' my estate.

Gov. Did you ever see this Irishman with Florio ?

Craf. I only spoke in a little passion. I have some of the doctor's infirmities ; I'm passionate, and apt to swear in my passion.

Flo. Be perjur'd in a passion ?

Dr. This fellow's the lying'st rogue in the nation, and has been so from his cradle.

Gov. Just now you said no man cou'd say the least against him.

Br. Sham upon sham!

Art. My lord, I'll clear all. This young woman is my kinswoman. I, hearing she was married to that old man, brought to town, and lodg'd in a house which Florio frequented; she not knowing me, I took upon me Florio's name, and made addresses to her, partly to divertise my self, but chiefly to make trial of her virtue. The old man catch'd me in the act of courtship, grew jealous, and wou'd have abus'd his wife, which, to prevent, I took her from him; he, to be reveng'd, hir'd witnesses to hang me for treason.

Bar. I'll shwear he shpoke creashon; but 'tish to no purpose, for now 'twill appear malish.

Gov. To prison with 'em all!

Art. I beg your lordship to intercede with the Viceroy for the old man, for my cousin's sake, and command him to use her kindly.

Gov. I shall consider of it.

Bar. I hanke your lordship, but my heartsh broken.

Br. Hang me, if you will! I'll swear I'm murder'd by suborners and shamplotters.

Dr. And traitorly rogues.

Art. Well said, doctor! thou wilt give titles in the last day of thy reign.

Gov. The last day it shall be. The Viceroy and all of us will put an end to his absolute negative voice, his great power of degrading lords and dukes into rogues and rascals, if they will not purchase of him the confirmation of their titles, by capping to him; nay, of deposing Kings, if they slight his councils. We will also dissolve all his privy council. And so, gentlemen, henceforward be wise, leave

off the new trade you have taken up of managing State affairs, and betake your selves to the callings you were bred to, and understand. Be honest ! meddle not with other men's matters, especially with government ; 'tis none of your right. In short, trouble not your selves more than needs.

Chiefly you married men, for all allow
You married men have private plagues enow.

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR LEE, IN THE CHARACTER OF
BARTOLINE, THE OLD LAWYER.

Enter a GENTLEMAN to BARTOLINE.

1 *Gent.* Sir, I come to you from certain worthy gentlemen, the world is pleased to call Whigs.

Bar. Whigs? Sir, they are the props and pillars of the nation.

1 *Gent.* Sir, there is a poet has been so bold as to write a play against 'em, in which several of 'em think themselves abused; now, sir, they desire to know if they have not an action of slander against the poet?

Bar. Ay, ay, sir, he's a rascal.

1 *Gent.* And may not have considerable damages?

Bar. Oh! very considerable——

1 *Gent.* Here are two pieces.

Bar. Two pieces?——pretty indifferent damages——I believe they may have some damages.

1 *Gent.* Here's one great person thinks himself much abus'd, and has sent you twenty pieces.

Bar. Sir, he shall have great damages; he shall trounce the poet—a rascal, to abuse great persons.

1 *Gent.* I'll tell him.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a second GENTLEMAN.

2 *Gent.* Sir, I come to you from a person that wants your counsel, but he is a swingeing Tory.

Bar. Well, he's ne'er the worse man, provided he has a swingeing purse.

2 Gent. Sir, he has writ a play against faction, and some Whigs think themselves hit home in it, and they are bringing actions of slander against him, to punish him.

Bar. Sir, if he has hit the Whigs home, he is a good marksman, for now they are all upon the wing.

2 Gent. Sir, he desires to know whether there lyes an action of slander against him, or no? and so, whether he had best compound the business in time, or go through with it.

Bar. Oh! let him go through with it.

2 Gent. And you will assist him?

Bar. Ay, ay, in private.

2 Gent. But he has no money; he must sue in forma pauperis.

Bar. Forma pauperis! Oh! damn'd rogue! does he abuse great men, and has he no money? Tell him I have consider'd it, and I won't defend a slanderous rascal in abusing honest men.

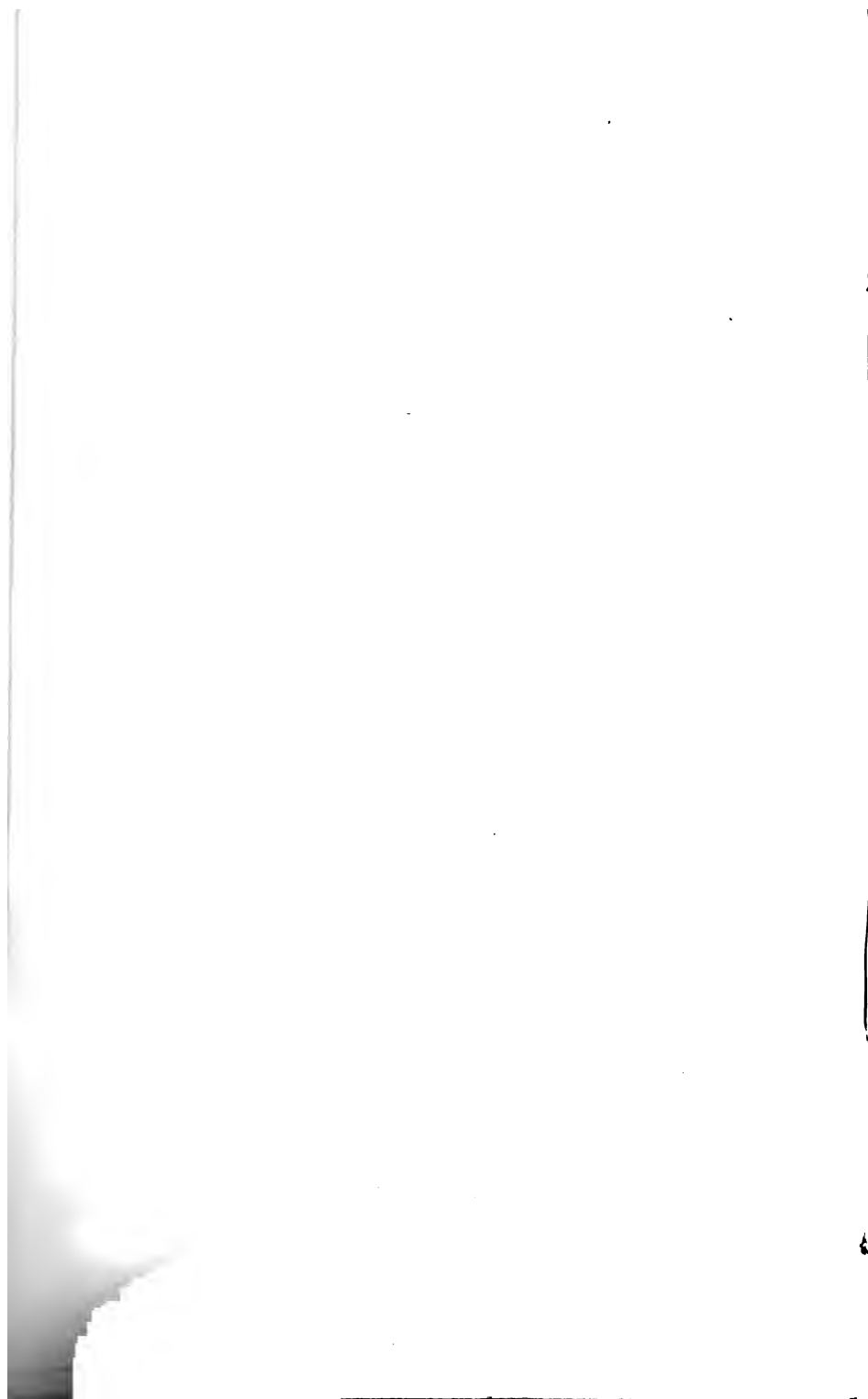
2 Gent. You said you would help him through with it.

Bar. Ay, through the pillory. A rascal without money, abuse great men, and then sue in forma pauperis!—Come, the court is sat—I must plead for the plaintiff.

You learned, reverend judges in this place,
I come to plead here in a weighty case;
And I beseech you quickly make an end on't:
The Whigs are plaintiffs, poet is defendant.
I'm for the plaintiffs, they have coin good store,
Poets are in the wrong, because they're poor;
And I ne'er mind a cause but as I'm feed,
Like quacks, we cure no man that will not bleed.

Whigs are my clients; and, my lords, I say,
They have been scandaliz'd in a damn'd play,
Which those good men for busy fops does jeer,
Who vigilant for Church and State appear.
What if such men should have no wit at all?
Pray, did not geese once save the capital?
But say these honest men be in the wrong,
Railing does not to private men belong:
Boldly to rail is one of the chief sprigs
Of the prerogative of Prince of Whigs;
Titus the first, who did that power attain,
——I take it——anno primo of his reign——
From Whigs, to whom by custom it belongs,
Whigs are all freeholders of their tongues,
And pens too——
I'll prove it out of Janeway's Reports,
And the decrees of sev'ral Coffee Courts.
The poet has no title then to rail;
Let him be seiz'd, nor let wit be his bail!
Wit is a Tory, ne'er with us would join,
Wit never help'd the Whigs to write one line.
'T has been accus'd, and in our writings sought,
But still the coroner *Non inventus* brought:
But, learned judges, I leave all to you,
If you are Tories, I will be so too.
'Noint witches, they will fly, though ne'er so old;
I'll be as nimble too, 'noint me with gold:
I'll quickly to the Tory party skip,
Grease my fist well, I'll let our faction slip.

FINIS.



THE DESTRUCTION
OF
JERUSALEM.

PART I.

*The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Vespasian. In
Two Parts. As it is acted in the Theatre Royal. Written
by Mr Crowne. Part the First. London: Printed for
James Maynes and Richard Bentley, in Russel-street, near
the Piazzas, and the Post-house in Covent-Garden. 1677.
4to.*

THE great success of "The Destruction of Jerusalem" had the effect of depriving Crowne of the patronage of Lord Rochester, by whose influence he had obtained the preference over Dryden, the Poet Laureate, in preparing the masque of "Calisto" for representation before the King, Queen, and royal family.* The Earl extended the enmity he entertained towards Dryden to his former protégée, and, in conjunction with the Duke of Buckingham,† included him in a satire, after the fashion of Sir John Suckling's "Session of the Poets," entitled, "A Tryal of the Poets for the Bays, in imitation of a Satyre by Boileau," in which they ridiculed "little starch Johnny Crown, with his iron'd cravat" and "Lilly-white hands," in lines so puerile and coarse as are by no means calculated to produce on the public mind a favourable impression either of the satirical talents or gentlemanly bearing of the two noble authors. A similar set of verses has been included in the collection of State Poems,‡ under the title, "The Session of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook-Laurel," meaning probably Cock Lorell. It is proper to mention that Crowne is omitted in this list of claimants for the Bays.

Amongst the prefatory matter prefixed to the edition of "The Works of the Earl of Rochester, Roscommon, and Dorset, &c., 1731,"§ there is prefixed a letter addressed by St Evremont to the Duchess of Mazarin,||

* See Crowne's "Dramatic Works," Vol. I., p. 221.

† Buckingham's Works, Vol. I., p. 151. Third edition. London, 1715. 8vo.

‡ State Poems, in 4 Vols. 8vo. London, 1716. Vol. I. p. 206.

§ 2 Vols. 12mo. London, 1731.

|| When Charles II. was in exile, he proposed to marry this lady, the niece, and eventually heiress, of Cardinal Mazarin, but his offer was rejected by her uncle. After the Restoration, the Duchess became heiress of the Cardinal, and, after indulging in the levities of a Parisian life, came to England; and became one of the beauties of the Court of the Merry Monarch.

which discloses the real cause of Rochester's malice, and explains why the noble Lord had changed his opinion of Crowne. After mentioning that his temper was more or less "inspired with wine," and his muse increasing "with his liquor, many persons of quality, his friends, promoted the glass, to his detriment, for their own satisfaction. It is certain that in his natural temper, when sober, he was a good-natured man, and had not that alloy of malice which in many things he discovered when heated by a debauch. He had a particular pique to Mr Dryden, after his mighty success in the town, either because he was sensible that he deserved not that applause for his Tragedies which the mad, unthinking audience gave them—which corruption of taste was afterwards somewhat corrected by the Duke of Buckingham's rehearsal; or whether it was out of indignation at being rivalled in reputation either as a poet in general, or a satirist in particular—satire being one of the chief excellencies of Mr Dryden as well as that of My Lord Rochester. The effect of this was discovered by his Lordship setting up Mr Crowne in opposition to Mr Dryden. He recommended him to the King, ordering him to compose a masque for the Court, when it was the business of the Poet-Laureate.

"But when Mr Crowne's 'Destruction of Jerusalem' had met with as wild and unaccountable success as Mr Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada,' his Lordship withdrew his favour, as if he would be still in contradiction to the town; and in that perhaps he was generally in the right, for of all audiences in polite nations perhaps there is not one that judges so very falsely of the *Drama* as the *English*, unless it be the *Spaniard*, who seem to have much the same wild injudicious taste."

This communication of St Evremont is valuable as the evidence of one who had the best means of knowing the real character of the Earl of Rochester, and the cause of his change of opinion as to the merits of one whom he probably patronised more for the purpose of mortifying Dryden than for any other reason. Born of an ancient Norman family, Charles de St Denis, Seigneur de St Evremont, was alike distinguished for gallantry and wit. The latter brought him to grief, and finally a joke on Cardinal

Mazarin placed him in the Bastile. Upon his liberation he passed to Holland, from whence he retreated to England, where he was much esteemed by Charles for his liveliness, and from whom he received a small pension. He was held in much estimation by his two countrywomen, the Duchess of Mazarin and the Duchess of Portsmouth. His society was in great request by persons of rank, and he had the honour of having Dryden as his eulogist in a "character" written by the Laureate, which was prefixed to a work entitled "Miscellaneous Essays, by Monsieur St Evremont, translated from the French; with his Character, by a person of honour here in England; continued by Mr Dryden." This "person" is generally supposed to have been Dr Knightly Chetwood, who died Dean of Gloucester—a belief fortified by "his connection with Dryden."*

If the "Conquest of Granada," otherwise called "Almanzor and Almahide," was received with such extraordinary applause, it creates little surprise that the "Destruction of Jerusalem" met with similar success, for so far as regards versification Crowne not unfrequently equals, if not surpasses, Dryden. Passages might be extracted from both dramas of considerable force and excellence. Probably the success of the "Conquest of Granada" induced Crowne to try if he could be as successful with the Jews and Romans as the Laureate had been with the Moors and Spaniards. The latter tragedy is also in two parts, and was first acted in 1672. The former did not appear until 1677. As the "Rehearsal" was published immediately after the successful representation of the "Siege of Granada," and some four or five years before the performance of the "Destruction of Jerusalem," it, fortunately for its author, escaped the tender mercies of his Grace of Buckingham in his inimitable satire. He was subsequently ridiculed by the pointless attack of the two noblemen in the wretched doggrel already referred to.

There is a striking resemblance between the hero of Dryden and the hero of Crowne. Phraartes, the deposed

* See Scott's "Dryden." Second edition. Vol. XVIII. p. 11.

monarch of Parthia, and the lover of Clarona; in both parts of the "Destruction of Jerusalem," has all the characteristics of Almanzor, the Drawcansir of the "Rehearsal," so much so; that it is not easy to decide whether he or Almanzor deals most in wordy declamation and outrageous bombast. Of the latter, take this specimen: In the second part, Phraartes, who has recovered his kingdom, on his return to Jerusalem, is present at the deathbed of Clarona, his intended Queen. When the vital spark is extinguished, he exclaims:

"————— Where is Clarona gone?
Aloft! I see her mounting to the sun!
The flaming Satyr towards her does roll;
His scorching lust makes summer at the pole.
Let the hot planet touch her, if he dares!
Touch her, and I will cut him into stars,
And the bright chips into the ocean throw."

Phraartes is an imaginary monarch; there having been at that time no King of Parthia of the name, although at an earlier period, as we learn from Josephus,* there does occur a king so called in the list of rulers. He was murdered by his son Phraartaces, whom he had by a second wife called Hermusa, a lady of very questionable reputation. The murderer, turning out to be somewhat tyrannical, his subjects wisely put him to death before he was fairly settled on the throne. With him terminated the race of Phraartes.

The second part of the "Destruction of Jerusalem" commences with the siege, and terminates with the destruction of Jerusalem. The loves of Titus and Berenice in a great measure supersede Phraartes and Clarona, who engrossed the principal interest in the previous part of the drama, which, unlike the "Conquest of Granada," where Almanzor finally finds a father and a wife, ends unhappily, Clarona being murdered, and Titus and Berenice, though dying in love of each other, separated in consequence of the detestation the Romans bore towards the Jews, and their horror at the very notion of Titus giving

* Josephus, by Lodge. London, 1640. . P. 463.

them a Jewish empress. If the scandal about her* can be credited, the Emperor made a lucky escape.

Although Rochester felt greatly chagrined at the unexpected success of Crowne, he received the flattering dedication of Otway's "Tragedy of Titus and Berenice," a poor abridgement, in rhyme, of Racine's Tragedy of the same name, which met with little success—a circumstance that would naturally not diminish the Earl's bitterness towards Crowne.

Nauseating as the flattery of Otway to his patron assuredly is, it falls short of Crowne's hyperbolic laudation of the Duchess of Portsmouth, which disgraces the dedication to her Grace of the "Destruction of Jerusalem." Before perusing it, the reader may not be disinclined to know something about this surpassing beauty, who ruled, during the latter days of Charles II., the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Mademoiselle Louise Renee de Penencourt de Querouaille came to England as maid of honour to the King's sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, who was successfully employed by the French monarch to bring about a union between himself and her brother. Evelyn.† 4th November 1671, after mentioning he had seen the King's nephew, the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., whom he describes as "having a manly, courageous, wise countenance, resembling his mother and the Duke of Gloucester," continues thus: "I now also saw that famous beauty, but, in my opinion, of a childish, simple, and baby face, Mademoiselle, lately maid of honour to Madame, and now to be so to the Queen." She was then about twenty-five years old.

Louis XIV., aware of the amorous propensities of the English king, purposely sent Louise to England to attract his notice, which she had no difficulty in doing. If the satirical verses upon her can be credited, her first love was the Duc de Vendome, to whom she continued to be attached long after she became Duchess of Portsmouth. One of these pasquils has some cleverness:

* See introduction to the second part.

† Diary, Vol. II. p. 52.

"When Portsmouth did from England fly
 To follow her Vendome,
 Thus all along the Gallery*
 The monarch made his moan :
 O Castlemaine,† for charity,
 Send me my Cleveland‡ home.

"Go, nymph so foolish and unkind,
 Your wandering knight pursue,
 And leave a love-sick king behind,
 So faithful and so true.
 Ye Gods, when you made Love so blind,
 You shoud' have lam'd him too."

Barbara Villiers, daughter of the chivalrous Viscount Grandison, and wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, became one of the mistresses of Charles II., who made her Duchess of Cleveland, but was supplanted by the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn. Granger§ observes: "Though her pride was great, she is said to have been sometimes humble enough in her amours." Wycherly, the dramatic writer, was one of her lovers; and she intrigued with Jacob Hall the Rope-Dancer and Goodman the Player at the same time. Hall was in great request with the ladies, who considered him an Aconis for symmetry and a Hercules for strength. The Duchess, according to Grammont, allowed him a salary.

The fair French woman came, saw, and conquered: the infatuated monarch offered no resistance, and was made a willing prisoner. Wealth and honours were heaped upon her. She displaced all the previous

* The Gallery at Whitehall, where the Duchess had very splendid apartments. It appears from Evelyn (Vol. ii p. 311) that that portion of the buildings over the Stone Gallery at Whitehall to the water-side, beginning with apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth, was consumed by fire, 10th April 1690.

† Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, the husband of the Duchess. In the "Poems on State Affairs," Vol. I. p. 134, Castellion is the name of the person she was living with then.

‡ Charles had discarded his old love, the Duchess of Cleveland, for his new one, created Duchess of Portsmouth, August 19, 1673.

§ Vol. V. p. 361.

favourites, with the exception of Nelly, whose influence over the King continued till his death.

The apartments of the favourite at Whitehall were magnificent. Evelyn saw, 16th Sept. 1673, "casually" the "Duchess of Portsmouth's splendid apartments at Whitehall, luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory beyond the Queen's suite—many massy pieces of plate, whole tables, and stands of incredible value."

The Duchess had a formidable enemy in the Earl of Rochester, whose opinion of her Grace may be gathered from the following verses :

"PORTSMOUTH'S LOOKING-GLASS.*

"Methinks I see you, newly risen
From your embroider'd bed, * *
With studied mein and much grimace,
Present yourselfe before your Glass
To varnish and rub o'er those graces
You rub'd off in your night embraces;
To set your hair, your eyes, your teeth,
With all the powers you conquer with;
Lay trains of Love, and State-intrigues,
In powders, trimmings, and curl'd wigs;
And neatly choose and neatly spread
Upon your cheeks the best French red;
Indeed, for white none can compair
With those you naturally wear.
And tho' her Highness† much delights
To laugh and talk about your whites,
I never could perceive your Grace
Make use of any for your face.
Here 'tis you practice all your art
To triumph o'er a monarch's heart;
Tattle and smile, and wink, and twink on't,
It almost makes me sick to think on't.

* "Poems on State Affairs," Vol. I. p. 164; London, 1716; 8vo.; where they are specially assigned to Rochester. They occur also in the collected works of his Lordship, previously referred to.

† Catherine of Braganza, the Queen.

These are your master-strokes of beauty,
 That keep poor Rowley to hard duty;
 And how can all these be withstood
 By frail and amorous flesh and blood?
 These are the charms that have bewitch'd him,
 As if a conjuror's rod had switch'd him;
 Made him be knows not what to do,
 But loll and fumble here with you.
 Amongst your ladies, and his chitts,
 At cards and council here he sits,
 Yet minds not how they play at either,
 Nor cares not when 'tis walking weather;
 Bus'ness and power he has resign'd,
 And all things to your mighty mind.
 Is there a minister of state,
 Or any treasurer of late,
 That's fawning and imperious too,
 He owes his greatness all to you,
 And as you see just cause to do't,
 You keep him in, or put him out.
 Hence 'tis you give us war and peace;
 Raise men; disband them, as you please;
 Take away pensions; retrench wages,
 For petticoats and lusty pages;
 Contrive and execute all laws,
 Suiting the judges to the cause.*

You govern every Council-meeting,
 Make the fools do as you think fitting;
 Your Royal Cully has command
 Only from you at second hand:
 He does but at the helm appeare,
 Sit there and sleepe, while your slaves steer;
 And you are the bright Northern Starre
 By which they guide their men of warre."

The author of "The Peerage of England," 1711, Vol. II. p. 316, says that Rochester died on the 26th July

* The Duke of Lauderdale, who had a thorough knowledge of the Scottish judges, used to tell in England that the law of Scotland might be stated in this short "compend,"—"Shew me the man and I'll shew you the law." If we can credit Rochester, the English judges adopted a similar rule for deciding causes.

1680,* so that he could not have been author of the verses:

“ON THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH’S PICTURE.

“*September 1682.*

“Who can on this Picture look,
And not strait be wonder-struck
That such a speaking dowdy thing
Should make a beggar of a King,
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears;
Ruin the great, and raise the small,
Yet will by turns betray them all?
Lowly born and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation is the head;
For half Whitehall make her their court,
Tho’ th’other half make her their sport.
Monmouth’s tamer, Jeffery’s advance,
Foe to England, spy to France,
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old;
In a word, her mighty Grace
Is whore in all things but her face.”

Evelyn has a very interesting account of her Grace’s entertainment of the Morocco ambassador at her “glorious apartments” at Whitehall, at which he was present: —“*24 January 1683.* This evening I was at the entertainment of the Morocco Ambassador at the Duchess of Portsmouth’s glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a great banquet of sweetmeats and music: but at which both the Ambassador and his retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst these were the King’s natural children, viz., Lady Litchfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, &c., &c., concubines, and cattle of

* Other genealogists fix the date of his demise in 1681, which would still negative his authorship.

that sort, as splendid as jewells and excess of bravery could make them: the Moors neither admiring nor seeming to regard anything, furniture or the like, with any earnestness, and but decently tasting of the banquet. They drank a little milk and water, but not a drop of wine; they also drank of a sorbit and jocolat,* but did not look about or stare on the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence, in pace, countenance, and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were asked with a great deal of gallantry; and so gravely took leave, with this compliment, that God would bless the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Prince her son, meaning the little Duke of Richmond. The King came in at the latter end, just as the Ambassador was going away. In this manner was this slave—for he was no more at home—entertained by most of the Nobility in Town; and he went after to Hyde Park on horseback, where he and his retinue showed their extraordinary activity in horsemanship, and flinging and catching their lances at full speed: they rode very short, and could stand upright at full speed,† managing their horses with incredible agility. He went sometimes to the theatres, where, upon any foolish or fantastic action, he could not forbear laughing, but he endeavoured to hide it with extraordinary modesty and gravity. In a word, the Russian Ambassador, still at Court, behaved himself like a clown, compared to this civil heathen.”

“The Duchess,” remarks Granger, “occasionally dissembled love, the vapours, or sickness, and rarely ever failed of working the easy monarch to her point. Her polite manners and agreeable temper rivetted the chains which her personal charms had imposed upon him: she had the first place in his affections, and he continued to love her to the day of his death. Her beauty, which was not of the most delicate kind, seemed to be very little impaired at seventy years of age.” She survived the monarch forty-nine years, attained the advanced age of eighty-nine, and died in November 1734. Her sister

* Sherbet and Chocolate.

† Diary, Vol. II. p.

‡ Vol. V. p. 363.

married Philip, Earl of Pembroke, with whom she led a miserable life. After his death she married a French marquis, and died at Paris in 1728.

Her Grace had one son by the King, who conferred upon him the Dukedom of Richmond in England and Lennox in Scotland. These honours had lapsed to the Crown upon the death of the last Duke, a Stewart, to whom as next of kin the monarch was served heir-male in Scotland. Instead of Stewart or De Querouaille* his father gave him the surname of Lennox, which continues in his descendants.

The death of Rochester in July 1680† removed a bitter enemy of the Duchess; and amongst those he had patronized, one eminent dramatic author was fortunate enough to repair his loss by obtaining the patronage of the favoured mistress of Charles, who accepted the dedication of the tragedy by which he is best known in the present time, and which has continued to keep its place as an acting drama ever since. This dedication is in the usual style, but not quite so absurd as that which Crowne prefixed to the "Destruction of Jerusalem." Otway assures the Duchess that nature and fortune were certainly in league when she was born, and that league she "first took care to give her beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the world, so the other resolved to do its merits justice, that none but a monarch fit to rule should ever possess it, and in it he had an empire." This is followed up by referring to the "blooming virtues of the young Prince presented by her to the Monarch, which easily declares the mighty stock he came from," and of whose noble and generous education all the *pious* care of a dear mother and a prudent guardian had taken care. He concludes by an earnest prayer that "rich blessings of every description may crown his future fortunes."‡

* In many of the pamphlets of the times he is called Carwell or Carewell.

† His only son died the following year, when the Earldom of Rochester and Barony of Wilmot became extinct in that family.

‡ Preface to "Venice Preserved." First edition. London, 1682. 4to.

Otway was fortunate in his protectress, for her Grace was of more substantial service to him than his late patron had been, and he says, "Your noble pity and compassion found me where I was far cast back from my blessing, down in the rear of fortune, call'd me up, placed me in the shine, and I have felt its comfort. You have in that restor'd me to my native right, for a steady faith and loyalty to my Prince was all the inheritance my father left me, and, however hardly my ill fortunes deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well, that I ne'er pawn'd it yet, and hope I shall never part with it." It is pleasing to have this testimony of the kindness of the Duchess to the ill-fated poet, upon his own admission—the more particularly as from his having been a servant of Rochester, he could hardly have expected to receive favours from one whom his patron had taken every opportunity of ridiculing and insulting. This gleam of sunshine was brief, and immediately passed away on the death of Charles, when the accession of a brother, whose endeavours to restore Popery ultimately caused the exclusion of the race of Stewart from the throne of the three kingdoms.

With the death of Charles the influence of the Duchess terminated, as, from her having promoted the bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York, she had incurred the displeasure of a vindictive and revengeful ruler.* The "Young Prince," who had been made Master of the Horse by his father in the room of his brother the Duke of Monmouth, was dismissed for the indiscretion of his mother, although a child at the time. Her Grace's pensioners naturally must have suffered by her fall.† The Duke of Richmond could not have been much more than twelve years of age when his uncle thought

* The cruelties perpetrated by his order, or with his knowledge, after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion can never be palliated or overlooked. His punishment of Monmouth may have been warranted, but the *wholesale* murder of his adherents never can.

† Otway died in a state of great misery upon the 14th of April 1685, having survived the accession of James II. two months and eight days.

proper, in contempt of the death-bed request of his brother, to deprive him of his office.*

Scott, in a notice prefixed to a song called "The Fair Stranger, who was detained by Charles and made a Duchess," observes, "Notwithstanding the detestation in which she was held by his subjects on account of her religion, country, and politics, she continued to be Charles' principal favourite till the very hour of his death, then he recommended her and her son to his successor's protection." The revolution restored the young Duke to royal favour, and he was appointed aide-de-camp to William III. whilst serving under him during the wars in Flanders. He was subsequently one of the Lords of the Bedchamber of George I., and died on the 27th May 1723, at Goodwood, at the age of fifty-five.† He married Anne, second daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenel, and by her had one son, Charles, who, on the death of his grandmother in 1734, succeeded to the Duchy of Aubigny, in France, in addition to the English and Scottish Dukedoms inherited from his father.

Whatever may be the opinion of modern times on the subject of dramas in rhyme, there seems little doubt but that after the Restoration they were more than tolerated during the whole reign of Charles II., whose taste had been influenced by his residence in France, where the force and beauty of blank verse were little known, and continue even now to be held in little esteem. His Majesty's taste must have materially influenced the Court, and the patronage of the ruling favourite would not be without its due weight with the noble courtiers. Added to this, the covert attack upon the Puritans of the Commonwealth under the designation of Pharisees‡ would be greatly relished by the play-going citizens of London, many of whom would not have forgotten the

* Dryden's Works. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1821. Vol. XI., p. 163.

† Brydges' Edition of Collins. Vol. I. p. 206. London, 1812. 8vo.

‡ "Fanaticks are but Jews uncircumcis'd."—*Epilogue to First Part*, p. 310.

annoyances they were subjected in by the intolerance of the rigidly righteous.

The actors are not given in the printed copy of the drama, but Geneste, quoting Downes,* assigns the part of Phraartes to Hart; Mathias, to Mr Dunn; John, to Cartwright; Titus, to Kynaston; Berenice, to Mrs Marshall; and Clarona, to Mrs Boutell.

The first part ends before the commencement of the Siege.

The same writer says: "Both these tragedies are in rhyme; and it is not easy to say whether the plan or the execution of them is the worse. They were well received by the town, and the second part was revived at Drury Lane, July 1, 1712." He quotes from Crowne's dedication a part of the concluding paragraph: "I fix your Grace's image at this Jewish Temple-gate, to render the building sacred." He should have finished the quotation: "Nor can the Jews be angry with so beautiful a profanation; and in guiding them to you, they are conducted, like their ancestors, to repose and happiness, in the most fair and delightful part of the world."

The versification is for the most part not better than that of other rhyming dramas, neither is it worse. The song of the Levites before the opening of the Temple is exceedingly beautiful. There is another set of verses in the second act which would deserve equal praise but for the subject.

* Vol. I. p. 203.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Beauty, Madam, has received from Nature a dominion so pleasing that men contend not with more ambition for empire over their own sex, than subjection to yours. Kings have worn your sex's chains with as much pleasure as their crowns, and conquerors have followed your triumphs with as much delight as they have seen their own attended by Kings : a dominion so absolute, that all your commands are laws. Indeed, Princes who are beloved shall be absolute, their subjects will force arbitrary power upon 'em. Nothing enslaves like love, force binds our hands but love captivates our hearts. How absolute then must beauty be ! No man yet ever had the will much less the power to rebel against it. They who should seek to depose it would begin a civil war in their own bosoms, and lay waste and ruin the most delightful possessions of their minds. And, lastly, so large, that it finds subjects where it finds men : Its empire extends as far as human nature, and its spoils are all that's excellent in the whole creation. But men claim to be subjects of its empire as the birth-right of reason, and esteem that, too, as one of reason's great advantages. Beasts are excluded that claim ; cannot be naturalized into that dominion, for want of the ennoblements of reason. Men are exalted to love beauty by the same faculty which lifts 'em to adore Heaven ; and there is a kind of divinity in beauty, which makes love to be a kind of religion. Beauty is certainly the fairest visible image of divinity in

the world. The ancients, therefore, built temples and altars to it, and ranked it amongst Celestial Powers. We Christians have much ado to abstain from that idolatry; however, we pay it as high honours, though under other names. That these, Madam, are the rights and possessions of beauty, you cannot but know; that they are therefore yours all the world knows, but you. But, Madam, wrong your beauty in your own opinion as much as you please, you cannot injure it in others; the sun will shine though you wink, and you will be fair, whether you regard it or no. And, that beauty will have empire, how great, may appear by the many and mighty conquests it makes; and in a nation too where you have such numerous and considerable rivals for that dominion, some perhaps as powerful as any in the world, you, like the goddess of beauty, gain the Golden Ball, not from humble mortals, but your fellow goddesses. } How clear a title you have to it I shall not say, for I shall not please you by it, and I shall displease them: Nothing is so hateful to the conquered as to be upbraided with their misfortune. But certainly how mean an opinion soever you have, Heaven has none, of that workmanship which he takes care to plant such lights of glory round about to shew: and though nature might have discovered you to more advantage in a greater empire, and by brighter lights of fortune, yet it proves how fond she was of that fair idea which she was not able to conceal. They then who admire you shew their good manners to nature and providence, in commending Nature's workmanship, and Providence's choice of a favourite. But I fear the many fair ones, over whom you triumph, will think themselves treated by this discourse with too much insolence; however I am sure they will not grutch you the few

flowers that a poor poet brings to strew in your way, especially when they come from gardens warm'd by the lustre of your favour, and watered by royal bounty, which you caus'd to be shower'd upon it: moved to it by no friends of mine, for I had few; by no merits, for I had fewer; but only by your own excellent mind. How many attractives then have the following poems to excuse their pressing into your presence? They attend you not only as born in general vassalage to your beauty, but as creatures that received life from the concurrence of your favour. I am now engaging in another theme more safe than the former: I shall anger neither sex by expatiating on an excellence which will contract you no envy, your patronage of wit; that province you may enjoy without any trouble from multitudes of pretenders, you need not fear lest the ambitious great ones of either sex invade you in it. No, Heaven be thanked, we live in an age wherein men are content to want wit, and to let others possess as much of it as they please: We need no laws to secure us in the possession of that propriety. Witty men indeed do often quarrel with one another about it, because they know the value of it; others think it not worth contending for; against it indeed they often strive, and they have reason, it treats 'em rudely, will have no friendship, no acquaintance with them, will make no court to 'em, will scarcely lend 'em a little sense for common conversation: This carriage I must confess is very provoking, especially when to men of quality. They have cause to be angry with it, and to revenge themselves of it, as they often seek to do, by thrusting it out of their own, or any favour which might advantage it, setting up fashions, dresses, or anything in the room of it. Your Grace then must both know and value the jewel

well, which you will take up and wear, when it is not only flung into the dirt by others, but trod upon. And wear it safely you may. Wit may dress you in all the lustre it has, and never endanger you a blasting from the fascinations of envious and malignant eyes. But though by ascribing this praise to you I displease not others, I fear I shall your Grace, for by protecting a despised quality you could not aim at praise : besides praise being one of the vainest pleasures of mankind, so excellent a mind cannot nor need not delight in it : you may find satisfaction enough at home, you need not go abroad for happiness. And we, who place your statues in our gardens, add no glory to you, only make our own walks delighted in by our selves, and frequented by others, which else would lye neglected by both. I fix then your Grace's Image at this Jewish Temple Gate, to render the building sacred, nor can the Jews be angry with so beautiful a profanation ; and, in guiding them to you, they are conducted like their ancestors to repose and happiness, in the most fair and delightful part of the world. There I shall leave 'em, and retire to the contemplation of it, no moderate degree of happiness to one who is, with so much devotion,

Madam,

Your Grace's most humble,

and most obliged servant,

JOHN CROWN.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Reader,—The world having been kind to these plays, I would not be so ungrateful to requite any of my judges by giving 'em offence ; at least if I am so unhappy as to do it, I would not willingly let it pass without some apology. I have raised up an hero in these plays, which appears to some pious critics to be an evil spirit, and makes 'em to have no good opinion of me for having such familiarity with him. There are several things in his part, and particularly in a scene of dispute between him and his mistress, in the third act in the second play, which I have been requested by many, and some very considerable persons, not to print. To comply with 'em I have left out some few things, and would willingly have done all, but that, on second thoughts I considered, the disarming my hero was tacitly to acknowledge him a braver man than he is, and even yield him the better of the cause, I therefore thought it would be fairer dealing in the behalf of Truth, which needs no tricks, to expose him to all his advantages, so to make the victory of Truth the more glorious. And, reader, if you will please to peruse that scene carefully, you will find he is no such formidable person as imagined, and is indebted for his reputation more to others' opinion and partiality, than his own strength. He makes not one argument against religion, and only evades those that are made for it ; as any one of ordinary capacity may easily discover. Indeed his cause will admit of no more. I was loth then to cut off no less than a whole limb of a wretch, who

if he had more hands than Briareus, had too few to fight against heaven : And certainly whatever I am imagined to have, I shewed him no great kindness in sending him to storm so impregnable a tower, from whence any child might throw him down. He might easier with Hercules pull up trees by the roots, than the notion of a Deity out of the souls of men. A notion so ingrafted in us, it seems a part of us : Let men strive never so much to get at liberty from it, any hair of their heads will hold 'em. To conclude, If I cou'd have said more for Atheism, it argues I have no great kindness for a cause I have betray'd ; if I said all I cou'd I hope no one will believe me of an opinion for which I have so little to say.

This I think may suffice to recover my reputation with these pious critics. Before I go home, I must visit a lady or two by the way to pacify if I can their displeasure against this scene also. They are angry not at Phraartes' vigorous talk against religion, but that so vigorous a man should talk at all ; they expected on his return from a victory, something more pleasing than a dispute. I confess they know much better than I what pleases their sex ; but at this present I was so unhappy as not to intend to please 'em. For having employ'd this and two heroes more, for almost ten acts, in nothing else but love, I thought I had given 'em enough for reasonable women, and might borrow this Hero to entertain the men for a minute with a little reason, if it were but to give him some respite to breath : but I find 'tis harder to give some ladies enough than I thought it was. Besides, these ladies may consider, if they please, Phraartes makes not love to them, but Clarona, to whom a discourse of love was not so pleasing as to them, who care to hear nothing else ; she loved to talk of

religion sometimes, which they never do, it seems. She would fain convert Phraartes, which they would ne'er have troubled their heads about ; he on the other hand had as great a zeal for her body, and it concerned his love as much to gain her to his opinions, as it did her piety to gain him to hers ; that this very dispute is in pursuance of his love, removing religion, the main, only, and perpetual obstacle that lay in its way.

But perhaps a man ought not to talk reason in love : I confess since love has got the sole possession of the stage, reason has had little to do there ; that effeminate prince has softened and emasculated us the vassals of the stage. The reason why the off-springs of the Moderns are such short-liv'd things, is because the Genii that beget 'em are so given to women ; they court nothing but the ladies' favours, with them they waste all their strength, whenas the lusty ancients who fed on the wholesome diet of good sense, and used themselves to the strong manly exercises of reason, have been the Fathers of vigorous issue, who have lived longer than the oldest Patriarchs, and are like to live as long as there are men. I, who am a friend both to love and good sense, endeavoured to reconcile 'em, and to bring reason into favour, not with hopes to rule ; I desired only to procure him some little office in the stage, but I find it made an uproar, love would not endure such an innovation, it threatned his settled government ; and reason is not at all popular ; the ladies knew not what to make of his conversation, and the men generally sleep at it ; that I see but little hopes of his preferment, which I am sorry for, since what future being I shall enjoy, I shall owe solely to him. Titus and Berenice as great gallants as they have been in France, and as good a shew as they have

made in England, have not such a substantial fortune to maintain them for future ages, but I am afraid will be reduced to depend on Phraartes for a livelihood. The whinings of love, like a pretty new tune, please for a while, but are soon laid aside, and never thought of more ; the same notes perhaps may help to compose another, but the old air is altered, and for ever forgotten.

✓ But lest it should be imagin'd by this long defence, I suppose the plays to be correct, I acknowledge there are many faults in design, which I had no leisure to mend ; and many in words and phrases which I had not inclination. I love not too much carefulness in small things. To be exact in trifles is the business of a little Genius. They, therefore, who pride themselves much in their knowledge of words and phraseology, boast of knowing little ; for those skills appear considerable to none but them who know nothing. Something I intend also to say in vindication of my self from theft ; some persons accused me of stealing the parts of Titus and Berenice from the French play written by Mr Racine on the same subject ; but a gentleman having lately translated that play, and exposed it to public view on the stage, has saved me that labour, and vindicated me better than I can my self. I wou'd not be asham'd to borrow, if my occasions compell'd me, from any rich author : But all foreign coin must be melted down, and receive a new stamp, if not an addition of metal, before it will pass current in England, and be judged sterling : That borrowing or stealing from Mr Racine could not have supplied my occasions ; but I am not so necessitous yet, nor have lived so prodigally on my small stock of poetry, to be put so soon to those miserable shifts.

THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS IN BOTH PLAYS.

TITUS VESPASIAN.

PHRAARTES. *A Parthian King driven out of his country, by a conspiracy between the Romans and Parthian rebels, comes to Jerusalem with a royal train ; falls in love with Clarona, and for her sake stays during the whole siege.*

MATTHIAS. *High priest, and governor of Jerusalem.*

SAGAN. *His deputy.*

PHINEAS. *Prince of the Sanhedrim, or supreme council of Jerusalem.*

TIBERIAS. *Commander of all the Roman forces under Titus Vespasian.*

MALCHUS. *King of Arabia,* } *Allies to Titus*
ANTIOCHUS. *King of Comagene,* } *Vespasian.*

And assist him with forces at the Siege of Jerusalem.

JOHN. *A dissembling Pharisaic Jew, made of Matthias's council, but betrays him, and falsely accuses him to the seditious.*

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ELEAZAR. *A leader of the seditious.*

MONOBAZUS. *Brother to the King of Adiabene,
a neighbouring country to Judea.
in love with Queen Berenice.*

QUEEN BERENICE. *By nation a Jewess; made Queen
of Judea, and several bordering
provinces, by the Romans.*

CLARONA. *Daughter to Matthias.*

SEMANDRA.	}	<i>Women to</i>	{ <i>Queen Berenice.</i>
PHEDRA.			

Romans, Parthians, Pharisees, &c.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST PART.

A poet lately by you sent to hell
Justly, as he acknowledg'd when he fell :
His discontented spirit walks around
This stage, where he receiv'd his mortal wound.
Seeking the reason why he walks, we find
'Tis to reveal hid treasure left behind :
Not to build tombs of honour to his name,
But ransom us his suff'ring friends from shame.
Some thought because he had not on the stage
Ranted it oft in huffing equipage,
Profusely lavish'd all his wealth away
On some one lov'd and perhaps jilting play,—
As some unhappily have done before—
That living niggardly he died but poor ;
As if that wasting were the way to gain,
A maxim ne'er will within Ludgate reign.
Two chests of rubbish, which we bullion call,
We find of his, our skill indeed is small,
Artists alone know mettle in the ore,
But if it silver prove we still are poor ;
If you, wit's senators, will judge it brass,
You may instead of gold make leather pass,
As you have done sometimes by sovereign power.
And if you do, Wit has no emperour
To whom he may appeal from your decrees,
'Tis one of Wit's severest destinies
Still by a damn'd republic to be rul'd ;
Where men by names of liberty are fool'd ;
Where virtues are by vices still out-brav'd,
And bravest men are oft by slaves enslav'd.
Never was born a monarch yet in Wit,
And none by force that throne could ever get,

Though usurpation all of you design,
 And every senator's a Catiline.
 Keep these great plots among your own high tribe,
 But do not slaves for senators prescribe ?
 Poets are slaves, who, but for your delight,
 Toil in the Muses' gardens day and night.
 If blood you love, then stab some living slave ;
 Let this dead wretch lie quiet in his grave.

*A SONG to be sung by Levites at the Temple Gates, on
 the opening of the scene.*

Day is dismounted on the watery plain,
 And Evening does begin to fold
 Up Light's rich cloth of gold,
 And Nature's face the Night begins to stain.
 Holy angels round us keep,
 While our sense dissolves in sleep.
 While the half of us is dead
 Let the living half be led
 To your gardens, to your bowers,
 Where you pass your pleasing hours.
 Treat within your heavenly tents
 Your brethren spirits thus in state,
 While they wait
 The leisure of their slumb'ring sense.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

THE FIRST PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain drawn, the brazen gates of the Temple appear ; music is heard within. Above, without the Temple as in the women's court, behind gilded lattices, appear Queen BERENICE and CLARONA at their devotion.

Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS.

Phraar. Ha ! at devotion still ? Can the tir'd air
Obtain no truce from sacrifice and prayer ?
They are importunate, with their great power
They let him scarce enjoy one quiet hour ;
But ply him still with sacrifice so fast,
He's cloy'd with new ere he digests the last.
These are gay splendid follies !

Monob. Something more,
If we own gods ; we must those gods adore.

Phraar. 'Tis true ! And Heaven does in no place
appear,
Treated with such magnificence as here.

Monob. I like it well.

Phraar. And I, for I confess
Were I a god I would expect no less.
But this romantic tale of gods and fate
Takes well, and is a useful art of State,

Which the fond world into subjection brings.

Monob. Since you dispute a power supreme to
Kings,

What gods may in your Kingdom worship be ?

Phraar. None ! Or, if any, the slaves worship me,
Though now a villain does prophane my throne ;
But his base blood shall soon his guilt atone.
But you, who so devout and grave wou'd seem,
With whom these powers are in such great esteem,
Who are your heavenly lords ?

Monob. We prostrate fall
To our own gods alone ; but rev'rence all.
And if we err 'tis on the safest hand ;
All own some power that does the world command :
Even mighty Rome bows to Celestial Powers.

Phraar. She does ! but lower to her emperors.
But, ah ! my friend, thou hast reviv'd my shame,
My blood is fir'd at that insulting name.
But all her idols shall my chains repent,
I'll make her gods and her less insolent.

Monob. Since to this place you did your fortunes
guide,
Your envious stars have seem'd to change their
side ;

The glorious things you in short time have done
Have this throng'd city's admiration won.
They idolize your name, and boast, with pride,
To their great race of Kings you are allied.
Exalted hopes they on your valour build,
Look to have prophecies in you fulfill'd.

Phraar. I small respect shou'd to my kindred
pay,
Did not imperious love command my stay.

Monob. The same insulting power confines me
here,

And see ! our lovely goddesses appear.

[*Both turn towards the Temple.*]

Phraar. Divine Clarona !

Monob. And the beauteous Queen !——

Phraar. Kneel, to whom gods might on their knees be seen.

Ill-manner'd powers ; with a regardless eye

Can you behold such beauty prostrate lye ?

Monob. How bright a vision entertains my eyes,
[*Aside.*

Whilst I am doom'd to endless miseries !

Like one shut out from Heav'n, the glories there

Torment his sight, and add to his despair.

Phraar. I'll raise 'em up ! for I resentments feel,
That creatures so divine so long should kneel.

[*Proffers to go, and is stopt by Monobazus.*

Monob. Hold ! they are now on some uncommon rite,

To which this evening they their gods invite :

Queen Berenice, who not by birth alone,

As their King's daughter, claims the Jewish Throne,

But as successor to her brother slain,

O'er many neighbouring provinces does reign ;

And by her beauty rules both them and Rome,

Is lately from Vespasian's army come,

In part to tender her lost nation peace,

And take their humble state in its distress

To the protection of her conquering eyes,

And partly for the great solemnities

These devout tribes to their dead kindred pay,

If their own laws and customs they'll obey.

Phraar. 'Tis fit they should, chiefly when princes die,

Kings should not sleep without solemnity.

Monob. For this some time sh'as in Jerus'lem stay'd ;

Mean while the crowd, by frantic rebels sway'd,

From their own governors and priests revolt,

And every moment the Queen's life assault.

This, royal sir, you by experience know,
For to your sword she does her safety owe.

Phraar. Rather to yours, brave friend, that honour's due!

I only seek in fame to rival you.

Monob. You're to your own unjust. But now the Queen,

Who the whole time has rudely treated been,
Wearied with clamours and devotion too,
Has thoughts of bidding them and Heav'n adieu :
Some say to-night she'll towards the camp repair,
And take her leave of sacrifice and prayer.
Howe'er she now does her last offerings make,
Whilst from their oracles they counsel take.

Phraar. Valour's the only oracle of war !
Let 'em ask that, and their vain altars spare.
But the great ceremony does conclude ;
When gods retire, poor mortals may intrude.

The gates open, and MATTHIAS, SAGAN, and another PRIEST come out of the sanctuary. Loud musique plays. PHINEAS, JOHN, PHARISEES enter on one side of the stage, QUEEN BERENICE and CLARONA on the other. MATTHIAS whispers JOHN and the PHARISEES, who immediately after go off. PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS address themselves in dumb show to CLARONA and BERENICE. The musique at length ceases, and MATTHIAS thus speaks to the QUEEN.

Matth. Now, madam, we with solemn thanks
must own,

The royal pity to your nation shown :
You, from the stormy cloud that hovers o'er
This town, descend like a relenting power,
Into your sacred guardianship to take
A distress place, which earth and heaven forsake :

But oft, as when the fatal hour draws nigh
 Of some great man, whom pain compels to die,
 His struggling powers with scorn their sentence take,
 And 'mongst themselves do a rebellion make :
 Then on his own distorted limbs does seize,
 And there chastise weak nature's cowardice :
 But thinks, the while, he has with monsters fought,
 And horrid shapes are in his fancy wrought ;
 Só in distracting pangs our nation lyes,
 As if depriv'd of sense with miseries.
 Tearing it self, and haunted with a fiend
 That does to zeal and piety pretend ;
 And fills their cheated thoughts with axes, rods,
 Chains, death, and all the list of heathen gods :
 That every thing is a false god they see,
 And all they do is zeal and piety ;
 But if the hated name of Rome they hear,
 Then they in frantique agonies appear :
 Rending the air with a fanattick cry
 Of tyrants, Rome, new gods, idolatry.

Phine. Yes, madam, this is our unhappy state ;
 Nay, all that Rome adores, they so much hate,
 They fly at you, cause your commanding eyes
 Are great Vespasian's gods and destinies ;
 And if what he adores they can prophane,
 They boast as if they had a Dagon slain.

Q. Beren. Yes ! I their zeal to my dishonour
 prove,
 They boldly would prescribe me whom to love :
 I not alone must quit a glorious state,
 And all the crowns that on my passion wait,
 But the whole power of love I must repeal,
 To please I know not what fantastique zeal.
 I love, and long have lov'd ; nor count it shame
 If to the world my passion I proclaim,
 For the renown of him I love, may hide
 A Princess' blushes, and excuse her pride.

Monob. Oh ! my stab'd heart ! what killing words I hear !
What torturing pangs must I in silence bear ?

[*Aside.*
Phraar. Oh ! Divine musique ! hearken fairest saint ! [To *Clarona.*
When will your angel-voice my ears enchant
With such a song might ravish gods or kings,
And make the crowing Cupids clap their wings ?

Claro. When from all goodness I my thoughts remove,
Then heaven perhaps may punish me with love.

Phraar. Oh ! may you assume to such a height with speed,
The gods may in your punishment exceed !
Be so severe, no heart that e'er despis'd
The sacred power of love was so chastis'd.

Q. Beren. And now their frenzy at a passion flies,

In which, more than in arms, their safety lyes ;
One smile of mine can Cæsar more subdue
Than the whole universe in arms can do :
Yet is my life in so much danger here,
Each hour some barbarous assault I fear ;
Nay, coming guarded with a slender train,
I had, on my approach to town, been slain
By a fierce ambush for my chariot laid,
Had not my angel guided to my aid
This generous Prince unknown, who ever since

[To *Monob.*
Has still employ'd his sword in my defence ;
And to the King I grateful must appear,

[Turning to *Phraar.*
Whose sword obliges me with safety here.

Sag. To King Phraartes' sword our lives, our town,
Altars and temples their protection own !

Phraar. Beauty and gods to worship men pretend,
And what they worship they should still defend ;
And they alike in my protection share,
Because they equally defenceless are.

Matth. Well, madam, since our crowds thus rude appear,
We are unworthy of your presence here.
But now the Feast of Passover draws nigh,
The yearly triumph of Divinity ;
When to his Temple all our tribes repair
From every nation, where they scatter'd are,
To sound his praise, and at his altars wait,
The old deliverance to commemorate :
When our good angel Egypt's first born slew,
And all our tribes from hateful bondage drew,
And through retiring seas a passage made,
Whilst Kings and elements our powers obey'd.
This feast we hope you'll with your presence
grace,

The chief remain of all our royal race.

Q. Beren. I gladly would to heav'n my tribute pay,

But great affairs will not admit my stay :
Part of my solemn invitation here
Was the due honour I the memory bear
Of King Agrippa, my dear brother slain,
Of our high blood the hope and great remain ;
Whose royal life by fatal honour lost,
Your State a friend, and me this sorrow cost.

Monob. Gods ! how I tremble at the words I hear, [*Aside.*

Little thinks she his murd'rer stands so near :
And less that her fair eyes revenge his blood,
Ev'n on his heart by whom he was subdu'd.

Q. Beren. When I the royal body can obtain,
From those with whom it captive does remain,

Here in some tomb, that does devoutly keep
 Our father's sacred ashes, it shall sleep :
 Meanwhile in honour of his royal name,
 To pay my vows and offerings here I came ;
 And now, my public mourning days expire,
 My own affairs command me to retire :
 But wheresoe'er I shall my progress bend,
 Your laws and State have an eternal friend.

Phraar. And wheresoe'er I this bright beauty
 see, *[To Clarona.]*

That place shall more than sacred be to me.

Matth. My daughter, sir, you too much honour
 show. *[To Phraar.]*

For what your bounty, madam, would bestow,
 We pay our thanks, but we have all decreed,
 We in Jerusalem's defence will bleed.

We think we war against the gods of Rome,
 And all that die have crowns of martyrdom :
 But though we Roman gods and tyrants hate,
 To your commands we gladly bow our State,
 And the small time you stay command as Queen,
 With all the state our Kings have treated been.

[Guards for the King and Queen,
{ Ex. Phraar. Monob.
{ Beren. and Clarona.

Matth. Now with heaven's praises we the day
 have clos'd,

Some hours in counsel might be well dispos'd ;
 For though we have suppress the rebels' powers,
 And close confin'd them in their vaults and
 towers,

'Tis said to Edom they've for aid address,
 To save poor saints by tyranny oppress ;
 And fifteen thousand arbiters of state
 Are on their march, the bus'ness to debate.
 But though we slight these advocates' defence,
 We yet may fear our pris'ners' insolence :

Therefore their angry minds a while to please,
 I sent a train of devout Pharisees,
 The only men the zealots now adore,
 Led too by John our new-made counsellor,
 To ask with mildness, what is their intent ?

Phin. Yes ! but I wish you better men had
 sent :

For, sir, in short, your counsels are betray'd,
 John and the Pharisees unite their aid
 To undermine your power ; the Pharisees
 Their own revengeful humour to appease,
 Because of late you wisely, sir, have checkt
 The pride and growth of that usurping Sect.

Sag. And th' other traitor by designs like these
 To creep in power by unperceiv'd degrees :
 For which he does all villany condemn.
 He fawns on us, and then he prays with them.
 To every art and subtlety he flies,
 Them he deludes with prayers, and us with lies.
 The holy place he visits every hour,
 But 'tis to whisper in the rebels' tower ;
 What we consult, where to deceive the rout,
 He is at once both perjurd and devout ;
 And does at once both parties cheat and please,
 Out-faces us, out-whines the Pharisees,
 Who see his subtle crafts, yet trust him still,
 In love to falsehood and his dext'rous skill.

Matth. All these mysterious characters I've
 read,

And seen the lurking treachery that's hid
 In humble fawnings, and in fierce pretence
 To each punctilio of obedience.
 For I'm assur'd their treacheries infus'd
 Those false surmises, which the crowd abus'd ;
 But they shall find I so much treason hate,
 From foes and traitors too I'll guard the State.
 But they return !

Enter JOHN, and two or three PHARISEES.

John. No hopes or means their furies to dissuade!

Phin. Dissembling villain! we're by thee betray'd.

John. I'th' name of injur'd piety I'd know
On whom you all these foul reproaches throw!

Phin. On thee, and that false tribe, who on pretence

Of rigorous piety and nice innocence,
Craftily all our interests devour,
And whine themselves into esteem and power;
Casting such mists before the people's eyes,
That none but they are thought devout or wise:
Then when they have made the crowd our pow'r
contemn,

We must be silent, or depend on them.

John. Sir, such has been my service to the State,
That I disdain to bring it in debate,
And therefore shall not offer a reply
To such a false injurious calumny.

But though my wrongs I can with patience bear,
Methinks my zeal's a little mov'd to hear
These good and pious men reproacht; nay more,
Zeal and religion wounded on their score.

Phari. You're bold and know not whom you
disrespect.

Phin. Yes, pious sir! 'tis an imperious sect,
Wherewith our land has swarm'd three hundred
years,

Whose pride in your dividing name appears;
You by the style of Pharisees are known,
Proud Separatists who common saints disown;
And, as if you were of diviner birth,
The rest you style the people of the earth.

Sag. From these in proud contempt your sect
withdraw,
For your seraphic lives correct the law;

And your complexions are so nice and fair,
 You're sick if you but taste a sinner's prayer.
 But Gentiles with such nauseous zeal you fly,
 As if the sight of them defil'd your eye ;
 And thus our people's hearts and wealths you steal,
 Murder and rob with loyalty and zeal,
 And the fond crowd into rebellion draw ;
 Abuse our State, our altars, and our law.

Phin. And thou, false traitor, dost us all delude,
 [To John]

Both us, the rebels, and the multitude.

John. How ! I delude ?

Phin. Yes ! we have read the sense
 Of all your fawnings, pray'rs, and diligence :
 Such as false fiends in active duty pay
 To cheated souls, on whom they hope to prey.
 Most wondrous kind and ready at each call,
 Intending to betray and damn 'em all.

Matth. Yes ! you have not alone your trust be-
 tray'd,

But false constructions on my councils made,
 As if to Rome I would my country yield,
 That by its fall I might my greatness build :
 A crime I so much scorn——
 I would not sell the stones on which I tread,
 For all the crowns upon Vespasian's head :
 And now, lest justice should your crimes prevent,
 You to the Edomites for aid have sent :
 But if they shall press arm'd within the gate,
 I'll treat 'em here, as enemies to th' State.
 And then to shew how I their force despise,
 I will the rebels in their sight chastise.

John. Ha ! are my arts and policies descried ?

[Aside.]

I must defend what 'tis in vain to hide.
 Have I in your assistance wept and pray'd,
 And now must all your guilt on me be laid ?

This I deserve from Providence, 'tis true,
 But 'tis ingrateful wickedness in you.
 Yet I, Heaven knows, did truth and peace intend,
 By means should be as holy as the end :
 But in this treason I'll no longer share,
 I'll to my shame the mystery declare.

'Tis truth, my friends, what these bad men have
 said, *[To the Pharisees.]*

I'm an impostor, you are all betray'd !
 I promis'd peace ; but you are sold to Rome,
 Defend your altars, lives !—the Romans come !
 Dark compacts with idolaters are made,
 And they are hast'ning to these tyrants' aid ;
 Who, to secure the power they so much prize,
 To all the Roman gods will sacrifice.

Matth. Unheard of impudence ! the fiends that fly
 I' th' air will shout at this amazing lie.

1 *Phar.* 'Tis truth ! and in the holy cause we'll
 die ! *[All draw.]*

To arms ! to arms ! tyrants ! idolatry !

Matth. Hold, you deluded men ! what frantic rage
 Has seiz'd you all ? For what would you engage ?

2 *Phar.* We to our laws and altars will be true.

Matth. And to the gold about the altars too.

1 *Phar.* That falsehood soon shall by our swords
 be shewn.

Matth. You'll guard it from all rapine but your
 own. *[An alarm without.]*

But hark ! the city's fill'd with new alarms !
 Close all the gates !——The news ?

Enter A LEVITE.

Levit. To arms, to arms !

The Edomites are come ! we're all in blood,
 Queen Berenice is assaulted by the crowd,
 Who, as she past, beset her chariot round,
 Where your fair daughter has receiv'd a wound.

At which the Parthian King made all give way,
 And, had his god entreated, would not stay ;
 But with five hundred followers of his own,
 Assisted by his friend, the brave Unknown,
 Plung'd in the throng, whilst both from towers and
 walls

To the Idumean troops, a rabble calls,
 Crying, save us ! save Jerusalem ! and assist
 Your brethren, 'gainst a proud usurping priest.

Phin. The treason's out ! now let's the traitors
 seize.

Matth. These are the grand seducers ! fall on
 these !

*[Phineas and the guard chase John and the
 Pharisees off the stage.]*

Matth. Now, haste to th' Edomites without the
 gate, *[To Sagan.]*

And tell 'em they the impious pleasures wait
 Of thieves, who rob what they pretend to guard ;
 And would their aid with sacrilege reward :
 If on fair terms they to depart deny,
 Defend the gates and with your darts reply !

[Exit Sagan.]

And now, I, guarded by the sole defence
 Of these blest robes and my own innocence,
 Will to the favourites of heav'n, to know
 What new credentials they have now to show.
 For these proud men their own commissions seal,
 And place their sole authority on zeal.

*[Matthias goes out, and the Temple gates are
 closed, and a guard placed.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.**After clashing and shouts without.**Enter PHINEAS and a LEVITE.*

Phin. Triumphant news! Let us our voices raise,
And fill the streets with joyful sounds of praise!
The Parthian King, with the brave unknown prince,
Men that seem dropt from heav'n for our defence,
Have chas'd the rebels to their vaults and towers;
As storms drive flying billows to the shores.

Lev. The King's great soul wants but the light
Divine,
To make it every way with glory shine.
But see! the train approach the palace gate,
Whilst joyful crowds on their preserver wait.

*Enter PHRAARTES, MONOBAZUS, MATTHIAS, QUEEN
BERENICE, CLARONA, SEMANDRA, PHEDRA,
GUARDS, two or three PRISONERS.*

Phraar. You lift your swords against a King!
from whence *[To Prisoners.*

Has your base spirits all this insolence?
You sordid villains at the best are made
For the low earth, on which a King should tread.
By the mean victory my sword has gain'd,
I have my self and dignity profan'd:
And can my self no expiation make,
Lest on their altars I revenge should take:
Which I forgive!—but drag these slaves away,
With speed out of your Monarch's sight, and lay
Their servile necks beneath the high priest's feet!
Let him dispose of 'em, as he thinks meet.

*[Guard carries them to Matthias, whilst Phraartes
turns to Clarona.*

Phraar. Fair injur'd power! what offering shall
I make?
These I disdain to give, and you to take;

'Twere sacrilege designing to appease
 Your anger with whole hecatombs of these :
 So many Princes at your feet should lye,
 And at your sentence either live or die.
 Howe'er a royal sacrifice I bring,
 The flaming soul of a love-wounded King.

Claro. Great Prince ! the joy I in your triumphs
 find

Has more already than appeas'd my mind.
 For though I know not love, and any flame,
 But that of pure devotion must disclaim,
 Yet for the gen'rous and truly brave
 Of all religions I a friendship have,
 And as for others I my pray'rs employ ;
 For your great soul I'd be content to die,
 And oh !—how rich an offering would it be
 To heaven, which you thus vainly make to me.

Phraar. Oh ! tell not me of Heav'n and powers
 above,

There's no Elizium but Clarona's love.

Claro. To a poor shrine you offer your regard,
 Where you must take devotion for reward.

Monob. Madam, you crown, with undeserved
 praise,

A courage you did both inspire and raise.

Qu. Beren. I but my sense of gratitude would
 shew,

For what your valour, sir, did twice bestow ;
 Nor can the breath by your defence enjoy'd,
 Be better sure than in your praise employ'd.

Matth. Go ! and abuse the liberty I give,

[*To the Prisoners.*

'Gainst him, by whose indulgence now you live.
 Not all the wrong I from your hate endure,
 Shall one revengeful deed from me procure ;
 As fellow servants of one Lord above,
 You shall enjoy my pity and my love.

But yet I will empale my master's ground,
And from the rotten sheep protect the sound.

1 *Phar.* We'll do the same, and guard them
from the power

Of wicked shepherds, who the flock devour.

Matth. These men Heaven's favourites themselves repute,

And then as such none must their power dispute.

*[Prisoners are dismiss'd, and Matth. turns to
Phraar. and Monob.]*

Now, valiant Princes, we must pay to you
The public triumphs which to both are due ;
And to the mighty Parthian King, who springs
Of Jewish blood by a long race of Kings,
Let the great shades of all who wore this crown,
For their sav'd monuments his valour own.
And now the stars their twinkling fires disclose,
And night approaching summons to repose ;
Let guards these royal persons wait with care,
Who both my guests and my protectors are.

*[They all go out attended with a guard, except
Matthias and Phineas, who stay, and*

Enter the SAGAN.

Matth. Now, what from Edom ? will they stay
or fly,

And our indulgence or our valour try ?

Sag. They are resolv'd to guard the rebel crew,
Till you free them, or else the Romans you.

Matth. And do they know on whose designs they
wait ?

Sag. They style 'em saints and guardians of the
State :

Till they are free'd they'll not our walls forsake,
But send for wives and a plantation make.
Set javelins till they grow, whose martial shade
Shall serve for shelter, and for ambuscade.

Mutth. Now it is plain, these Idumeans came
To add fresh brands to our domestic flame ;
And on pretence our tumults to appease,
To share with thieves in public robberies.
But I'll see well to all the guards to-night,
And if to-morrow the bold Edomite,
In thieves' defence, to face our walls shall dare,
Their martial plants unpleasant fruit shall bear.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter QUEEN BERENICE and SEMANDRA.

Seman. Come, madam, please to rest ! this silent
night

Kind sleep does to her bowers our sense invite.

Q. Beren. Let the soft thing to dying lovers go,

And on despairing minds her balm bestow.

The joy the happy hour's approaching near,

When I must leave my dull devotion here,

And on love's wings to my Vespasian fly,

Transports my soul to such an extacy,

That with an empire's price should not be bought

The single pleasure of one flying thought.

Tell me, Semandra, dost thou not espy

A new delightful spirit in my eye ?

Does not my cheerful blood its revels take,

And often in my cheeks fresh sallies make ?

Seman. Ah, madam ! your triumphant beauties
wear

Glories too bright for my weak eyes to bear.

Q. Beren. Be gone ! thou paint'st me in a flatter-
ing dress.

Seman. Rather, no tongue your beauties can
express.

[*Queen Beren. pulls out a glass and looks in it.*]

Q. Beren. Indeed my glass will needs obliging be,
I fear th' unfaithful thing takes part with thee.

Seman. By all that's fair it does its trust betray,
Nor half the beauties it receives repay.

Q. Ber. Nay, I confess I'm pleas'd : for I must
own

I was half weary of devotion grown,
What with the grief for my dear brother's blood,
What with the clamours of the foolish crowd,
Who their own safety madly will oppose :
What with impatience too at length to close
These seven long weeks of grave devotion here,
Which did to me a tedious age appear,
I was so tir'd—that now the time is gone,
Methinks my eyes another air put on ;
And lay their penitential looks aside,
With all the joy of a young smiling bride.

Semand. Nay, madam ! never yet in any face,
Triumphing love appeared with so much grace.
But you have often promised to relate
Your loves ; how long shall my impatience wait ?

Q. Ber. I have not fancy rich enough t' ex-
plain,

Half the delights that story does contain.
'Twas on a great triumphant day at Rome,
When all the adoration gods assume,
Or flattering priests ascribe to powers divine,
When with uncommon flames their altars shine,
Was to the young victorious Titus paid,
When he through Rome a pompous entry made.
It were too dull and tedious to display
The bright and various splendours of that day,
Young Titus' fame ne'er spoke him half so fair ;
Men gaz'd with envy, women with despair.
We who, the King our father lately dead,
By rebels chac't, to Rome's protection fled,
Were then spectators there—

Semand. Your stars were kind ;
For to this mighty fate you were design'd.

Q. Ber. And from us all this vote his mien did gain,
 That we had never seen a braver man :
 I felt my heart a secret flame possess,
 But thought my eyes secur'd my heart success.
 Tho' Roman ladies did my rank contemn,
 At least my beauty might contend with them.
 And so it prov'd ; for the whole time he staid,
 His sole address was at my altars made :
 Which they resented with such scorn, and pride,
 Some rag'd with madness, some with envy died.
 But, oh my stars ! how pleas'd was I to see
 My beauty thus revenge my qualitie.

Semand. Oh heaven ! that I that victory had seen !
 And from that time your joys have dated been.

Q. Ber. Not to relate how oft th' imperial groves
 And gardens have been witness of our loves ;
 Eternal vows in their delightful shade,
 With an entire exchange of hearts, were made.

Semand. Since which your stars, propitious to your love,
 Did in few months two Emperors remove,
 That old Vespasian to that glory chose,
 No rigorous laws your passion might oppose ;
 And if those rites he'll stubbornly maintain,
 Few months will period the old Monarch's reign.

Q. Ber. Name not the Empire ! power I contemn,
 'Tis love I seek, I scorn the diadem.

Semand. But hark ! delicious sounds that way descend,
 The Parthian King's fair mistress they attend.

[*Music within.*]

Q. Ber. Sent by the King, no question, and design'd
 To chase sad thoughts from her too pensive mind.

✓ That divine creature always is above,
Nothing below can her attention move.

Semand. Madam, she always like a flame ascends,
From heaven she came, and towards heav'n she tends;
And has so small concerns for things below
She never yet was seen to change her brow.
Sometimes indeed she has let fall a tear,
But 'twas when others' griefs she chance't to hear.
Her own are into bowers and temples made,
And there she sings as in some pleasant shade.

Q. Ber. She far excels the happy minds above :
But cannot her fair soul descend to love ?

Semand. Yes, as the saints do in the other state ;
Or guardian angels those on whom they wait.

Q. Ber. Such sublime friendships may devotion
please :

But is the brave young King content with these ?

Semand. Madam, I doubt he aims at something
more.

Though it is said he ne'er lov'd so before ;
He looks upon her as some Heavenly thing,
And doubts if he should love or incense bring.

Q. Beren. Well ! my complexion is not so divine,
More of this drossy earth is mixt with mine—
But King Phraartes comes, let us away,
And strive to hasten on th' approaching Day !
Which with the view of him shall feast my sight,
Who is both mine and all the world's delight.

[*Exit.*

SONG sung within.

Hence, hence, thou vain fantastic fear
Of ills to come, we know not where ;
Stand not with thy infernal face
To fright my love from my embrace ;
To what a height shou'd we love on,
Wert thou and all thy shadows gone ?

Sigh, sigh no more, nor cry forbear !
 'Tis sin, I neither must nor dare ;
 If sin can in these pleasures dwell,
 If this can be the gate of Hell,
 No flesh can hold from ent'ring in ;
 Heaven must forgive so sweet a sin.
 Down, down she does begin to fall,
 And now the shadows vanish all ;
 And now the gate is ope to bliss,
 And now I'm enter'd Paradise ;
 Whilst envying angels flock to view,
 And wonder what it is we do.

Enter PHRAARTES, MONOBAZUS.

Phraar. Ah friend ! my heart here in an am-
 bush lyes,

I'm wounded by a spirit in disguise :
 A thing compos'd of prayer, whom if I wed,
 Some incense cloud must be our nuptial bed.

[Mon. is pensive, and seems not to regard Phra.]

Phraar. But ha ! my friend in grief ! shall I
 complain,

Of his unkind retirements still in vain ?

Monob. Sir, you have many sorrows of your own,
 And to add mine would be unkindly done.

Phraar. I many sorrows ? thou mistak'st the
 name,

Too fierce resentments of my injured fame.
 That after many a glorious victory,
 When Rome with terror did my valour try,
 That a bold villain should his King betray,
 And bolder Rome should give my crown away ;
 Are wrongs for which not I, but Rome shall grieve,
 Who soon severe correction shall receive.

Monob. I do not doubt but your great soul's
 above

The power of fate, but can you conquer love ?

Phraar. Thou find'st the only weakness of my mind,
 There I must own some tenderness I find.
 An unknown passion makes my spirit bow ;
 Whose insolence I never felt till now.
 I've seen, admir'd, ador'd, yes ! and enjoy'd,
 Till both my eyes and appetite were cloy'd,
 Beauties of all complexions, nations, graces,
 Hourly attended once on my embraces.
 Each hour to different pleasures I could go ;
 Now cool my blood in the European snow,
 Then heat it at the Asian fires again,
 Then boil it o'er a sun-burnt African ;
 But this one beauty has subdu'd me more,
 Than all the armies of 'em did before.

Monob. But to her captive she will mercy shew.

Phraar. Oh ! she is colder than the mountains'
 snow.

To such a subtile purity she's wrought,
 She's prayed and fasted to a walking thought.
 She's an enchanted feast, most fair to sight,
 But starves the appetite she does invite ;
 Flies from the touch of sense, and if you dare
 To name but love, she vanishes to air :
 Ten days has this bright flame confin'd me here,
 Ruling my soul with tyranny severe.
 But too much talk on my own griefs I spend :
 Now let me hear the sorrows of my friend.

Monob. Reservedness to so great a Prince were
 rude,

And to so brave a friend ingratitude.

Have you not heard of Monobazus' name ?

Phraar. Yes, Prince, and am acquainted with
 your fame,

The valiant brother of the Adiabenan King.*

[*Embraces him.*]

* Brother to Izates, King of Adiabena. See *Lodge's Josephus*,
 1640, folio.

What wandering fortunes cou'd thee hither bring ?
I've heard how thou didst guard his life and
crown,

When slaves wou'd have depos'd him from the
throne,

Because some merchant jews, 'mongst other wares,
Had made him change his own belief for theirs.

Monob. Service beyond the gratitude of Kings,
Like crimes, misfortune on the subject brings ;
So he the least acknowledgements disdain'd,
And sought the life of him by whom he reign'd.
Thrice I his armies beat in open field,
Making his struggling fate entirely yield :
Subjecting Kings that to his aid he drew ;
One in the head of all his troops I slew,
Then gave him back his vanquish'd crown, and went
By my own doom to willing banishment.
Roving the world I hither chanc't to stray,
And drawing nigh this town in close of day,
It was my fate, by an old shady wood,
To see a chariot with arm'd troops pursu'd ;
With my own train to its relief I made,
And came not much untimely to its aid,
But for my own repose with too much speed ;
For scarce I had th' assaulted [chariot] freed,
But straight a goddess, or a thing more bright,
With murdering beauties charg'd my dazzl'd sight.

Phraar. And 'twas the Queen ?

Monob. It wounds my heart to tell,
It was the sister of the King who fell
By my curst sword : and she was going then
To mourn the death of him, whom I had slain.

Phraar. Killing surprize ! I pity now thy flame,
And shall no more thy sad retirements blame.

[*Clarona appears above in the Balcony in her
night-dress, with a taper in one hand, and a
book in the other.*]

But ha ! whence comes this golden dart of light,
Which on the sudden wounds the breast of night ?

Monob. See ! some new wonder, sir, invites our
eyes ! [*Shews Clar.*]

Phraar. The chief indeed of Jewish prodigies.
Young, fair, and woman, and without desire,
The only miracle I can admire.

Monob. She's at devotion sure, for, it is said,
Thrice in the night she from her downy bed,
And soft repose, does her fair body raise,
And from her window towards the Temple prays.

Phraar. Nay, from above she certainly dropt
down,
And like some Syren in a tempest thrown
From her own element, and place of birth,
Can relish none of all the joys on earth.

I am all flame at sight of one so fair.

Monob. I am all shade, and wander in despair.

Phraar. She's giving audience to some angel now ;
I must disturb 'em, for I jealous grow.

Monob. May your fair goddess to your prayers
be kind,

I'll go relate my sorrows to the wind. [*Exit.*]

Phraar. Clarona !

Clar. Ha ! Who calls ?

Phraar. A wretched thing
That begs your pity.

Clar. The great Parthian King !
What is it creeps into his royal breast
This stormy night, and drives away his rest ?

Phraar. What shou'd, or can disturb my rest,
but love ?

That bearded shaft which nothing can remove.
But you are still engag'd in heav'nly things,
And have no pity for poor mortal Kings.

Clar. Alas, sir ! do you my compassion crave ?
Your glorious acts my admiration have.

Phraar. And yet not love where admiration's due ?

Clar. Oh, yes ! my love does the whole world pursue

With all the blessings of my hourly prayer,
And you, the noblest part, have sure your share.

Phraar. Blessings and prayers, and at a common feast,

Where the whole world is an invited guest ;
Do not crowd me among the sordid rout,
Where all your charity is dol'd about.
But me to noble entertainments bring,
And treat me like a lover and a King ;
Nor shall the saucy world sit down with me,
Gods at this feast shall my attendants be.

Clar. Religion is a feast of true delight,
To which might I your glorious soul invite,
You never wou'd repent your happy state,
And I with joy wou'd at your table wait.

Phra. My relish no camelion's food endures,
My love I long to entertain with yours :
Let souls like planets be with vapours fed,
Invite my senses to the nuptial bed.

Clar. I merit not so great a Monarch's throne :
But were I worthy, I am not my own.
I am the child of sacrifice and prayer,
Born when the womb did totally despair.
My soul was kindled at an altar flame ;
Religion gave instructions for my frame :
And nature punctually her rules obey'd,
And me exactly for religion made.
And from my birth I've educated been
A maid of honour to that mighty Queen ;
And now am heaven's adopted daughter grown,
And, like some virgin heiress of a throne,
Guarded and waited on by spirits, fed
By prayer and contemplation, angels' bread.

Enclos'd from all the world, and scarcely dare
 Mix my devoted breath with common air,
 And in this state I ever must remain,
 And not in thought my virgin-whiteness stain.

Phra. Blest news! the only glory I design :
 Now you are fit for no embrace but mine,
 And I have long desir'd to mix my blood
 With some celestial daughter of a god.

Clar. Your mortal deities, sir, may bestow
 Their daughters on you, yet your match below.
 The King I hope will these expressions bear ;
 But yet if I of his religion were,
 I in the same condition would remain ;
 For I wou'd be of chaste Diana's train ;
 In woods and forests breathe untainted air,
 And against love an open war declare ;
 And e'er your little god shou'd conquer me,
 With Daphne, I'd be turn'd into a tree. [*Exit.*]

Phra. You shou'd not long within your bark remain,
 I wou'd embrace you into life again.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

But ha ! here's one with news.

Gen. Haste, sir, and see
 The stormy air all fill'd with prodigy !
 A numerous army in the sky appears,
 And every troop a bloody banner bears.
 They march along in the moon's timorous light,
 Then dive in air and vanish from our sight.

Phra. This is some charm'd and visionary land,
 I scarce can trust the ground on which I stand ;
 Their earth oft trembles, and their buildings groan,
 Built like the Theban walls of living stone :
 Their stars grow comets, clouds arm'd legions
 breed,
 Each has more warriors than the Trojan steed :

Wonders, not fishes, spawn within their seas,
 And all the winds that blow breathe prophecies.
 Nor are their people of a kind entire,
 But got betwixt devotion and desire.
 But let us see if nature with a grace
 Can shew her tricks, and cheat me to my face.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The outward Court of the Temple.

Enter MATTHIAS, PHINEAS, SAGAN, GUARD.

Matth. An army in the air?

Sag. I saw it move!

Phin. And round the sky troops of iron chariots
 drove.

Sag. Through all the air they scattered rays so
 bright,

As if their prancing steeds were shod with light.

Phin. Straight of the sudden all the shapes were
 flown,

The war-like imagery was taken down;
 Folded in pitchy clouds, and roll'd with care
 Into the wardrobe of the wealthy air.

Sag. The martial atoms, from their noble form
 Dissolv'd in clouds, now combat in a storm.

Phin. The air ungovern'd by its Prince, the sun,
 Like factious states, to anarchy does run;
 Wind, thunder, rain, and lightning strive to share,
 Like rebels, all the provinces o'th' air.

See! how the clouds like angry surges fly,
 And dash the crystal beaches of the sky!

Sag. The stormy night now she her period
 knows,
 Cruel and fierce, like an old tyrant, grows;

Whilst all her train, before her mistress dies,
Revel about, and ransack all the skies.

Matth. This tempest comes from Heaven's dispensive hand,

These divine riddles who can understand ?
What means that fiery sword's mysterious ray,
Which o'er our shaking towers night and day,
In Heaven's bright canopy does proudly shine,
As brandisht by the majesty divine ?

Sag. Methinks Jerusalem, at her solemn feast,
Seems treated like the tyrants trembling guest,
In purple clad, her table richly spread,
But death and horror hanging o'er her head.

Phin. Heaven's arch ne'er shone with such a light before,

It seems as if some angel lictor bore
The blazing fasces, at the passing by
Of some divine procession in the sky.

Matth. Alas ! we in Jerusalem daily see
A greater, and a living prodigie :
A man-like echo pin'd into a sound,
A walking vault that does one tone rebound ;
And night and day does in our streets proclaim,
With restless soul, woes to Jerusalem ;
And nor for prayers nor racks concern'd will be,
But senseless as Dodona's vocal tree.
But ha ! the wrestling winds are out of breath,
And all is silent now, like sleep or death.

Phin. The tilting winds have stopt in full career,
And the fierce lightning now has broke his spear.

Sag. The appeas'd clouds now mildly kiss the shore

Of that bright sky they did assault before.

[*Noise is heard like an earthquake.*]

Matth. What frightful noise is that ?

Sag. In the earth's womb
The four imprison'd winds contend for room.

Matth. The shaking earth is seiz'd with
trembling pangs,
And on thin air the vaulting city hangs.

[*A small voice is heard.*

Phin. Hark ! a shrill voice beneath the altar
cries.

Sag. Some ominous bird sure through the Temple
flies.

[*The Prophet is discovered asleep by the altar.*

But ha ! see where the restless prophet's thrown :
That is the ominous bird, whose frightful tone
Fills all Jerusalem with panic fear.

What pow'ful demon has convey'd him there ?

Phin. The spirit of Ob, that in the wizard cries,
From whence he has his lying prophecies,
Seize on the shrieking owl ! shall he alone
Have rest, that lets Jerusalem have none ?

Matth. Forbear ! this creature, like a trumpet,
knows

No sound he gives ; it is Heaven's breath that blows.

[*Prophet wakes and rises.*

Proph. From the bright dwellings of the rising sun,
And from his resting place when day is done,
From the four winds and the earth's hollow womb,
A voice, a voice,—a dreadful voice is come ;
A voice against our elders, priests, and scribes,
Our city, temple, and our holy tribes ;
Against the bridegroom, and the joyful bride,
And all that in Jerusalem reside.

Woe, woe, woe !—

Phin. Stop, stop the witch !

Matth. Hold ! let him pass secure,
His raving soul does pain enough endure,
And his unconquer'd flesh no torment lacks,
H'as wearied torturers and torn the racks ;
As if unsoul'd, and acted by some power
That sent him here, as fate's ambassador.

Phin. No law of nations shou'd be his defence,
He seems an agent for some pestilence.

Matth. Begone, poor wretch, and seek thy own
repose !

And Heaven prepare us for these threaten'd woes.

Proph. Woe, woe, woe ! *[Ex. Prophet.*

Phin. He grates my ears with this unpleasant
sound :

But hark ! a voice does from the vault rebound.

*[A great voice is heard from under the stage like
a tube.*

Matth. A voice ! 'tis thunder, or some Pagan God
Groans here tormented, chace't from his abode.

[The voice cries, " Let us depart ! "

" Let us depart," the horrid voice does cry !

What art that call'st, and whither shou'd we fly ?

Phin. The Temple lives ! it mov'd before and
broke

The bars that fetter'd it, and now it spoke.

Matth. It rather dies ! and these affrightful
groans

Are its departing soul's contending moans.

*[The Veil flies open, and shews the Sanctum
Sanctorum.*

Matth. But oh ! retire ! the sacred curtain tears,
And all the Temple's bright third Heaven appears ;
And, to the prophanation of our eyes,
Exposes all the divine mysteries.

Sag. It seems as if the starry Heaven were rent,
And angels shone through the torn firmament.

Matth. And see ! one of that bright and heavenly
quire

Appears above, all clad in robes of fire ;
And now does from the golden roof descend,
Whilst the vaults groan, and yielding arches bend.

Sag. Let's fall upon our faces, lest we die.

Phin. Haste to the incense altar ! let us fly.

Matth. You may ! But I fix'd here will boldly
stay,

And hear what this strange messenger will say.

[*An Angel descends over the altar, and speaks.*

Ang. Stay, stay your flight, fond men ! Heav'n
does despise

All your vain incense, prayers, and sacrifice.

Now is arriv'd Jerusalem's fatal hour,

When she and sacrifice must be no more.

Long against Heaven hast thou, rebellious town,

Thy public trumpets of defiance blown ;

Didst open wars against thy Lord maintain,

And all his messengers of peace hast slain :

And now the hour of his revenge is come,

Thy weeks are finish'd, and thy slumb'ring doom,

Which long has laid in the divine decree,

Is now arous'd from his dull lethargie ;

His army's rais'd, and his commission seal'd,

His order's given, and cannot be repeal'd :

And now thy people, temple, altars, all

Must in one total desolation fall.

Heav'n will in sad procession walk the round,

And level all thy buildings with the ground ;

And from the soil, enrich'd with human blood,

Shall grass spring up where palaces have stood :

Where beasts shall feed, and a revenge obtain,

For all the thousands at thy altars slain.

And this once blessed house, where angels came

To bathe their airy wings in holy flame,

Like a swift vision or a flash of light,

All wrapt in fire, shall vanish in thy sight ;

And thrown aside amongst the common store,

Sink down in Time's abyss, and rise no more.

[*The Angel ascends.*

Matth. Oh, wondrous vision ! Oh, I faint with
fear !

Was it a human voice that fill'd my ear ?

A real sight that entertain'd my eye,
Or was I snatch'd into some extasy ?

Sag. Whether I dream't or died I cannot tell,
For yet more life does in a statue dwell.

Phin. I liv'd and wak'd, and with these stedfast
eyes

Saw the strange vision both descend and rise ;
And with a voice, that cou'd no ears deceive,
Heard it speak wonders more than I'll believe.

Matth. Did he not tell us, in a threat'ning tone,
Jerusalem's fatal hour was hast'ning on ?

As if that ours' and truth's eternal sun
Had but few minutes of his race to run,
And this bright Heaven shou'd then be taken down,
And among all Time's common trophies thrown ?

Phin. It did !

Matth. It must be some illusion then !

The starry Heav'n shall not so long remain.
Its basis cannot so much strength afford,
That stands on nature, this on nature's lord.
Nay, that depends on this—For d'ye suppose
Th' unwearied sun his daily progress goes,
And the earth's womb her various off-spring bears,
Only as vassals to idolaters ?

And yields her gums and spices to maintain
Some glutton's table, or some idol's fane ;
And heaven and earth round in a yoke should draw,
To grind for those that break their maker's law ?

Phin. No, 'tis for us that wait on his commands :
For us the world was made, for us it stands.

Matth. Yes, on these columns the whole arch is
bent,

This golden roof supports the firmament.
The sun with altar-flames adorns his head,
And from this oil the heav'nly lamps are fed ;
And all the order which in nature dwells
But dances to the sound of Aaron's bells.

That to say Heav'n will ruin on us send,
Is to declare the world is at an end,
And nature is disbanding all her powers ;
Then falls the Temple of the world, and ours.

Sag. If to tradition we may credit give,
Ages will roll about ere that arrive,
For yet two thousand years ere we are blest
With the Sabatick thousand years of rest.

Phin. Besides, we yet expect our promis'd King,
At whose approach a golden age must spring ;
And a long train of smiling years ensue,
When joyful nature shall her youth renew ;
And all the powers that now the earth invade,
Shall vanish each like a gigantic shade.
And the whole globe shall but two monarchs have,
Him, and the sun, his tributary slave.

Matth. Those things lye safe in promises divine,
As the rich gold lies ripening in the mine.
And, like the Babylonian pensile bowers,
They are borne aloft on never yielding towers :
Towers of firm truth which may our faith delight,
Tho' the fair gardens are above our sight.
Then whatsoe'er these things portend, we know,
Though famine, plague, and wars may lay us low,
The world may sink, but not one stone of these,
'Till faithful Heav'n performs his promises.
But come ! No sleep to-night shall close my eyes,
Go summon all the Sanhedrim to rise.
We'll find what fit constructions there can be
Of this strange sight, and stranger prophesie.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS.

Monob. Things of more wonder never fill'd my
eye !

Phraar. Nor ever mine a prettier novelty !

Monob. Novelty !

Phraar. Why ! must I astonisht prove,
To see by moon-light a few shadows move !

Monob. No, sir ! but these no common shadows
are.

Phraar. And that's the only cause you think
them rare.

Were thunder, lightning, an eclipse o' th' sun,
And all the feats by light and shadow done,
But once or twice in several ages shewn,
Mankind would all of 'em for wonders own :
Think gods appear'd, and fall upon the knee,
Each time, perhaps, they did a rain-bow see.

Monob. Nature frames those, these nature's
works surpass.

Phraar. Why more than shadows in a looking-
glass !

At first, no doubt, they did mankind surprise,
And they were judg'd stupendous prodigia.
There are strange births peculiar to each clime,
Monsters are bred out of Egyptian slime.
These may be natives of the Jewish air,
Bred of the fumes of sacrifice and prayer.

Monob. Yes ! did they slaughter men, we might
presume

Their souls might for revenge those shapes assume :
But the poor beast does perish in the flame,
And has no soul to play an after-game.

Phraar. But may not atoms meet which flames
disperse !

Revelling atoms made the universe.
Or may not num'rous heaps of victims slain,
Dislodge the transmigrated souls of men,
Which stript of the warm flesh they love to wear,
Get for the present some thin rags of air !
Or rather, spight of all our wisdom knows,
These may be real men we shapes suppose !

For all these spacious regions of the sky,
Can never waste like Lybian desarts lye.
Nature frames nothing for a vain intent,
And no doubt peoples every element.
The sea has mermaids, and the purer air
May nymphs of a more fine complexion bear ;
And these were jolly youths, who in our sight
Might celebrate some festival to-night :
For round the aiery plains their chariots drove,
As if they kept Olympian games above.

Monob. All this is raillery ! for if a throng
Of wand'ring tribes had there been planted long,
The busy people of our globe below
Had found, perhaps had conquer'd 'em ere now.
No, they are bubbles and have no abode,
And only speak the greatness of that God
Who guards this State, and do so strange appear,
I would my own weak little god cashier,
And this more mighty Jewish one adore,
But when I once have offered to a power,
To him, as to my King, I loyal prove,
Or to the friend or mistress that I love.

Phraar. And I to these so little credit give,
I scorn a god that by his tricks must live.
I from all shadows set my vassals free,
And plainly bid 'em fear no power but me.
But ha ! kind fortune to my arms does fly,
Th' accesses to the gardens open lye,
Where oft Clarona on the gods bestows
The hours design'd by nature for repose.
Some happiness is near, my heart forbodes,
I'll in and chace away my rival gods. [*Exit.*]

Monob. Oh ! that my rivals were as weak as
they !

The great, the brave Vespasian bars my way.
Glory and empire are to female blood
More tempting dang'rous rivals than a god. [*Exit.*]

The scene changes to a garden, CLARONA asleep.

Enter PHRAARTES.

Phraar. Oh ! whither love hast thou thy wand'rer led ?

My feet profane the ground on which they tread.
All the abstracted sweets in nature found,
Lye here together in a slumber bound.
No mortal can resist the charming bliss ;
This hand does ravish from my lips a kiss.

[Clarona wakes.

Clar. Save me, good spirits ! what shade is that
so nigh ? *[Starts at the sight of Phraartes.*

Phraar. No ghost, or shadow, but substantial I.

Clar. The King !

Phraar. Your slave ! may I your pardon gain,
That I your sacred privacy profane ?
Wand'ring in solitude the gardens round,
I all accesses hither open found.
Coming to sigh away the hours of night
Under your window ;—by the moon's pale light,
Who o'er your face her silver garment spread,
I found you slumb'ring on this rosy bed.
It was impossible from hence to go,
With wonder fixt to earth, I here might grow,
My root wou'd wantonly beneath you creep,
To suck the sweets of earth on which you sleep.
This I might do, shou'd I here longer stay,
Yet then as easily be torn away.

Clar. On the night's wonders gazing all alone,
Weary and pensive here I sate me down,
And to a gentle sleep resign'd my sense,
Not fearing this my servant's negligence.

Phraar. My stars contriv'd it thus to crown my
love,
And I their noble kindness will improve.

Now is the golden minute come at last,
The rich extraction of a thousand past,
Which like the patient chymist I have spent
In toil, and many a vain experiment.
And, oh ! my stars ! if now I let it go,
Never this blessing on me more bestow.

Clar. What does the King by this discourse
design ?

Phra. Oh ! youth and love will help you to divine.
What meaning did young Troylus display,
When to the Grecian tents where Cresseid lay,
From Troy in such a kind conspiring night
And hour as this, he stole to his delight ?
What meant Leander, when at such an hour
He labour'd through the waves to Hero's tower,
Whilst on the shore to ravish him she stood,
From the embraces of the faithless flood ?

Clar. Are you the King ?

Phra. Exalted by such bliss,
I am a god, and you my paradise.
Where e'er I wander pleasures crowd my way,
And I with every one a life cou'd stay.
Oh ! I cou'd dwell an age upon this hand ;
But shou'd I to those cheeks or lips ascend,
Such numerous delights my senses court,
To gather all eternity's too short.

Clar. What has this change in King Phraartes
made ?

Will he my ears with such discourse invade ?
He who approacht me with so great an awe,
Priests with less reverence near altars draw ;
That any thing was sacred did deny,
On earth, in nature, or in Heaven, but I.
What have I done that has my honour stain'd,
And made me now deserve to be profan'd ?

Phra. Can any temples be profan'd by prayer,
Or altars by the victims which they bear ?

Clar. By victims sinful and impure they may :
And only such you at my altars lay.

Phra. You wrong my innocent and spotless love.

Clar. Convince me of it, and from hence remove
Him who my ruin did attempt to-night,
I mean yourself, for ever from my sight.

Phra. From their foundations bid me mountains
tear,

Or hale a fixed star out of his sphere,
Remove the world, as soon I could obey,
As take myself from hence, whilst here you stay.
This is my Heav'n which I with toil attain,
And shall I now leap down to earth again ?
My arms for safety I around you spread,
Throw me from this high happiness I'm dead !

Clar. You on a precipice wou'd safely dwell,
But you wou'd strive to throw me down to hell.
You for my ruin are by hell design'd,
And chosen for it out of all mankind.
As having all their excellence and more,
By whom he thousands had subdu'd before :
The serpent in your figure, I believe,
Stole into Paradise and ruin'd Eve :
With such a pleasing tongue he spoke his suit,
And with such hands bestow'd the fatal fruit.
That to put all his troops at once to flight,
I must for ever banish you my sight.

Phra. Hell and his troops into destruction go,
My love of their designs does nothing know :
My love's intentions generous have been ;
But if for you to love again be sin,
Be sav'd ! pursue the joys you call divine ;
Attain your Heav'n, though I despair of mine.
But pray let me be sav'd a little too,
The Heav'n I cannot compass let me view.

Clar. No, sir, in pity I deny your prayer,
Why shou'd I keep you in a scorching air,

When I no ease or pleasure can bestow ?
If to a cooler clime you will not go,
The sun whose heat does your diseases breed,
Tan your fair virtues, and your torments feed,
Thus, sir, I will for ever cloud from you ;
This I am bound in charity to do.

Phra. Spare your compassion, and unveil'd remain,

I am your enemy and beg for pain.
Let not so great a sinner torment want.

Clar. Beg nothing of me, for I'll nothing grant.

Phra. What, not to see you ? are those beauties made

To pine and wither in a barren shade ?

Clar. Ask me no more, I will no more reply.—

Phraar. And will you then one parting view deny ?—

Sun rise no more, for ever quench thy light,
For now the world has nothing worth our sight.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter JOHN, ELEAZAR, PHARISEES, &c.

Eleaz. How ! for these several hours in council sate ?

John. Close in a tower with guards at every gate :

All their designs they hide ; but it is said,
Some tender lambs must be to slaughter led.

1 *Phyfar.* With blood of saints he stains the holy chair,
He is a tyrant and idolater.

John. I fear through frailty he too much inclinea,
 And am in doubt some impious thing designs ;
 Nay, am assur'd—Nay, since it must be known,
 The horrid villany's already done !—
 Vespasian is our sovereign lord declar'd,
 And crowns of gold are for his head prepar'd.
 Nay, at an hour when all in sleep lay drown'd,
 A guard in secret brought an image crown'd :
 His head a gilded wreath of laurel wore,
 His face Vespasian's proud resemblance bore.
 'Tis in the palace hid, but they design
 At his approach it shall in public shine ;
 Stand in the temple, and our laws defy,
 And all that will not bow to it shall die.

Eleaz. Oh horrid ! horrid ! well, oh stormy air !
 For divine vengeance may'st thou troops prepare.

2 *Phar.* It is a plot I plainly understand,
 To murder all the zealous of the land.

John. Heaven knows with grief I stain his mitred hairs :

Who lays me near him as the robes he wears.
 But in my soul it did impatience breed,
 To think the sheep should by the shepherd bleed :
 To see the Temple by the priest defil'd :
 Nay more, to see the father kill the child,
 And if myself unfaithful I proclaim,
 In saving it, I'll glory in my shame.

Eleaz. Appease your soul, if this can treason be,
 'Tis holy falsehood, pious treachery.

John. But yet all falsehood has the face of ill.

1 *Phar.* In a good cause 'tis but religious skill.

John. Nay, to preserve the choice ones of the land,
 I'd be the earth on which their tower should stand :

For though our lights by various names we call,
 Like jewels still there's beauty in us all.

And though like brethren 'mong'st ourselves we fight,
'Gainst foster-fathers we can all unite.

Eleaz. No more! we'll have his blood. The tyrant
dies!

The priest shall be the morning sacrifice.

2 Phar. He does the priestly diadem defile,
And we'll avenge the consecrated oil.

John Nay, since your zeal's inflam'd, I'll lead
you on,

And with my aid my former guilt atone;
For friendship's sake I did the cause betray,
But now I will the heavenly call obey.
A brazen image stands before my eyes;
Revenge! revenge! a voice within me cries,
Kill, kill these curst apostates, who design
To set hell's standard 'midst the camp divine.
Spare not a man who in his list is found,
Who spares a traitor does religion wound.

Eleaz. I'm thirsty for their blood!

1 Phar. And I!

2 Phar. And I!

3 Phar. To eat their flesh were holy gluttony.

John. It were! and Heaven no doubt would
bless the meal,
Such unclean beasts we might devour with zeal.
But their foul flesh shall not be so preferr'd;
In craws and paunches it shall be interr'd.
They have no right to any other tomb,
Nor shall defile Jerusalem's sacred womb.

Eleaz. Their souls renounce the gardens of the just,
Nor shall their bodies here pollute their dust.

1 Phar. But when shall we attempt this blessed
deed?

How many swords? what forces do we need?

2 Phar. For they are strong, and keep an hourly
guard,

And our poor Idumean friends, debarr'd

From aiding us, under their bucklers lye,
Besieg'd by all the fury of the sky.

John. Ask you for aid, when you Heav'n's service
do ?

We are too strong, th' idolaters too few.
We have our cause, our innocence, and prayer,
Nay, we have armies mustering in the air !
And are to arms invited from above,
The winds are join'd to represent our love.
Troops rendezvous'd in clouds to shew from
whence,

In our distress, we may expect defence.
A fire shone round the Temple to declare,
Pure Reformation is enkindled there.
The brazen gates untouch'd were seen to move,
To let us know the gates of divine love
Were opening to us, if we'll enter in,
And now Jerusalem's glory does begin.

Eleaz. Oh ! blessed hour ! and yet more blessed
we,

Who in this work the instruments shall be.

1 *Phar.* We are too few the sweet rewards to
share.

2 *Phar.* They will be more than human strength
can bear.

Eleaz. Nay, we to farther aid have no pre-
tence,

But yet our friends, that come for our defence,
May, of our mighty deeds, spectators be.

John. They shall admittance have in charity.
Not that in such a cause their swords we need :
A cause that will reward each drop we bleed.
Sinners who die in it may, at the price
Of a few traitors' heads, buy Paradise.
Has any here——
Defil'd a sister, or a father slain ?
A traitor's blood will wash away the stain.

And if to sinners such rewards accrue,
What joys, what pleasures will be shower'd on you,
Who are all saints,

Omn. All, all !

Eleaz. I am in pain !

My breast cannot my furious zeal contain.

John. And now, my friends, when Providence
shall deal

Rewards and blessings to your faithful zeal ;

And you shall make division as you please,

O' th' hoarded wealth of richest palaces ;

Oh, do not cast a hot and lustful eye

Upon the Temple, if she naked lye,

And her bright gold should on your fingers
smile ;

Take heed ! for that will all the rest defile.

Phar. Oh, doubt us not !

John. Still barring all constraint ;

For nothing is so sacred as a saint.

And in our own defence we may make bold,

Serving our master, with our master's gold.

ONE enters.

But see ! the spy we at the palace plac'd,
To watch the Sanhedrim, returns in haste.

Mess. O, sirs ! to arms ! a voice from Heaven
calls !

From foggy clouds a sleepy unguent falls :

And some good angel round the palace flies,

And with it has anointed all their eyes ;

But to the priests does double portions give,

That nothing in the palace seems to live ;

But a few pining lamps, that burn so dim,

They seem as drowsy as the Sanhedrim.

John. 'Tis plain, Heav'n aids our holy cause, and
sends

A spirit to bind their hands, and help his friends.

2d Phar. If we with speed these traitors not
destroy,
Angels will do't, and rob us of the joy.

3d Phar. Haste, haste! let us go fire the palace
straight.

John. No! first assist our friends without the gate.
Both shelter and revenge will now be good.

Eleaz. Yes! let them warm themselves with
traitors' blood.

3d Phar. But will not the strong gate despise
our pains?

'Tis clad in iron, and girded round with chains.

John. Fear not, I can the sacred tools produce,
Kept in the tower for the Temple's use,
And they can force it open in a trice,
With as much ease as prayer does Paradise.

Eleaz. Haste, haste! the cocks have thrice alarm'd
the dawn,
And night's black chariot, as by whirl-winds
drawn,

Drives on to its last stage in solemn state,
Whilst raging storms on her retinue wait.
Now whilst the tempest rocks the drowsy town,
Oh! let the heavenly work with speed be done.

2 Phar. Now is the time! their souls, like flocks
of sheep,
Are kept for sacrifice in folds of sleep.

1 Phar. The talking echoes can convey no noise,
The busy tempest all the air employs.

Enter ONE with iron bars and tools.

John. See! see! the blessed instruments are
come!

Now sinners hasten your eternal doom.
Hell will be crowded with the numerous flight
Of unclean birds we shall unperch to night.
To arms!

All. To arms, to arms !

John. But first let's swear,
That each shall equally the danger share.
By Jerusalem ! [*All lift up their hands.*]

All. By Jerusalem !

John. By the Temple !

All. By the Temple !

John. By the altar !

All. By the altar !

John. By the most binding oath which we can
swear,

By Corban ! the divine oblation there.

All. By Corban !

John. Now let each draw his consecrated sword,
Corban's the oath, and liberty the word.

So if I now succeed in this design, [*Aside.*]

One more religious lie, the mitre's mine. [*Exeunt.*]

[*A noise of breaking locks and forcing gates.*]

*The scene is drawn, and MATTHIAS, SAGAN,
PHINEAS, and the whole Sanhedrim are re-
presented sitting asleep, lamps burning, and
the guards asleep at the gate.*

The ghost of HEROD arises.

Ghost. Cries, shrieks, and groans from a lament-
ing crowd,
The air fill'd with wandering souls, the streets with
blood !

In seas of fire the falling buildings drown'd ;
In chains of sleep the priests for slaughter bound,
Fit pleasure for a tyrant's ghost, like me :—
Worthy my pilgrimage from hell to see.
Sleep on, you damn'd tormentors of mankind,
That human souls in airy fetters bind,
And all their little pleasures dearly sell,
And will not let 'em go in peace to hell.

And thou, proud town, who styl'st thy self
 divine,
 Queen of the world, Heav'n's earthly concubine,
 Who all his favour to thy self hast gain'd,
 Art at th' expence of miracles maintain'd,
 And fill'st the gazing world with panic fears,—
 Tremble ! for see within thy walls appears,
 The brightest vision of this threat'ning night,—
 The ghost of Herod the great Edomite !
 Greatest of all abandon'd Esau's line,
 Who in thy throne once royally did shine,
 Ravish thy beauty, and thy lord disgrace,
 And took his mistress to my own embrace ;
 And not contented to defile his bed,
 His altars rob'd, and on his victims fed ;
 Revell'd in blood, and did his power despise,
 And in contempt of all his prophecies,
 Plac'd Esau's chains of slavery on thee,
 And soundly scourg'd old Jacob's treachery :
 Then with mock penitence for all my guilt,
 To my own glory I thy Temple built :
 Now all the ills in life I could not do,
 I a malicious tortur'd ghost pursue.
 Lash me, ye furies ! blow th' infernal fire !—
 Fill me with rage, that I may now inspire
 My nation with the spirit on't refin'd,
 And pour it scalding into every mind.
 And, you gull'd priests, invoke no more Heav'n's
 aid,
 He has you all into my power betray'd ;
 And I'll go whet the Idumean swords,
 And nobly banquet the infernal birds.
 They flock about, and heaps of carrion smell,
 I'll make to-night a jubilee in hell. [Exit.
*[The Ghost goes out, and noise of clashing of swords,
 shrieking and knocking at the gate is heard, at
 which they all awake.]*

Matth. In what dark cave has all our souls been bound ?

Phin. Or in what drowsy labyrinth wand'ring round ?

Sag. Rather to what infernal dungeon led,
Guarded with fiends, and haunted with the dead ;
For I have been with droves of souls pursu'd,
Chas'd hot, and reeking from warm flesh and blood.

Phin. I nothing dream'd but was securely laid,
As void of sense as e'er my soul was made ;
Yet, as my dawning soul began to rise,
Methoughts I knocking heard, and distant cries ;
And from the ground a sulph'rous vapour broke,
That form'd itself into a shape, and spoke.

Matth. A guard of spirits walk'd to-night the round,
And all our souls in sleepy-fetters bound,
Benumb'd with fatal slumbers by degrees.
We seem'd like an old grove of sapless trees,
Whose vegetative souls in winter creep
To their warm roots, and there securely sleep.

[*A noise within.*

But, hark ! a martial noise begins to rise !

Phin. Loud knockings at the gate.

Sag. And horrid cries !

[*They all as amaz'd look out several ways, and return.*

Arm ! arm ! the court's beset ; a furious tide
Of fighting crowds beat up on every side.

Phin. The streets with glittering spears are
planted round,
And bloody rivers water all the ground.

Matth. And see where Esau's sons' proud banners
fly,
And from the Temple walls the town defy.

Sag. We are betray'd, and the angelic pow'rs
Forsook their guard to-night about these towers.
What shall be done in a distress so great !

Phin. What else, but fly with speed to some
retreat !

Matth. How ? shall I fear of these vile rebels
shew ?

Rather to meet their impious rage I'll go.

Sag. Alas ! they seek your life, nor can y' oblige
Men, whose devotion lies in sacrilege.

Matth. Heaven's will be done ! But better I
were slain,

Than I my self my diadem profane ;
Whose glory should I stain with sordid fears,
My sacrilege wou'd be as great as their's.

Phin. I see no cause why we should vainly fight,
To guard those sacred things Heav'n seems to slight.

Matth. If Heav'n's pleas'd t' abandon their de-
fence,

I'll guard them in the room of Providence.

JOHN ELEAZAR, *and their party now break into
the room with drawn swords, and chase
MATTHIAS, &c., off the stage, who retreat fight-
ing as into some other rooms of the palace,
and shut the door to hinder John's pursuit.*

Matth. My guards ! [*Exeunt Matth., Sag., Phin., &c.*
Omnes. Pursue !

John. So quick retreat they've found.

Eleaz. Fire this accursed building to the ground !
This filthy nest that does all lewdness hide,
Ambition, avarice, hot lust, and pride,
The earth no longer shall this burden bear.

John. And greater lewdnesses are harbour'd
here ;
Vespasian's image, and his goddess both,
Queen Berenice, that Romish-Ashtaroth :

That fair abomination, to whose eyes
The tyrant offers daily sacrifice.

Eleaz. Burn 'em together, let their dust repair
To play and dally in the wanton air.

1 *Phar.* Fire it ! our time let us no longer lose.

2 *Phar.* And see his trait'rous head the tyrant
shews !

MATTH., SAG., PHIN., *appear in the balcony.*

Matth. You, impious rebels all, which here I see,
Sons of confusion, blood, and cruelty ;
Born for our nation's and religion's shame,
That would extirpate your own tribe and name,
Have wrought such ills, that even the rising sun
Startles to see the villanies y' have done ;
What cruel devil does your hearts inspire
To all these ills ? what is it you desire ?

Eleaz. Traitor ! Our country's freedom and thy
blood.

1 *Phar.* And Cæsar's image here, thy molten god.

Matth. What molten god ?—what image ?

Phin. This is plain

The cursed image of some lying brain.

Eleaz. This pious man can all your doubts re-
move,

And, tyrant, to thy face, thy treasons prove.

Matth. Villain, more false than hell !—Dost thou
at last

Add this bold lie to all thy treasons past ? [*To John.*

John. Oh, dares this man thus confidently plead ?
Merciful Heav'n that will not strike him dead !

Eleaz. Boldly reply ! [*To John.*

John. Now impudence thy aid. [*Aside.*

And are you not, bad man ! of Heav'n afraid ?

Do you not every hour expect at least

Heav'n with your tribe the hungry earth should
feast ?

Its qualmish stomach with cold meat is cloy'd,
 Not one warm meal since Corah's time enjoy'd.
 But now a dish is drest, and I should fear,
 But for these holy men, to stand so near.
 Into my soul what great disorders creep !
 Zeal makes me rage, and pity makes me weep.
 An aged man, a priest, and once my friend !
 But in truth's cause all these distinctions end.

Matth. And dar'st thou with so little fear or shame
 Thy predecessor rebel Corah name,
 And not expect his fate should be thy own,
 Whose treasons are so much by thine out-done ?
 Oh, hungry Earth ! to thy repast with speed !
 But spare your tears, and to your proofs proceed.

John. Then did not I in several persons' sight,
 In the first month, on the third watch of night ?—
 But was it I ? that I should e'er descend
 To so much frailty to oblige a friend !
 To my own goodness I am made a prey ;
 I am too meek, too ready to obey !
 But did not I, to all the guards unknown,
 Convey by night an image into town ?
 And when I wept, and did the thing oppose,
 You smil'd, and said, let us delude our foes,
 And play with that Leviathan a while,
 We by these arts shall all his pow'r beguile.
 But shall not we deceive ourselves, said I ?
 No strength or wisdom like integrity !
 Then weeping you replied, Alas ! 'tis true :
 But yet the foe is strong ; what shall we do ?
 Good Heav'n, I hope, will no advantage take,
 If we should sin a little for his sake ;
 Then as I trembling stood, and wept and pray'd,
 You are too tender, humble John, you said.
 But, ah, said I again !—

Matth. No more, no more !—
 In pity to thy injur'd soul, give o'er ;—

Thy shameless lies have manhood so defam'd,
 Of human nature I am almost asham'd ;
 And did not some the port of it maintain,
 We might conceive mankind were made in vain,
 Nay even admire why Heav'n such pains should

take,
 Mischievous tools of dirty clay to make.

But to thy impudent unmanly lie,

My guards and javelins shall with speed reply.

*[Matthias, &c., go out of the balcony, and John, &c.,
 break open the door, after which a noise of
 fighting is heard ; then,*

*Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS as disturb'd with
 the noise, and newly waked.*

Phra. What fierce and horrid sounds thus early
 fill

My deaf'ned ears ? or am I dreaming still ?

For, snatch'd by sleep into an ambuscade,

I've all this night with charms and visions play'd.

Monob. And mighty weights my soul a pris'ner
 kept,

As if beneath some mountain I had slept.

Phra. This is some magic place, where spirits
 fly,

Where every night the trees all blasted die ;

And men like watches are in pieces ta'en,

And set together in the morn again.

Well might the almost immortal natives here

Preserve their vigour to the thousandth year ;

Since every night their bodies were not worn,

But gently lapt and folded up till morn.

But what bold spirits durst so saucy be,

To try these damn'd experiments on me ?

But, hark ! a noise within, like clash of arms !

Monob. Palace and city fill'd with strange alarms.

[Monobazus looks within.

What vision's that presented to my eyes,
 The court with bleeding bodies cover'd lyes !
 The brave high-priest amidst a guard does stand,
 Offering victims up with his own hand
 To this fair palace's offended gods,
 By impious slaves disturb'd in their abodes.

Phra. They are some warlike shapes in masquerade.

Monob. Now toward the Temple they retreat have made.

Phra. Fortune my sword's fair concubine does prove

As false to me as Juno does to Jove !
 Entice with sleepy charms my sense away,
 Whilst she with others does the strumpet play.
 So Jove on Ida charm'd, the Trojans fled,
 But when the god rose from his flow'ry bed,
 And look'd abroad out of his golden tent,
 The Greeks their saucy valour did repent :
 The wanton sorceress, now I am awake,
 Shall to my injur'd sword again give back
 The stolen favours she to every slave,
 During the minutes of my slumbr'ing gave. [*Exit.*

Monob. Yes, Fortune shall repent her clownish pride,

In scorn of Princes thus with slaves to side. [*Exit.*
 [*They go off, and after a little fighting without,*

*Enter, in their night-gowns, as in a fright, QUEEN
 BERENICE, CLARONA, SEMANDRA, and PHEDRA.*

Q. Beren. Must I be murder'd then without delay ?

And do the slaves my kindness thus repay ?
 Did I, like some good angel from above,
 Come from the heav'n of glory and of love,
 To help these wretches in their deep despair,
 And do the envious fiends such malice bear ?

They rather trebly will augment their pain,
Than I shall see my paradise again.

Clar. My father to his foes by Heav'n resign'd ;
This to contending nature seems unkind :
But I'll not dare to pass too harsh a sense
On any ways of Divine Providence.
So many crowns our sufferings here attend,
None for such interest wou'd refuse to lend.
But see ! the Sagan and Prince Phineas here !
But oh, distractions in their looks appear.

*Enter discoursing, and in great haste, as escap'd from
the fight, SAGAN and PHINEAS.*

Sag. Ah, madam ! all is lost ! the sacred man,
By heav'n deserted, is a pris'ner tane.
Inspir'd with a devout and glorious pride
To guard that heav'n, who him its aid denied.
A brave retreat he to the Temple made,
To conquer there, or perish in its aid.
A living rampire for a while he stood,
And moated round the sacred place with blood :
The Temple trembl'd and the lamps burnt dim,
Shook with the dangers that assaulted him ;
Whilst unconcern'd he on his guard did wait,
More fixt and steadfast than the brazen gate ;
Enduring thus a hot and furious siege,
And even sham'd the heav'n he did oblige :
But e'er the king, who like a whirlwind flew,
Tearing down groves of the seditious crew,
Through thick and stubborn crowds cou'd make
his way,
The rebels had secur'd the noble prey.

Clar. A fall like to his life renown'd and great,
And does the story of his fame complete.

Q. Beren. Then we are lost, this cursed hour
will prove
The fatal period of my life and love.

Clar. What I divin'd! now all my hopes are
gone,
And my great father's glorious race is run.
How fares the King?

Phin. A sea of armed foes
That Monarch like a flaming isle enclose.

Sag. Waste no more precious time complain-
ing here,
But to our friends our quick assistance bear!

[*Exeunt Phin., Sag.*]

Q. Beren. And am I thrown into the rebels'
power,
And must I never see Vespasian more?
It cannot be decreed! I rave, I rave!
Nature no warning at our parting gave!
The air wou'd sure have sigh'd, the caves have
moan'd,
The clouds have wept, the hollow mountains
groan'd;

All friends of love wou'd have exprest their fear
Of two so kind, so constant, and so dear:
Nature wou'd then have had convulsive pains,
And blood have startled out from both our veins.

Clar. Alas! too little care you did express
Of so much love, and so much happiness.
Why wou'd you thrust yourself into a den
Of beasts, who only have the shapes of men?

Q. Beren. I came not here to offer you a peace,
The Roman power and glory to increase;
To add to empire was not my design,
Though I may hope one day it will be mine;
All my ambitions do no higher rise,
Than at a smile from my Vespasian's eyes:
But 'twas from him all danger to remove,
Danger, the mighty rival to my love:
Danger, that does enjoy him more than I,
To whom from me he every hour does fly;

Leaps to her arms, and I'm afraid one day
The harpy will devour the glorious prey.

Clar. Heaven's special providence will watch to
save,

For universal good, a man so brave.

Q. Beren. You are a stranger to a lover's fears,
They dangers spy whose shadow scarce appears.
In camp how do I pass the day in frights,
In horrid dreams and broken sleep the nights ?
With my own cries myself I often wake,
And waking, joy to find out my mistake :
Then in a sound and pleasing sleep I fall ;
But in the morning for my lord I call :
How does my lord ? to every one I cry,
If any look with a dejected eye ;
But sad or pale, for no reply I stay,
Conclude my lord is slain, and faint away.

Clar. If such vain terrors so much torment
breed,

What wou'd you do, if he were hurt indeed ?

Q. Beren. What do the wounded and the dying
do ?

Love joins in one what are in nature two :
The breasts of lovers but one soul contain,
Which equally imparts delight or pain.
Once he on danger did too strongly press ;—
For he has all great virtues in excess ;
In gallant things endures no mean degree,
But loves and fights still in extremity ;—
When, oh ! he wounded did return from fight,
You may conceive th' effect of such a sight.
My sorrows violence no tongue can tell,
Thrice in my women's arms all cold I fell ;
And only was to wretched life again
Tormented, by the throbbing of his pain.
Hourly I watch'd by him both night and day,
And never mov'd, but when I swoon'd away.

My eye for ever fixt on him I kept,
Nor lost the sight of him, but when I wept :
In all his pains I groan'd, his fevers burn'd,
Nor found I health or ease till his return'd.

Clar. Are these the sympathies that kindest
prove ?

Then I, I fear, have the disease of love.
At the brave King the darts and javelins fly,
But it is I am hurt, and I that die.

Q. Beren. And has victorious love, so long sup-
prest,
Obtain'd at length dominion in your breast ?

Clar. If pity can be love, then I confess
I love that valiant Monarch to excess.

Q. Beren. Under compassion you wou'd love dis-
guise,

There is no hiding love from lovers' eyes.

Clar. Perhaps I love, I scarce the difference
know,

But pity's all that I shall ever show.

Q. Beren. Your father's fate requires so great a
share

Of grief and pity, you have none to spare.

Clar. I rather triumph in my father's fate,
Since heavenly glories on his sufferings wait :
But the poor King has no one to repay
The royal life for me he throws away.

Q. Beren. Oh ! did he know you lov'd, he could
not die,

No more than those who enter heavenly joy.

Clar. Know it he may, enjoy it never can ;
'Twixt my embraces and that glorious man,
Religious vows have wider distance made,
Than if there were whole worlds betwixt us laid.

Q. Beren. Were worlds betwixt you, bigger all
than this,

Love o'er 'em all would mount, to fly to bliss,

Millions of leagues that hawk his airy spies,
And wheresoe'er you perch him, home he flies.

Clar. He must not fly within religion's grounds.

Q. Beren. Nor ought religion to invade his
bounds.

Come, to some tower let's ourselves betake,
Where each of us a brave defence will make,
Less for her own, than for her lover's sake.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Temple.

*After a noise of fighting, enter JOHN, ELEAZER, and
the PHARISEES, leading MATTHIAS bound.*

Eleaz. Kill, kill the priest ! to save whose cursed
head

The blood of saints is so profusely shed !

1 Phar. Make the bold heathen King his rage
repent,

Fix the priest's head upon the battlement !

John. Yes, sir, you die ! you have a tyrant bin.

Eleaz. Bane of religion !

2 Phar. A support of sin !

John. Greedy of wealth !

Eleaz. Ambitious and profane !

3 Phar. Enslaving us that you alone might reign.

1 Phar. Despising all that our traditions own.

John. Hater of zeal, because yourself had none.

Eleaz. Patron of all that to your side you gain,
Proselyte, Gentile, or Samaritan.

2 Phar. And that, for which you most deserve
to die,

An open favourer of idolatry.

3 *Phar.* Yes, sir ! for power you would to Rome
have sold

Our Temple, altars, and our sacred gold ;
And plac'd their idols here, provided you
Might have been made a mighty idol too.

John. Rome was the idol which you worship'd
here,

Your Dagon, Ashtaroth, and Baal-Peor.

Eleaz. You are her priest, she plac'd you in the
chair.

1 *Phar.* These are her robes and ornaments you
wear.

2 *Phar.* And to your mighty Moloch's bloody
shrine,

You did our lives in sacrifice design.

Matth. Amazing impudence !

John. Come, do not fly

To such vain trifles, but prepare to die :

They will not here so easily believe,

Let not vain hopes of life your soul deceive ;

For though I to your crimes express some hate,

I have a Jewish charity for that.

Matth. Oh Heavens !—

John. What still in this disorder keep ?

Alas ! the doleful object makes me weep !

An aged man !—nay more, a reverend priest !

At his last hour in falsehood thus persist ?

Eleaz. Tears for such sinners ought not to be
spilt.

3 *Phar.* His age and office aggravates his guilt.

1 *Phar.* A priest sell Heav'n a little power to
gain ?

Eleaz. A priest so proud ?

John. An aged man so vain ?

Matth. Oh ! divine goodness lend my spirit
power,

To rule itself in this tempestuous hour.

Eleaz. Come, bind his eyes !

Matth. What ! in the Temple too ?

To Heaven itself is there no reverence due ?

2 *Phar.* You talk of Heaven !

Eleaz. You sacriledge reprove,
When if not hinder'd by the power above,
A tyrant's image had defil'd this place !

John. So much dissembling in that aged face !

3 *Phar.* Mock Heaven the instant you expect to
die !

John. Do you the being of that power deny ?
Methinks if conscience no respect can gain,
Shame before me a little should restrain.
Do not I know ?—Oh, that I ne'er had known ;
It costs me many a most bitter groan.

Eleaz. Grieve not your self, your cause needs no
defence.

John. Oh ! divine gift of useful impudence !

Matth. Oh ! glorious being ! For thy honour's
sake, [Aside.

Some swift revenge on these apostates take.

Eleaz. Come to the work—Let us no longer
wait !

But see ! the Gentile King has forc'd the gate.

Omnes. We are betray'd !

*PHRAARTES, GUARD, enter, and pursue the rebels,
who retire and shut the door after them.*

Phra. What horrid sight is this ?

[Sees Matthias bound ready to die.

To what curst demon is this sacrifice ?

Pursue, pursue the dogs !—

Phia. This cursed tower

Secures the bloody rebels from our power.

Phra. Fire it ! let flames the savage villains chase.

Phin. It lodges, sir, too near this sacred place.

Phra. The sacred place ! there can be no such thing ;

The world has nothing sacred but a King.
I am prophan'd, and I revenge will have.

Matth. O truth ! why dwell'st thou not in souls so brave ?

Calm, sir, your royal soul ! your just desire
Heav'n will pursue, with swifter wings than fire.
Their crying sins that sleepy vengeance wake,
Which mounted, soon their troops shall overtake.
But oh, what crowns in Heav'n are forming now,
By angels' hands, for our preserver's brow !

Phra. Oh ! my good father ! there was once an hour,

When you had greater treasure in your power :
Now you may turn me off to Heav'n for pay,
For all this treasure you have given away.

Matth. When I enjoy'd this wealth I do not know,
Nor yet to whom I did this bounty show !

Phra. Nay, it is that that makes my grief extreme,
You have bestow'd it on a cloud, a dream.
An empty shadow does my hopes destroy :
Were he a mortal did the gift enjoy,
With kingdoms I would hire him to resign,
Or spite of him my sword should make it mine.
But like Cambyzes here I madly stand,
To fight with winds, and conquer flying sand :
Roving imaginations of the mind,
That fly around the world, and reason blind.
Forgive my words, forc't from me by my pain ;
'Tis of religion, father, I complain,
And your fair daughter is the gift I mean.

Matth. Has she the subject of this wonder been ?
Is that the prize shou'd be so dearly bought,
A poor and humble maid below your thought ?
She to religion may her self bestow,
Who has no taste of any thing below.

And say religion, sir, shou'd nothing be,
Then nothing best with nothing will agree ;
And she so little feels the joys of sense,
She's next to nothing in indifference.
What shou'd she do with subjects, and a throne,
Who half her life is on her knees alone ?
She to a lover will give small delight,
Who wastes in prayer two watches of the night.
Besides, she beauty wants a throne to grace,
And fill with pleasures such a King's embrace.

Phra. Good father, you are skill'd in things
above,
Leave beauty to be judg'd by youth and love.

*Enter CLARONA, PHEDRA, WOMEN, attended with a
Guard.*

Clar. Are my prayers heard, do I my father see?
And is he safe from rebels' cruelty ?

Matth. By this great King's protection yet I live,
To whom next Heav'n thou must thy praises give ;
And, wou'd religion with her title part,
On whom thou oughtest to bestow thy heart.
Oh ! daughter, we his kindness ill repay ;
He gives us joy, and we take his away.

Phra. Yes, madam ! I in insolence improve ;
For now in spight of your commands I love.
Sentence of banishment on me you laid,
And I some trials of obedience made :
But all my strife with mighty love was vain,
It did compel me to return again,
And fix my self on you, my place of rest ;
You I must love, and in your love be blest.

Clar. Still do those thoughts your mighty mind
pursue ?

Alas ! they torture me now more than you.
Before it was the Parthian King did crave,
But now the Prince who did my father save.

He asks my love, to whom my life I owe ;
 Sir, ask me anything I can bestow,
 If then I prove to your entreaties rude,
 Call me a monster of ingratitude.

Phraar. For the too cruel doom to me decreed,
 I know you nature and religion plead ;
 That both have firmly against love combin'd,
 Nature has made it hateful to your mind,
 Religion has deform'd it into sin ;
 But, madam, I am all a storm within :
 My reason cannot hear one word you say ;
 My raging love blows all the sound away.

Matth. Pity such stormy passions, sir, shou'd
 blow

In a brave heart, where such great virtues grow.

Clar. With love so generous I could comply,
 Did not religion and my vows deny.

Phraar. No more to me that dream religion
 name,

On more substantial causes lay the blame :
 Say I have something does your hatred move,
 Or that I am not worthy of your love :
 That I'm a banish'd King, and want a crown,
 And have not yet reveng'd my wrong'd renown.
 Say this, and I will satisfied remain,
 'Till I my honour right, my Empire gain,
 'Till Rome, nay, 'till the captive world I bring
 To beg you to have pity on their King.

Clar. Sir, for your love, no beauty upon earth
 But might adore the stars that rul'd their
 birth.

In you, sir, all their longings may be crown'd :
 Do they love glory ? here 'tis to be found ;
 If valour ? never was a man so brave ;
 If love ? here's all that they can wish to have ;
 If noble form ? here they may please their sight,
 With all that is in nature exquisite.

Phraar. Can you say all these things, and love deny?

Clar. I at this price eternal glory buy.

Phraar. Eternal glory!—oh! that sounding word!
Did it the joy of one hour's love afford,
Or what a minute's pleasing dream bestows,
Then you gain'd something for the joys you lose
But do not sacrifice me to a sound,
Where no delight or meaning can be found.

Matth. Your royal soul has only yet perus'd
The book of nature, which is all confus'd:
Religion shews you more of heavenly good,
Than ever nature taught or understood.

Clar. Or truth or falsehood which so e'er it be,
If I believe it, it is truth to me.

Then, sir, forgive me if I dare not love,
I dare not to religion faithless prove.
Suppose, sir, I had vow'd myself to you,
Would you be willing I shou'd prove untrue?
And if I break my vows with powers above,
Consider I may then prove false to love.

Phraar. Then give to Heav'n the soul which you
have vow'd,
But let these beauties be on love bestow'd.
Let me enjoy those hands, those lips, those eyes,
Which only flesh and blood know how to prize,
And will not Heaven's estate at all impair,
And I will be contented with my share.

Clar. All is religion's.

Phraar. Do not tell me, all!—

Clar. It is too late my vows, sir, to recall.

Phraar. All or not all, Heaven's right retain or
give;
Love must have something that he may but live.

Clar. What, father, can be done?

Matth. I do not know,
Fain wou'd I pay the mighty debt we owe.

Clar. Me from my birth yourself to altars vowed.

Matth. But by the law redemption is allowed.

Phraar. Oh ! blessed news ! Some hope is drawing nigh,

Can I her freedom with my Kingdom buy ?

Matth. Much lower price will do it—keep your crown,

Heav'n needs it not, the world is all his own.

Clar. I've vow'd myself.

Matth. That is as I allow :

Subjects and children have no right to vow.

When Kings or parents their consent deny,

A solemn league is solemn villany.

But oh ! I gave you my consent with joy.

Phra. Oh ! do not now my infant hopes destroy !

Matth. Alas ! my reason no more aid can lend.

Phra. How long shall I with shadows here contend ?

I'm kept a pris'ner in religious rules, [*Aside.*

And holy laws, the common jail of fools.

That I cou'd travel to some happy star,

Or other worlds remov'd from this so far,

Where the great bell religion is not heard,

Nor men out of the use of reason scar'd ;

Where happy souls enjoy unbroken rests,

And have not their delights disturb'd by priests,

Who daily tolling of this bell are found,

And no man lives out of the frightful sound.

Matth. I see I'm thrust on ill, deny or grant !

I must rob heaven, or let you starve for want.

Men are all cruelty, but Heav'n will spare,

I'll trust him, and religious sufferings bear.

Take her ! but know I steal from wealth divine,

And for your use the gold of altars coin.

Clar. Who gave my being may of me dispose,
I yield the gift a father's right bestows.

Phra. Soul! summon all thy force thy joy to bear,

Whilst on this hand eternal love I swear.

Clar. Now I am wholly at the king's commands,
I kneel and beg most humbly at his hands,
My joy, my peace, my everlasting crown,
All which I've humbly at his feet laid down.

Phra. What means my Queen? what is it she
would have?

Clar. What I have sworn to carry to my grave,
And must, or perish in its just defence,
I mean my spotless virgin innocence.

Phra. Was e'er such a request to lover made?
Think you that such commands can be obey'd?

Clar. Yes, or for ever I must wretched prove!

Phra. Ask not, unless you think I do not love.

Clar. Sir! if you do, then let your love be seen.

Phra. It quickly shall! I'll make you such a
Queen—

Clar. You may, the happiest that did ever reign,
By your restoring Heaven to me again.

Phra. To night I'll give it in your bridal bed.

Clar. First round the world let me in chains be
led.

Phra. These are not sure your thoughts? think
once again!

Clar. The resolution I'll to death retain.

Phra. Is this my bridal song? a sweeter sound
Should in that heavenly voice methinks be found.

Altars, to your omnipotence I bow,

From me you force what armies cou'd not do:

What you will have no power can retain.

Fair Saint! I give you to your vows again.

Sleep on! and dream of mighty things above,

I will not wake you any more with love.

Matth. Live, King Phraartes, let Jerusalem ring!

Clar. All chaste and holy maids his praises sing.

All. Long live King Phraartes !

Phra. But must I all of you to Heaven resign ?
May not this hand, those charming eyes be mine ?

Clar. I'll grant the King, sure, any modest
prayer.

Phra. Pray give me all of you that Heaven can
spare.

Clar. You shall have all the joys in friendship's
store.

Phra. I'll be content, since I must have no more.
You shall remain my sacred maiden Queen,
A glorious treasure only to be seen.

All. Long live King Phraartes !

Enter MESSENGER, SAGAN, and PHINEAS.

Mess. Ah, sir, new terror the whole city fills,
An army covers all the neighbouring hills ;
A dreadful shadow o'er each valley falls,
And Roman eagles hover near our walls.
Queen Berenice, transported with the sight,
Prepares her chariots to be gone to-night ;
The valiant stranger who was here her guard,
With leave to wait on her she does reward ;
The raging people, rous'd with these alarms,
In wild distractions all betake to arms.

Phra. Friend, thou dost glorious tidings to me
bring,
Now there is business worthy of a King.

Matth. Arriv'd ! ere we are fitted for defence ?

Phin. We have been wrong'd with false intelli-
gence.

Sag. Sure all our scouts have been surpriz'd, or
slain ?

Matth. Haste, lest the thieves by this advantage
gain !

Shut all the gates, and guard the outward courts,
But chiefly watch the rebels' strong resorts :

Then place our standard by the camp divine,
And there in arms let all the people join !

Phin. Sure they a resolute defence will make,
Since in the town our nation lies at stake ;
Hither our tribes are from all places come,
Fear has drove thousands, and devotion some :
Some for the passover that's drawing nigh,
But thousands only here for refuge fly.
These buildings harbour, on a various score,
Two hundred legions of our race and more.
But on what e'er intent they here repair,
They to their wealth and lives devotion bear.

Matth. Let 'em all arm ! for though the foe is
brave,

I on no terms a peace with Rome will have.
The cause is Heaven's, and let the power divine
Relinquish me, if I his right resign.

Phraar. Father, your foes already have their
doom ;

Triumph this moment for the fall of Rome !
Her slaughtered legions feed your beasts and fowls,
Dung earth with carcasses, and hell with souls ;
The chains of all the captive Kings, and States,
Their power oppress, are fallen at your gates :
Hither by fate is all their glory hurl'd,
Stoop and take up the Empire of the world.
For he who being to Claronia gave,
Ought the world's Empire in reward to have.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE EPILOGUE TO THE FIRST PART.

So, Heaven be thank'd, the play is at an end !
The best pretence it has to gain a friend.
But this designs to draw another on,
But you may damn 'em now both under one :
Faults to deserve it every critic sees,
And they and we both want no enemies.
First all you wits, who for some secret crime,
Have taken up a pique against poor rhyme,
And you at present are no little store ;
And next the poet's foes, and they are more.
Then all whom priests and women saints displease,
A small and trifling number——next to these,
If any such can be, the pious Jew ;
The frantique part of all our Nation too,
Fanaticks, who'll be angry with us all,
For ripping up their base original ;
Shewing their sires, the Pharisees, from whom
They and their cheats by long succession come :
Whom they're so like, the diff'rence duly priz'd,
Fanaticks are but Jews uncircumciz'd.
These plays then must have luck to be long liv'd,
None e'er for damning better were contriv'd.
What made the poet on Jerus'lem fall ?
A tale of Sodom wou'd ha' pleas'd you all.
But he at shew and great machines might aim,
Fine chairs to carry poetry when lame,
On ropes instead of raptures to rely,
When the sense creeps, to make the actors fly.
These tricks upon our stage will never hit,
Our company is for the old way of wit.

Then actors play'd on nature's charge alone,
And only poets then could be undone ;
But now they lean so heavy on the age,
One blockhead poet falling breaks a stage.
Then gentlemen for plays so much distrest,
Naked of shew, by enemies opprest,
The poet begs the aid of all the brave ;
And that he may some pretence to it have,
First for his rhyme he pardon does implore,
And promises to ring those chimes no more :
Next for Jerus'lem, but with patience stay,
And you shall see it burnt in the next play :
And last, to take away all sad complaints,
These plays debauch our women into saints,
Forgive it in the plays, and we'll engage,
They shall be saints no where but on the stage.



THE DESTRUCTION
OF
JERUSALEM.

PART II.

*The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Vespasian. The
Second Part. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal by their
Majesties' Servants. Written by Mr Crown. London :
Printed for J. Magnes and R. Bentley, in Russel-street in
Covent-Garden, near the Piazzas. Anno Dom. 1677. 4to.*

THE second part of the "Destruction of Jerusalem" comprehends the siege of the city, its capture, and the burning of the Temple. It is more sensational and dramatic than the first part; and, as D'avenant introduced scenery to the English stage on the Restoration, and had brought it to great perfection, it is not unlikely that the scenic effect produced in the burning of the Temple might have proved in itself sufficiently attractive to supersede the patronage of the King's mistress, or even of the Monarch himself.*

On the first day of July 1712, the second part of the drama was revived at Drury Lane. It had not been acted for fifteen years previously. Booth took the part of Titus Vespasian, and Mills that of Phraartes, the mythic King of Parthia. John, the assassin of Mathias, the High Priest of Jerusalem, was performed by George Powell, an author, in addition to an actor, which his father had been before him. With every advantage of voice and ear, considered a successful rival of the great Betterton, and a favourite of the public, Powell's intemperate habits brought him prematurely to the grave in the year 1714.† He performed Falstaff, in the first part of Henry

* In the edition of Suetonius by Pitiscus, 2 vols. 4to., 1715, there is a fine but imaginative print of the burning of the Temple.

† Gilliland's "Dramatic Mirror." London, 1808. Vol. I. p. 503. The following is a list of his dramatic works: 1. Alphonso, King of Naples; a tragedy; London, 1691; dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond. 2. A Very Good Wife; comedy; London, 1693; dedicated to Alexander Popham, Esq. Powell acted Courtall, "a gentleman, who, by his generous temper, has wasted his fortunes, and (is) put to his shifts,"—believed to be his own portrait. 3. Treacherous Brothers; a tragedy; London, 1696; dedicated to the Patentees and Sharers of their Majesties' Theatre. 4. The Imposture Defeated, or a Trick to Cheat the Devil; comedy; London, 1698; no dedication. 5. The Cornish Comedy; London, 1696; dedicated to Rich. 6. Bonduca; a tragedy, altered from Fletcher; London, 1696; dedicated to the second Lord Jeffereys. 7. A New Opera, called Brutus of Alba, or Augusta's Triumph, by Powell and Verbruggen; 1697. All in 4to.

IV., for his benefit, 7th April 1712. The *Spectator* says: "The haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaff." Tiberias, the adviser and friend of Titus, was allotted to Keen. Berenice, who now took the precedence of Clarona as leading heroine, was given to Mrs Rogers; whilst Mrs Bradshaw represented the deposed lady. To the bill of the play the following notice was subjoined: "The company will continue to act every Tuesday and Friday."* Geneste, from whose valuable record the preceding notice has been extracted, does not mention any later representation of either part of the tragedy.

The loves of Phraartes and Clarona terminate fatally. Despite the absurd rhodomontade of the Parthian Prince, there is a chivalrous bearing about him which creates for him more than an ordinary sympathy, and it would have been preferable if Crowne had allowed Clarona to recover from her wound, and escape with her faithful swain to his own dominions.

Racine published in 1670 his tragedy of Berenice, entirely founded upon the loves of the Emperor Titus and the Queen of Palestine; consequently in preparing his drama in which their love-passages are also introduced, Crowne had the advantage of perusing a drama more calculated for the meridian of Paris than of London. The contest in the mind of Titus between love for the Queen and ambition for the Empire becomes latterly very tedious, and the long harangues on both sides must have been difficult for the performers to remember, and wearisome for an audience to listen to. Crowne has avoided this, and his version of the story is calculated to induce a suspicion that the liberal notions of the Queen of Palestine had rendered matrimony unnecessary,

* Crowne's "City Politicks" was acted on the 11th of July following, with this intimation, that "Bartoline," Leigh's famous personation, was to be omitted. This is something as amusing as the old joke of the Tragedy of Hamlet being represented in a country town, the character of Hamlet being by particular desire omitted.

and that the dislike of the Romans to foreigners, and particularly to a Jewish Empress, came very opportunely to excuse any breach of promise, if indeed, there had ever been anything of the kind.

Suetonius, in his account of the Cæsars,* which some learned critic not unaptly terms the "Scandalous Chronicle" of his time, commences the seventh chapter of his history of Titus Vespasianus Augustus thus: "Præter sævitiam, suspecta in eo etiam luxuria erat: quod ad mediam noctem comessationes cum profusissimo quoque familiarum extenderet. Nec minus libido, propter exoletorum, et spadonum greges, propterque insignem reginæ Beronices amorem, cui etiam nuptias pollicitus ferebatur. Suspecta et rapacitas: quod constabat in cognitionibus patris nundinari præmiarique solitum: deinde propalam alium Neronem et opinabantur et prædicabant. At illi ea fama pro bono cessit, conversaque est in maximas laudes: neque ullo vitio reperto, et contra virtutibus stmmis. Convivia instituit jucunda magis, quam profusa. Amicos elegit, quibus etiam post cum principes, ut et sibi et Reipublicæ necessariis acquieverunt, præcipueque usi Beronice statim ab urbe demisit invitam."

Pitiscus, the apt editor of Suetonius, in his summary of the contents of chapter vii., designates Titus, before his reformation, "*Luxoriosus, Libidinosus, Rapax*;" and in support of his second epithet, refers to his *insignis amor* of the Queen Berenice, to whom he had, as reported, promised marriage. In a note, he states that she was a daughter of Agrippa, King of Judea and Samaria, who, upon the death of Marcus, to whom she had been betrothed, married her to Herod, his brother, and her own uncle. This was in the time of the Emperor Claudius, Anno Domini 43. This marriage was not of long duration; and, according to Josephus, his widow remained unmarried a long time, during which there was a scandal of a most offensive nature circulated regarding her, which is alluded to by Juvenal in his sixth satire.

To refute the imputation upon her character, "she wrought so much, that Polemon, King of Alicia, caused

* Suetonii Opera. Pitisco, 1715. 4to. Tom. II. p. 995.

himself to be circumcised, to the end he might espouse her, purposing by that means to make it known how falsely she had been accused, whereupon Polemon gave ear, because she was rich."* But his Majesty of Alicia made a sad mistake in his matrimonial arrangements, "for Berenice, thorow her impudency, as it is reported, abandoned Polemon, who, giving over that marriage, forsook the religion of the Jews."

We learn from Josephus† that Berenice married her uncle when sixteen years of age. Her first husband having died a few years after marriage, she did not take her second spouse, Polemon, until A.D. 56, when she was about twenty-six years of age. In 66 Berenice was about thirty-six. At what precise period the intercourse commenced with Titus has not been ascertained. It may, however, be surmised that it was between the years 56 and 66 that she met the heir of the Emperor Vespasian; and that little difficulty would be experienced in the conquest of a youth by an amorous widow, beautiful, fascinating, and unprincipled. That the love was Platonic is unlikely; and if the lady was so very susceptible, as there is every reason to suppose, and Titus, as the Commentator of Suetonius asserts, was in his youth "libidinosus," it can hardly be imagined that the wanton pair would, when alone together, consume the pleasant moments in prayer. As the Queen of Palestine was a woman, although a Jewess, and her lover a man, although a Pagan, the Christian legal axiom may not improperly be fairly applied to both, *ut solus cum sola in loco secreto non presumitur dicere Pater noster*.

Gifford, in a note to a passage in his admirable translation of the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, describes "Berenes" as a woman "equally celebrated for her lewdness and her beauty, who had prevailed on Titus to promise her marriage—a promise which nothing but his dread of an insurrection prevented him from carrying into execution."‡ It may be conjectured that by this time Titus

* Lodge's "Josephus." London, 1640. P. 506. Ib. 522.

† Lodge's "Josephus," p. 321.

‡ The Satires of Juvenal, of Decimus Junius Juvenalis, translated into English verse by William Gifford, Esq. London, 1802. P. 181. 4to.

was not at all indisposed to avail himself of the popular demonstration against Berenice to dissolve a connection which not improbably had become irksome from fruition, and was so dangerous to his Imperial pretensions,

Titus was born in January A.D. 41, and was thirty years of age when he was invested with the title of Emperor, and associated with his father in the sovereignty. He succeeded his father A.D. 79, but held the Empire only two years, when he was poisoned, as is believed, by his brother and successor, Domitian.

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with Berenice, or Bernice, is the incidental notice of her in the New Testament,* in which she is mentioned as coming with her brother Agrippa to Cæsarea to visit Festus. It was to Agrippa and Festus that St Paul made his well-known address.†

The final destruction of Jerusalem was completed in the year of our Lord 72. It "was taken by the Romans on the seventeenth of the Jewish month of Tamuz, coinciding with the nineteenth of the month of July. The Temple was destroyed about the ninth of the month of August, or ninth of the Jewish month Ab: both of these days are kept by the Jews of the present time as days of fasting and humiliation."‡ It is recorded that nearly two millions of Jews perished "in various ways; but, notwithstanding so much slaughter, the end had not come, for it was not until the time of Hadrian that the expulsion of the Jews from the city finally took place."

Poets are privileged to trade in fiction, and Racine has availed himself of this license to a remarkable extent, for he has made a tragedy of five acts entirely out of an attempt by a middle-aged widow to circumvent a noble young Roman aspiring to the Empire, who might very nearly have been her son as regards age. She might have carried her point but for the good sense

* Acts of the Apostles, chap. xxvi. verse 13.

† There were two Agrippas, father and son. The former, after narrowly escaping death at the hands of Caligula, was patronised by the Emperor Claudius, and confirmed by him as King of Judæa, and the latter Agrippa was his successor.

‡ Hobler's "Records of Roman History, exhibited on the Roman Coins." 2 vols. Westminster, 1860. 4to. Vol. I. p. 164.

of the Roman soldiers, who refused to take him as their ruler if he continued his intercourse with the Jewish Princess.

Crowne has performed his task more artistically than his Gallic predecessor. The passages of love so tedious in Racine are shortened, and the auditors are left to judge for themselves of the nature of the connection. The parting of the lovers; the flippancy of Berenice, and her taunts as to the preference shown by Titus—or rather, which she asserted was shown by him—to the vote of the soldiers over her love, are natural, and such as might have been said by a scheming woman thwarted in her designs. Then there are various incidents which relieve the tedium of the dialogue of the lovers: such as the assassination of Clarona, the rhapsodies of Phraartes, his discomfiture and death, the capture of John, the villain of the piece, and finally the burning of the Temple. Thus the attention of the audience would never flag; and if the scenes went smoothly, they would leave the theatre delighted not so much with what they had heard, as with what they had seen.

THE PROLOGUE.

How ! once again this fair and noble show ?
The poet hopes you will good-natur'd grow :
He shew'd before his muse but to the waist ;
The Jewish harlot hopes her danger's past,
If she above cou'd ought to please you shew,
You will implicitly like all below.
The fool is hardy who to write does dare ;
As strong in brain as Sampson in his hair
He needs to be, who conquers, when he writes,
The pit Philistines, gall'ry Gergashites.
But what allies to aid him he does chuse ?
Priests, women saints, and Pharasaick Jews.
You wicked wits all holy things despise,
More charm in 'em then you perceive there lyes.
Have you forgot, since wit was fool'd by cant,
The hero ruin'd by the sneaking saint ?
Saintship was making of a wicked face ?
And snuffing was a certain sign of grace ?
Since by a fine distinction then in vogue,
The inward saint was only fac'd with rogue ;
And men did subt'ly split themselves in two,
And th' outward man did all the mischief do.
If the good brethren by a chance did fall,
In that deep pit of sin you wenching call,
'Twas but the outward knave that was unchaste,
And sisters sinn'd but downward from the waist ;
The inward maid as chaste was as before,
And th' upper parts did sanctify the low'r.
Thus they cou'd sin, and yet be sisters too ;
Women are wenches straight who sin with you.

Since those false Pharisees did works so great,
 Why may not true ones do a little cheat ?
 Pervert your likings to these wretched plays,
 And make you for a wit the scribbler praise.
 Tub-preachers rid you all for years at least,
 Pray for an hour endure a Jewish priest ;
 So make the stage successful as the tub,
 And critics may succeed to Beelzebub.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

PART II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

TITUS alone, sitting melancholy in his tent.

Tit. No more, no more ! whilst I her doom
delay
My heart each hour I to new pains betray ;
The more I think, the less resolv'd I prove,
And I but wider tear the wounds of love.
These thoughts no more shall in my soul contest,
I'll pull this shaft of love out of my breast,
And with one snatch conclude my ling'ring pain ;
This day two victories at once I'll gain,
Over my heart, and this rebellious town,
Conclude at once their sorrows and my own,
Subdue both love and them, my fame complete ;
Glory begins to rise, now love must set.
Said I, my sorrows now an end should know ?
Vespasian never wretched was till now !
I fight to purchase what I not regard,
Rome with my ruin does my sword reward.
Gods ! The Queen's sentence I must quickly speak,
Or I shall all my resolutions break.
Who waits ?——

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. My lord !——

Tit. How forward is the day ?

Off. The sun does o'er the hills his beams display.

Tit. The loit'ring morn does me a while prevent ;
The beauteous Queen now slumbers in her tent ;
Some God in dream the fatal tidings bear,
And for her doom her noble soul prepare.
Till she awakes I must my love reprieve,
Meanwhile I for th' assault will orders give.

Trumpets sound, and a CENTURION enters.

Cent. Great sir ! Tiberias with the Kings attend
Without your tent, and for admission send.

Tit. Conduct 'em in ! they opportunely come,
Now stubborn town I must pronounce thy doom.

*Centurion goes out and immediately enter TIBERIAS,
MALCHUS, and ANTIOCHUS.*

Tib. All health to glorious Cæsar ! Duty
brings

Myself, and your allies, these brave young Kings,
Thus early, sir, your great commands to know ;
Both they and all your troops impatient grow,
Your mercy longer should these rebels save,
And humbly beg they may permission have
To throw this city, without more delay,
Beneath your feet, and end the war to-day.

Tit. These valiant monarchs my desires prevent,
What they petition is my own intent.
These slaves no more my mercy shall outbrave,
Yet I would fain this splendid city save.
Methinks it does a noble town appear ;
Gods might forsake their heaven t' inhabit here.
With much delight I from my camp behold

Their shining Temple, flaming all with gold ;
Which every morning puts such glory on,
I oft mistake it for the rising sun.
The mountain which supports the splendid weight,
Under the bright oppression seems to sweat ;
Whilst flocking gods from every region come,
Despising all their little fanes at home.

Mal. To shining walls do you such kindness
bear :

For the den's sake will you the wild beast
spare ?

Ant. Three months your gen'rous self you deaf
have shewn

To th' importunings of your own renown ;
Feeding your hungry eagles every day,
Only in pity to the trembling prey,
Tiring the arms of Fame, who, to present
Her load of crowns has waited at your tent.

Tib. Both men and gods, astonish'd, sir, appear
To see a den of famished rebels here,
Which might so soon out of your way be hurl'd,
Retard you from the conquest of the world.

Mal. But how much longer shall, may soon be
known ;

Two walls your rams beneath your feet have
thrown,

That now the town has in her sad distress
But one poor wall to hide her nakedness.

Ant. Yes! mighty Cæsar has one robe bestow'd,
A work that might become some powerful god ;
A wall wherewith he has their tow'rs confin'd
As if to make new wonders for mankind :
Built by your legions in the little space,
The sun but thrice drove round his daily race ;
That the fourth morning the astonish'd sun
Stood still to gaze on what your troops had done ;
And now these crowds cannot your anger fly,

They have no way to 'scape you, but to die.

Tit. You saw, constrain'd by famine, how they fought ;

Grass, hay, or dung, at what dear rates they bought ;

Around the meadows they would fiercely range,

And freely blood for juice of grass exchange :

Nay, with the plenty grew luxurious too,

Were fat with grass, and drunk with morning dew,

That I was forc'd this remedy to take,

Both for my men and for my horses' sake ;

Most for their own, whom I would fain relieve,

Compel to taste my clemency, and live.

Tib. Yes, sir ; but ere they will a Roman serve,

The foolish slaves in malice chuse to starve :

Shut in with famine, he such shoals does eat,

The savage monster will our swords defeat ;

Each ditch and vault his foul provisions fill ;

There scarce are living left enow to kill.

Tit. A strange distraction on these wretches seize.

Mal. The nobler Jews are sick of that disease,

Religious madness does their minds oppress,

And with strange dreams their raving thoughts possess :

Past cure of hunger, darkness, iron rods,

They talk of nought but Heav'n, religion, gods,

Of conq'ring you, nay of enslaving Rome,

Of Empire here, and paradise to come.

Ant. Nay, every moment they expect a King

Of their own nation, who shall succour bring,

Strange wonders do both teach and rule the earth,

And think the clouds big with this mighty birth.

It never thunders but they think he calls ;

Each storm they watch to catch him as he falls.

Tib. Some fondly dream, the Parthian King is he ;

Think him the eldest son of prophesie.

Find him inroll'd in their divine record,

And see strange wonders budding on his sword.

A mighty empire is in him begun,
 He drives along the chariot of their sun.
 Behind the hills already it appears,
 His valour lashes on the loitering years.

Tit. Poor Prince! to vault up to such heights as
 those,

Improper ground he for his rise has chose.
 My injur'd patience shall no longer wait ;
 This night I have decreed the city's fate ;
 And the last morning now is drawing on
 The sun shall rise o'er this rebellious town.
 To all my squadrons strictest orders bear,
 They for a general assault prepare !
 And if the rebels still my mercy slight,
 Bury the city out of human sight !
 Only from ruin save the bright abode
 Of their great power, I would oblige that god ;
 To aid rebellion, nobly he disdains ;
 Besides the pile my admiration gains :
 What else of greatness may deserve the name
 Preserve for monuments of Roman fame.

Tib. How will Heav'n's vaults with acclamations
 ring,

When these commands we to the army bring ?

Mal. For this my Arabs have impatient been.

Ant. No less have all my slaves of Comagene.

Tib. But, that this stubborn city yet may find
 How much to clemency I am inclin'd,
 Through all my army proclamation make,
 That all who to my mercy will betake,
 I'll gladly as my best of friends regard,
 And not alone will pardon, but reward ;
 But no compassion shall prevail for them,
 Who this my proffer'd mercy dare contemn.

Tib. Severity to some would thousands save ;
 And, sir, your legions troops of captives have ;
 If Cæsar please, ere we the fight begin,

We will, for terror to the slaves within,
The rebel captives, ta'ne in heat of fight,
Fix on high crosses in their brethren's sight :
The horrid spectacle will batter down
Their souls, as fast as engines do the town.

Tit. Straight let the orders through my camp be
spread !

[Tib. whispers a Cent., who goes out.]

Mal. I mighty Cæsar's pleasure at the head
Of all my troops will wait—— *[Exit.]*

Ant. And I at mine ;
My squadrons soon shall be prepar'd to join. *[Exit.]*

A Shout.

Tib. Hark ! from the camp glad shouts invade
the air,
The news are spread, and all with joy prepare.
Like fiery steeds they bound, and beat the plains,
And loudly neigh to feel the slack'ned reins.

*Rattling of chains, and a loud cry, as of many
prisoners within calling for mercy.*

Tib. The condemn'd captives now are led to die,
And vainly to your guards for mercy cry.

Tit. These wretches' sorrows move me ; none
before
From me did mercy undenied implore.

Tib. Now ere our legions towards the city move,
[Aside.]

I must assault awhile my general's love,
To rouse his soul must be my speedy care ;
To a bright heaven he shortly will repair,
Where his fair Queen will no admission find.
Already I have stir'd his noble mind ;
But I'm afraid again he's fal'n asleep,
And the sweet dream his soul does pris'ner keep ;

I must no longer the alarm delay,
For the whole empire for his waking stay.

Tib. Now to my friend Tiberias I'll impart

[*Aside.*

The strange decree of my revolting heart.
The victory, it o'er that fire does gain,
He, and all Rome so long oppos'd in vain.

Tib. Now, sir, one word !——

Tib. Ah ! friend ! thy thoughts I guess,
Against my love thou something would'st express.

Tib. The time is drawing near !——

Tib. Oh ! how I grieve !
Must I the joys of love for Empire leave ?

Tib. My boldness, Cæsar, punish or forgive,
Your beloved passion must no longer live.
You know Rome waits but till this siege be done,
To place your partner in your father's throne.
The Empire will not for his setting stay,
She'll have no twilight, but perpetual day :
But certain laws each step to glory guard,
As e'er in th' upper world for the reward
Of your great deeds a godhead you receive,
You first by nature's law this world must leave ;
So by the laws of Rome, ere you remove
To pow'r and empire, you must die to love.
I mean this love, which you descend to place
On a crown'd head, and one of foreign race.
For to be plain, Rome never will admit
A Queen on her imperial throne should sit ;
'Less that her laws you should with one out-brave,
Who wears her chains, and is her Royal slave.
On Cæsar's noble nature I presume ;
But I must venture whatsoe'er's my doom.
None vainly will deceive a dying friend ;
You to new worlds of glory now ascend,
And sir, it is my duty to declare
You are for Heaven, and bid you straight prepare.

Tit. Thy counsels all from perfect friendship
flow :

Too well the Roman laws and pride I know.

Oh ! gods ! what charming love must I forsake ?

Tib. Of that, great sir, there's none dispute will
make.

Tit. Ah ! friend ! more charming than thou
canst believe,

Or raise imagination to conceive.

Like frozen climates thou my son may'st see,

But what I feel is mystery to thee.

She ne'er unveils her beauty to my sight,

But my soul's lost in mazes of delight !

My thirsty eyes drink in a secret fire,

I feel a joy no repetitions tire.

Her charms each day with fresh delight I view,

And still discover in 'em something new.

Tib. What must be done, sir, will you then
proceed ?

Tit. Ah ! who can soon from such a love be
freed ?

Yet, friend, to shew my glory I'll complete,

That nothing for my courage is too great.

Against this love which is to me so dear,

From my own mouth this wondrous sentence hear :

Know then, the hour I all my hopes can crown,

Now Heav'n rains on me all wish'd blessings down ;

Now smiling fate makes garlands for my soul,

And spreads a mighty bed for love to roll ;

To the fair Queen I go, strange news to bear !

I go—oh ! heavens !—I go—now to declare——

Tib. What sir ?

Tit. What thou would'st ne'er believe before,
That we must never see each other more.

Tib. Amazing news !

Tit. Tiberias, 'tis decreed !

My heart does for the Queen's misfortunes bleed ;

I fear of fatal consequence 'twill prove !
But nothing can my resolutions move.
Seven days my lab'ring soul in pain has been,
To break the fatal tidings to the Queen.
Sometimes in sighs I would my thoughts express,
And fain would have her my intentions guess.
But she who nobly on my faith relies,
Little suspects whence the false sighs arise.
Sure of my heart, and lavish of her own,
Mistakes th' intention of my secret moan.
Pities my sorrows, and more charming grows,
And all my courage wholly overthrows.
But now, I've all my constancy alarm'd,
My soul is fix'd, and I am wholly arm'd.

Tib. Oh ! wondrous conquest ! now your glorious name,
And mighty deeds shall fill the mouth of fame.
You barb'rous nations did subdue before,
But now yourself those nations' conqueror ;
Though some rude fears into our minds would press,
Yet, sir, from you we did expect no less.

Tit. Oh ! we with specious names ourselves deceive,
And solid joys for empty titles leave.
Oh, gods ! what pleasures now do I forsake !
I'll think no more, my constancy will shake.
You flatt'ring dreams of love begone from hence !
I'll do't, and ne'er regard the consequence.

Trumpets, and enter an officer.

Off. Great sir, the Queen is lighted at the tent.

Tit. Ah ! friend !

Tib. How sir ? so soon your courage spent !
Desert the field ere you the fight begin ?
Now is the time——

Tit. No more !——Conduct her in !

Enter BERENICE, SEMANDRA.

Ber. My Lord in health ! now I am eas'd of pain,
And my mind's quiet is return'd again.
A foolish dream tormented me to-night ;
What, matters not, now I have you in sight.
But ha ! I in your looks a sadness spy ;
You only to my words with sighs reply.
Must all your thoughts to fame devoted be :
Can you afford no room in 'em for me ?
If present thus you banish me your mind,
My image sure does cold acceptance find
In your retiring heart, when I am gone,
And left it quite to your dispose alone.

Tit. Ah, madam ! all the gods can witness bear,
Queen Berenice is always present there.
No time, nor absence ever shall deface
That image love once in my heart did place.

Ber. Why, sir, do you invoke the gods for this :
Does Titus need a friend to Berenice ?
All they can witness will superfluous be ;
Titus is Heav'n, and all the gods to me.

Tit. Ye gods ! how dearly must I Empire buy ?
[*Aside.*

You keep the rates of glory up too high,
And too severe a task of me require,
Who no delight but Berenice desire.

Tit. Cæsar is lost ! What charms does she display ?
[*Aside.*
Stifled in sweets his courage faints away.

Ber. Ah, sir ! your eyes do you from me withdraw,
As if some ill displeasing thing you saw.
Alas ! permit me to relate my fears :
Methinks of late a change in you appears ;
These seven days I have not gain'd a word,
Your alter'd looks did not one smile afford.

Alas ! to doubt your love I do not dare,
And yet I cannot from some fear forbear ;
These omens must forbode some ill I'm sure.
My fate has been too happy to endure.
Say then, whence springs this trouble ? if from
me,

Tell me, and I will die to set you free ;
For all is done, that I was born to do,
If I can add no more delight to you :
For you are all ——

Tit. Madam, no more ! no more !
On me too liberally you favours pour ;
For on a most ungrateful man they fall.

Ber. Ah, sir ! do you yourself ungrateful call ?
Perhaps you weary of my kindness grow,
That never was a trouble thought till now.
I have liv'd long enough, if that be true ;
For all the joy I take in life, is you.

Tit. My sorrow, madam, since I must reveal, ——
My heart did never greater passion feel. ——
But ——

Ber. Finish, sir ! ——

Tit. Alas ! ——

Ber. Speak, speak my doom ! ——

Tit. Some god assist me now —— the Empire
Rome ——

Sound to th' assault, I'll to my squadrons straight,
My soul's opprest. I can no more relate. *Exit.*

Goes on the sudden with TIB.

Ber. Dear Heav'n ! what should this mystery
contain ?

Sem. Nothing but Heav'n the riddle can explain.
You have done nothing might his anger move ?

Ber. Except he takes offence at too much love.

Sem. I wish ill news from Rome has not possess'd,
With some displeasing thoughts, his troubled breast.

You know the hate she bears your rank and you,
And now if he ——

Ber. Alas ! if that were true ! ——
But, oh ! he never can so civil prove !
A thousand times he has assur'd his love
Should to no haughty laws of Rome submit,
And ere his love he would the Empire quit.
And now, that I esteem my danger past,
He will not sure undo me at the last ?
No Titus' soul must needs be generous still,
And mine as brave must think of him no ill.
Whate'er it is, I'm unconcern'd to know,
Whilst I have him, let thrones and Empires go !
Their loss I would not with one tear redeem,
I have the Empire of the world in him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE—THE PALACE IN JERUSALEM.

Enter MATTHIAS, SAGAN, PHINEAS.

Phin. How long will Heav'n his needful aid delay ?
With various plagues our nation pines away :
Besieg'd without by all the power of Rome,
Famish'd within, and no relief does come.
Our prayers on daily embassies we send,
But Heav'n no angel volunteers will lend ;
He locks his mercy up in towers of brass,
Nor lets our prayers on their embassy pass.

Sag. Rome's batt'ring rams have more effect than
ours,
Her engines daily overset our towers ;
But our strong cries, though ne'er so loud we call,
Cannot so much as shake Heaven's crystal wall.

Mat. I cannot dive into the mystic sense ;
But Heaven his presence has withdrawn from
hence :

He none of all his wonted ways replies,
By angels' visions, dreams, or prophecies ;
From his own Temple he has tane his flight,
And given it to owls and birds of night.

Phin. A reason sure no mortal thought can frame,
But Heaven at us does all his arrows aim.
We know not where to make our chief defence,
'Gainst famine, traitors, Rome, or pestilence :
If from the Roman fury to preserve
Ourselves we fight, we only fight to starve :
If by dear purchas'd food we life maintain,
We fight to eat, and eat to fight again.

Sag. These are luxurious things you now relate ;
The plenty's lust of that once happy State.
We must no more on the rich meadows stray,
Nor dine with Cæsar's horses every day.
Titus not only a poor famished crew
Imprisons, but their walls and bulwarks too.
A wondrous proof of Roman greatness shewn,
A mighty wall surrounding all the town,
Built in three days ; that now we pounded are,
Penn'd in with monsters, famine, and despair.
For Roman sport, like gladiators here,
We fight, as in an amphitheatre.
They laugh to see us by each other fall,
And shut in famine to devour us all.

Mat. And from that monster we small mercy find,
Our crowds are all to fleeting shadows pined ;
They walk about like spectres of the night,
Famish'd to shapes, would even ghosts afright :
Paler than ghosts the starving people lye,
And rather seem to vanish than to die.
No tears for friends or kindred now are shed,
The living look with envy on the dead,

Who, freed from hunger's rigorous demands,
Have flung their tenements on Nature's hands.

Phin. And, lest devouring famine should be
cloy'd,

And we not fast or soon enough destroy'd,
What little orts the monster can afford
Are by the bloody rebels' swords devour'd.

Sag. And lest the Parthian King our nation save,
That we from ruin no defence may have,
That spreading tree, under whose boughs we sate,
And shelter found in all the storms of fate,
Blasted by love, now withers every day,
And with him all our comfort pines away.

Phin. Yes, at Clarona's feet, 'tis said, he lyes ;
Who saves the father, by the daughter dies.

Sag. It will dishonour on religion draw ;
'Tis true, we are forbidden by the law
To match with strangers to our faith and blood,
But we are more forbid ingratitude.

Mat. Your sentiments I do not disapprove ;
My daughter has my leave to shew him love,
In hopes to win him by enticing charms,
To divine pleasures in religion's arms,
And to reward his soul with heavenly joy,
That crown, nor Rome, nor rebels can destroy.

Phin. Why our own safety do we thus neglect ?
And only fight base rebels to protect.
We bawd for them, whilst they their lusts procure
We from Heaven's officers defend the door.
Vespasian is the scourge of wrath divine ;
Let us these rebels to the rod resign.

Mat. I dare not do it, they will then resume
Their ancient cries ; conspiracies with Rome !
With shews of truth they will their charge
maintain,
And I shall help 'em my renown to stain.

[*Cries without.*

Heark ! they have now begun their morning's chace,

Sug. This palace borders near the holy place,
And thence the winds these doleful noises bear.

Mat. Some by the rebels now are tortured there.

Phin. Since those foul spirits did the Temple
haunt

Our ears did ne'er these entertainments want.

Mat. Our altars they possess, our laws contemn ;
Let us atone our sins with blood of them.

[*Ex. om.*]

The Scene changes to the Temple.

*Enter JOHN, ELEAZAR, PHARISEES, driving several
over the Stage.*

1 *Pha.* Oh ! bloody hypocrites !

Joh. Scourge ! scourge 'em well !
See if th' idolators no food conceal.

Enter a PHARISEE, followed by a Woman.

1 *Pha.* A woman in the act of eating ta'ne !

Wom. Thou greedy thief restore my bread again !
I three days' hunger for this morsel bore,
Denied myself, and ran on nature's score ;
And thou depriv'st me of this poor retreat,
Thou savage cannibal my life dost eat.

Joh. Thou griev'st thyself and us with vain
complaints,

We must not sinners feed with bread of saints.

Now move our plot, but so as none may know,

[*Whispers a Pharisee.*]

Or guess, you shoot my arrows from your bow.

Some vision feign, for, with a vulgar head,

Visions like pictures serve in reason's stead.

2 *Pha.* Enough!— [*Whispers to John.*]

Now brethren to our great affairs.—

Oh ! John, how long wilt thou deny our prayers?

Seest thou not how the nation headless lies ;
 The priest depos'd by his impieties,
 The sacred flock without a shepherd stray
 Through thorns and brakes, and made to wolves a
 prey ;

Whilst thou canst all their sufferings behold,
 And wilt not drive them safe into a fold ?

Joh. How precious is to me the tenderest moan
 Of suffering saints, I oft and long have shewn.
 I have lamented long to see a vile
 And impious man the diadem defile,
 With names of good and loyal gild his train,
 And saints with the reproach of rebels stain ;
 Deluding tender minds, who do not see,
 Not mitres make a priest, but sanctity :
 But, sirs, I would not have the burden fall
 On me, the weakest, meanest of you all.

2 *Pha.* We have consulted, wept, and pray'd,
 and find

Our souls borne to thee by a pow'rful wind,
 That blows from Heaven, and against that gale
 No human wisdom must pretend to sail.

Joh. Alas ! No holy man a mitre wants,
 For we are all high priests as we are saints.

2 *Pha.* But since some weak ones know not their
 own right,

And 'gainst religion for a mitre fight ;
 For sake of tender minds 'twere fit we join
 Internal saintship with external sign.

Elea. Sirs, shall we not this way the law offend ?
 This office must to Aaron's sons descend.

Joh. Think you, dear brother, carnal sons are
 meant ?

No, but his sons by heavenly descent.

But yet suppose the literal sense were good,
 Power, Heav'n's crown land, is but at will be-
 stow'd ;

And, when 'tis forfeited by wicked men,
Returns to saints the royal blood again.
I do not speak that such a weight should fall
On me, the weakest, meanest of you all.

2 *Pha.* Dost thou oppose us still? Then hear, and
fear;

A vision did last night to me appear!
Putting a priestly mitre in my hand,
[*Takes a mitre.*

Crown John with it, said he, at my command,
If he rejects it, or beneath it faints,
Let him reject, too, the reward of saints.
Now, if you dare, the vision disobey!

Joh. But did the vision "John" distinctly say?

2 *Pha.* With a loud voice it "John" did thrice
proclaim,

As if it fear'd I should forget the name.

Joh. It must some secret mystery contain;
For dreams and visions never do speak plain:
Some of you holy ones by "John" are meant.

2 *Pha.* You are "the John" to whom the mitre's
sent.

Joh. Brethren! indeed you value me too high.

2 *Pha.* Obedience to the vision's voice deny?

Elea. Perhaps the literal sense some doubts has
bred,

I'll be the mystic John then in his stead,
And with the holy burden will rejoice.

[*Eleazar puts on a mitre.*

John takes the mitre from Eleazar's head.

Joh. I sin, I sin! I will obey the voice.

Brethren! I thank you all, for though I know
The sacred burden, under which I bow,
Cannot by flesh and blood be undergone,
Yet you your high esteem of me have shewn.
With cheerful wine now fill the holy bowls,
And with religious joy refresh our souls.

All creatures for delight of saints are made,
 And wicked men do but our rights invade.
 If one of us a sinner's bread devours,
 He wrongs him not, for all the world is ours.
 The banquet spread, and let the music play !
 Thus, saints, is all your coronation day.
 I'm but the humblest servant of you all,
 To you the ease, to me the burdens fall.
 My priestly blessing in this bowl I give ;
 May traitors perish, and the brethren live !
 For ever live, for ever love maintain !

1 *Pha.* With swelling hearts and bowls we wish.

All. Amen ! [*All drink.*]

Joh. Once more I wish, for ever love maintain !

2 *Pha.* Once more we say, Amen !——

3 *Pha.* Amen !

All. Amen ! [*All drink.*]

Joh. Now the Apostate I condemn to die,

Who has so long defiled this dignity.

By my own hand that victim shall be slain,

And with his blood I'll bless my following reign :

True, if the soul of any private saint

Does after such a glorious action pant,

Then by his valour let the traitor bleed,

I'll humbly yield to him the gracious deed. [*Exit.*]

Scene—THE PALACE.

Enter CLARONA, followed by PHRAARTES.

Phra. In vain you fly ! to death I will pursue !

I've always been accustom'd to subdue.

Indeed, by villains, fortune, and by Rome

I've been betray'd, but ne'er was overcome.

Here I have brought my war, nor will be gone,

Till every province of you be my own.

Clar. Little knows he his love's too great success,
 And my now vanquish'd heart's more great distress.

Phra. See! if she will bestow on me a look,
What soul is able such disdain to brook?
Malicious chance! that ever I came here!
I stopt my glory in its full career,
There had not now in the whole world remain'd,
A throne unconquer'd, or a King unchain'd!
But all that glory in this fatal place
I have consum'd before one beauteous face.

Clar. Did I entreat you, sir, so long to stay,
And for my sake your great designs delay?

Phr. I know you scorn my love and valour both!
The safety I bestow on you, you loath:
You daily like the morn in blushes rise,
Because you live by one you do despise.

Clar. All this with patience I can hear from you.

Phr. You can hear any thing you should not do;
But you are deaf to all the loudest sounds
Of all my services, of all my wounds;
Though camp and city both do silence break,
And there the dead, and here the living, speak,
All to your hearing cannot force a way.

Clar. I still can bear.

Phr. And still slight all I say.
Why with such scorn do you my love deny?
Shew me the man on earth more great than I,
And let that man the happy lover be.

Clar. Greatness not valued is at all by me.

Phr. What do you value?

Clar. Nothing in this vain
And wretched world——

Phr. Would I were out on't then!

Clar. Where is the heart such kindness would
not move?

Who can resist such merit and such love? [*Weeps.*

Phr. How! do you weep? Nay, then, I have
done ill!——

Thus humbly I for pardon to you kneel! [*Kneels.*

Let not my rage a trouble to you prove,
 I do confess I am unfit to love.
 Love has too violent effect, I find,
 On my too rash and most unruly mind.

[*Trumpet sounds.*
 The trumpet calls!—farewell, too lovely maid!
 To reach thy heavenly beauties I have stray'd;
 Like the mistaken fool, who wanders round
 To find the place where heaven does touch the
 ground.

Whilst thou continuest still, far, far above
 Tallest deserts, and most aspiring love.
 Who highest climb, but reach thee with their eye,
 No more then those who in the valleys lie.

[*Offers to go.*

Clar. Oh! stay!

Phr. That charming voice did I not hear?
 Or did my thoughts deceive my credulous ear?

Clar. Stay yet a moment with me!

Phr. Stay with you?

That I to all eternity could do.

Clar. Sit down a while, for I have much to say.

Phr. Such kind commands how gladly I obey.

Clar. Did I e'er think that any should subdue

[*Aside.*

My heart to love, and to confess it too?
 Oh heaven! that thou so kind to me hadst been
 That I had never King Phraartes seen.

Phr. Is it for this that I must tarry here?

Clar. You may have patience, sir, till more
 appear.

Oh, had I never King Phraartes seen,
 My life had been all happy and serene!
 I had not known what shame or guilt had meant,
 Nor had a thought of which I might repent.

Phr. Have I transplanted any of those foul
 And thorny weeds out of my desert soul

Into your breast ? let 'em not there remain,
Return 'em to their native soil again.

Clar. You have a plant, I thought no more could
grow

In my cold breast than roses in the snow :
A plant whose name I did abhor before,
Nor dare I name it lest I speak no more.

Phr. What artist can my trembling doubts
remove ?

Oh, that I durst suppose it to be love !
I'd give my crown I could my thoughts beguile
But with those dawning glimmering hopes a while.

Clar. What unknown fates are kept for us above,
That I should own to any one I love ?

Phr. What vast oppression of delight is this ?
Hold ! for I bow beneath the weight of bliss.

Clar. Alas ! I think indeed you alter'd grow,
And blood out of your wounds begins to flow.

Phr. Let it flow on !—— But did you say you
love ?

Clar. Suppress this passion, it may hurtful prove.
Lean on my bosom whilst your wounds I bind.

Phr. Oh ! joy ! oh sweetness ! oh my ravish'd
mind !

I cannot speak the half that I would say ;
And heark ! the trumpet calls me now away.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Clar. Peace, murd'ring sound ! thou shalt not
be obey'd ;

You shall not stir, the bleeding is not stay'd :
Do not go from me. ——

Phr. Do not go from you ?

If, by each blow I gave, a King I slew,
For all their crowns I wou'd not stir from hence ;
But I must fight, my love, in your defence.

Clar. Can I be safe, and you in danger thrown ?
Preserve my life in saving of your own :

Refresh yourself a while with gentle ease,
 And I'll oppose our cruel enemies,
 If need require. I'm of a nation bred,
 Whose softer sex has oft our armies led,
 Our country sav'd, and singly have prevail'd,
 When all the courage of our men have fail'd.

Phr. Sweetest of creatures ! if there angels be,
 What angel is not wishing to be thee ?
 Our State not yet so very desp'rate grows,
 That we should throw our jewels at our foes.
 Love is thy field ; for those delightful harms
 Thou art all over thee prepar'd with arms :
 Shoot all thy arrows in one melting kiss,
 And wound me, wound me to the death with bliss !

[*Kisses her cheek.*]

Our vows are seal'd, and I a god am crown'd !

Clar. In a red sea of blushes I am drown'd.

Phr. Torrent of sweetness ! pour on me again
 Thy overwhelming pleasures ! ——

Clar. Oh refrain ! ——

Phr. I cannot ! cannot !

Clar. Now you must no more ; ——

When Heav'n my country's freedom shall restore,
 And fill the land with joy, it may be then
 You shall not be the only wretched man.

Phr. That word alarm does to my courage
 sound !

Another soul does in my breast rebound.
 Above a man I shall this moment fight,
 And will be blest above a god to-night :
 For yet ere night no foe alive shall be,
 To interpose betwixt my joys and me.
 But one kind look, and I to arms repair.

Clar. Take it ! and with it my devoutest prayer
 To Heav'n to guard you. ——

Phr. Oh how am I blest !

Clar. Much less than I am !—Pray, at my request

Be careful of yourself.—

Phr. That I shall be,
'Cause love has made me now a part of thee.
I leave with thee for pledge my soul, my heart.

Clar. Good angels guide you !—— [*Exit.*

Phr. Thou my angel art.
She's mine ; and now the gods she did adore,
And heav'nly thoughts shall never haunt her more.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene—THE ROMAN TENTS.

Enter BERENICE and SEMANDRA.

Ber. Oh heavens ! not see me, nor approach me
once ?

All love, all pity, all respect renounce ?
Amazing change in him this does express ;
Something has ruin'd all my happiness.

Sem. Oh judge not so severely of your fate !

Ber. It is too true : What less than bitter
hate

Cou'd make him thus disorder'd from me run,
Nay, seek occasions Berenice to shun ?
I have but once beheld him all this day,
And then he turn'd his eyes from me away,
Wou'd not with one, my many smiles requite ;
I was so far from yielding him delight,
That he wou'd look on any thing but me,
I was the hateful'st object he could see.

Sem. The sight appear'd to me exceeding strange,
I wonder what it is has wrought this change ;
I cannot think it from unkindness flows,
I rather fear from Rome some tempest blows :
Or from the camp new threat'ning clouds arise ;
I see the army's daily mutinies

Against his love ;— and may I not believe
He grieves lest these your noble mind should
grieve ?

Ber. Does he so meanly of my heart esteem ?
Is it a trouble to endure for him ?

Sem. What, though it may afford delight to you,
Shou'd he be pleas'd you suffer for him too ?
May not the best of men afflicted prove
She shou'd be troubled whom he best does love ?
No doubt to crown you Empress he aspires,
And finds Rome will not bow to his desires :
Is it unnatural a gen'rous mind
Shou'd grieve to be from gen'rous acts confin'd ?
That he in spite of him ignoble proves,
And cannot act as bravely as he loves ?

Ber. Thy fond defence does but accuse him more,
As if Rome durst oppose her Emperor.
Do not I know her Emperors to please,
She both her laws and gods will sacrifice ?
But what though she denies her mighty throne ?
His passion sure entirely is his own :
No laws did ever yet to love forbid,
And having him, can I an Empire need ?
Who want a throne that they may happy prove
Have hearts too great, or else too little love.
By none but Cæsar I can be undone,
And I will be appeas'd by him or none. —
But, ha ! a shout !

Sem. It shou'd a triumph be,
It sounds like the glad voice of victory.

Ber. Enquire the cause, and ease me of my fear,
I'm on the wrack till I the tidings hear.

Sem. goes out, and immediately re-enters.

Sem. Madam, it is a triumph as we thought,
The army have a glorious vict'ry got,
Not o'er the rebels, but their general's mind ;

Your lord it seems this fatal morn design'd
 To head his squadrons, and expose in fight
 Himself, the world's both glory and delight.
 A thought his loyal legions could not bear ;
 His resolution by the earnest prayer
 Of all his Kings and captains is subdu'd,
 And now the glad victorious multitude,
 With joys triumphant make the echoes ring,
 Whilst their great captive to his tent they bring.

Ber. To the whole world he wou'd have injury
 done,

All have a right in him as in the sun ;
 Heav'n one so brave for common good does
 frame :—

I once an int'rest in him too might claim,
 But that I fear is lost— [Weeps.

I'll run to him, my thoughts he shall set free,
 I cannot live in this uncertainty ;
 'Tis worse than death his kindness to suspect,
 Or live one moment under his neglect. [Ex.

Enter TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS.

Tit. The humble prayers your loyalties have
 made,

My resolution with success invade ;
 Go and discharge my legions on the town !
 Each moment now is laden with renown.
 The gods and I will faithfully take care
 The living and the dead rewards shall share.
 We'll laurels place on each victorious head,
 I'll crown the living, and the gods the dead.—
 Are th' engines mounted ?

Tib. All upon the wheel.

Ant. The tow'rs already seem with fear to reel.

Mal. To th' inner wall we now have near access ;
 The City's stately robes, and upper dress
 Of suburbs burnt, she, now no longer bold,

With some few rags stands shivering in the cold.

Tit. How do these men compel me to deface
The charming beauty of this goodly place?

Tib. And that the obstinate and rebel Jews
May hope no more your mercy to abuse,
We on the plain have drawn before their eyes
A lively scheme to shew their destinies :
They need not vex the stars, or trouble art,
The hills and valleys can their fates impart ;
The vocal forest is transplanted there,
From groaning trees they oracles may hear ;
The hills are shaded with a horrid wood,
And valleys fill'd with vineyards weeping blood,
Crucified bodies cover all the plain :
Let 'em view them and obstinate remain.

Tit. These men distort my nature, wrest my
mind,

And torture me lest they shou'd mercy find.

[*Titus talks to Tib.*

Enter BERENICE, SEMANDRA.

Malchus, Antiochus, gaze on Berenice.

Mal. The Queen ! with beauty let me fill my sight.
And take before hand the reward of fight :
My sword in Cæsar's service I employ
But to see her, whose love he does enjoy.

Ant. The fair young Queen ! with beauty I'm
opprest !

Oh Cæsar ! Cæsar ! for a man too blest !
The gods more happiness on thee bestow,
Than they themselves are capable to know.

[*Tib., Mal., Ant. Ex.*

Titus sees the Queen, and starts.

Tit. The Queen ! I at the sight of her grow chill,
Like one in view of him he means to kill.

Ber. May I of Cæsar crave without offence,

The favour of a moment's conference ?

Tit. Is it the Queen says this ! Is she to know
That all things here allegiance to her owe,
And that she no way can oblige me more,
Then in commanding what she does implore ?

Ber. I never shall survive the happy day,
When I on Cæsar obligations lay ;
Since so much glory were too great to bear :
I have already had too great a share
Of pleasures, in the sole belief that I
Could contribute to his felicity.

Tit. Should the fair Queen the moment not out-
live,

In which her love to me does pleasure give,
How often must that beauteous Princess die ?
Since all my thoughts I on her love employ,
And ev'ry thought affords my soul delight.
But oh ! my injur'd passion I must right.
Was all my love not real, but deceit ?
And did you but believe my kindness great ?

Ber. Far be all ill suspicions from my breast ;
I should my self, and justly too, detest,
If a mean thought of Cæsar e'er should find
Any the least reception in my mind.
All his past love I do not, dare not wrong,
But I the glory have enjoy'd too long :
Cæsar is pleas'd to let it now decline,
Which I impute to some offence of mine ;
For he can think no thought but what is brave,
No ! I some great offence committed have,
But what is wholly to my soul unknown ;
If I might know it, I my crime wou'd own.

Tit. To what do these unkind expressions tend ?
You make me think indeed you can offend,
Since you to these suspicions can be wrought.

Ber. I do not, sir, accuse you of a fault ;
Cæsar can err in nothing he can do,

So great a glory never was my due,
 Much less when I have something done or said,
 Which all my right has justly forfeited.

Tit. Now truth assist me! this unkind debate
 Argues not mine, but your own cruel hate;
 You sure incline to what you fain wou'd prove,
 And have a mind I should no longer love.
 This is too hard, too painful to be borne,
 I swear, as I a thousand times have sworn,
 But that the day the sight of you does shew,
 I care not if the sun wou'd shine or no;
 That all the joy that does by life accrue,
 Is but to love, and be belov'd by you.

Ber. My lord's displeasure I too justly bear,
 That I to doubt his constancy shou'd dare;
 But he may pardon me, when he does know
 All my suspicions from my kindness flow.
 I trouble have on Cæsar's brow espied,
 And he his thoughts and person too does hide.
 My tender heart with sorrow pines away,
 If I behold my lord but once a day:
 And I much less can his retir'dness bear,
 And not his grief, as well as kindness share.

Tit. Oh! how with love she overwhelms my
 heart!

After such love I never can impart
 A secret, that to you may trouble prove;
 To me be all the grief, to you, the love.
 Oh Rome! oh glory! oh renown! which way
 Will you the loss of so much love repay? [*Ex.*

Ber. Again in secret sorrow from me part?
 Oh my distraction! oh my tortur'd heart!
 What can the sense of these disorders be?

Sem. I must confess they are too dark for me.

Ber. Fate to our mutual love no good designs.
 Whatever he pretends, his heart declines:
 Love treats not thus the person that's belov'd,

Common compassion wou'd have kinder prov'd.

Sem. My counsel can afford but small relief,
But do not too much listen to your grief.

*An alarm ; Enter a CENTURION followed by
ROMANS.*

Sem. Soldier, the news ?

Cent. The Parthian King is here !
That name's enough to shew what danger's near.
I cannot talk, there's bus'ness to be done. [*Ex.*

Ber. My Lord in danger ?

Sem. Whither do you run ?

Ber. To die with him !

Sem. Oh, fear not ! Heav'n will save,
Were all his legions slain, a man so brave.

*An alarm ; the CENTURION returns with
MONOBAZUS.*

Ber. Centurion, the success relate with speed !

Cent. My Lord is from the Parthian monarch
freed

By this brave stranger's aid, who to defend
His glorious enemy, oppos'd his friend.

Ber. Prince ! my resentments I want words to
tell,

This deed does all past services excel :
Sure you have some command from my good fate,
My friends and me with diligence to wait.
All your deserts I will to Cæsar own,
And for reward procure some vacant crown,
If I have int'rest still ; but I'm afraid
I rather need an intercessor's aid. [*Ex.*

Mon. Oh, heav'ns ! what pleasing sweetness does
she waste,
Entirely lost to my disorder'd taste.
I little pleasure in that kindness take,
Which she bestows but for another's sake.

Now heart ! but hold till I my passions speak,
And then with sorrow and confusion break. [*Ex.*

Scene, a Street.

Enter MATTHIAS and GUARD, pursued by JOHN, ELEAZER, and the PHARISEES ; JOHN in his Pontifical vestments.

John. Seize 'em alive ! prophane and wicked men !
[*Phar. seize Mat., &c.*

Now heav'n to justice brings you once agen ;
And vengeance surely long enough has staid :
Behold the desolations you have made,
Look in the streets, and see each corner fill'd
With carcases of saints your sins have kill'd !
Listen to ev'ry house, and hear the groans
Of many starving, dying holy ones,
Who cry not, oh the famine ! oh the pest !
But, oh th' apostates ! oh the Romish priest !
For your idolatries in plagues we lye ;
Yet for these sins, no doubt, you grutch to die.
Yet you the Romans can with rage pursue ;
Alas ! not Romans ruin us, but you.
They're but your instruments ; your guilt affords
Force to their arms, and edges to their swords.
Had you good nature, you wou'd wish to die,
To free the nation from the misery ;
Not of the plague, the famine, or the foes,
But of your impious selves, our greatest woes.

Mat. Cou'd height of impious boldness saintship
give,
Thou surely wert the greatest saint alive ;
Of that vile kind of saints thy followers are,
Thou sure art excellent without compare,
For thou hast taken all degrees in sin ;
Didst first in little villanies begin,
With whispering, murmuriings, dissemblings, lies,
So didst to murder and to treason rise ;

And now at length the crawling snake is grown
 A royal basilisk and has a crown.
 Horrid! when we are plagu'd such various ways,
 Is it a season to be acting plays,
 Here, in a house of horror, death and woe,
 To mock religion with theatric shew?
 And must you too the holiest things abuse,
 For sport no subject but religion chuse?

1 *Pha.* Sport dost thou call it? Thou wilt find, I
 fear,

The saints are all in serious earnest here.

2 *Pha.* And mean to stone thee; if that be a jest,
 Of such a fatal pleasure make thy best.

Joh. No, wicked man! We act this weighty part
 With all the saddest, deepest thoughts of heart.
 I know I walk upon the brink of laws,
 Near both to sin and to perdition's jaws;
 And had not I a strong impulse within,
 And mighty call without, that I shou'd sin,
 My angry conscience wou'd my soul condemn
 In wearing of this holy diadem.

1 *Pha.* But you are sav'd from all these pious
 fears.

Joh. I am anointed by the brethren's tears;
 Call'd by the groaning of the suffering cause,
 And voice of Providence more loud than laws.
 By strong impulses knocking ev'ry hour,
 I cou'd not rest till I assum'd the power;
 Where'er I went, methoughts a voice wou'd cry,
 John! John! take up the fallen dignity:
 That if there any usurpation be,
 The priesthood's guilty of usurping me.
 I sought not pow'r, but pow'r did me invade:
 But thou, vile man! shouldst not the saints up-
 braid;

Our dangers thou shouldst rather weep to see,
 Expos'd to things so scandalous by thee.

Mat. Was ever heard of impudence like this ?

Elea. Hail him to judgment.

Mat. To eternal bliss !

To an abode which blest enough wou'd be,
From men so impious only to be free.

Enter a PHARISEE running.

3 *Pha.* Be gone ! be gone ! The Pagan King is
nigh,
Return'd out of the field with victory.

Joh. Curse on that infidel ! the priest he'll save.

Elea. Why should a heathen such successes have ?

*Enter PHRAARTES and GUARD, who beat JOHN, &c.,
off the stage ; MATHIAS pursues. After an alarm
PHRA. and MAT. return.*

Phr. Why father do you thus expose your age
To rebels' treachery, and Roman rage ?
Can your gray-hairs by you forgotten be,
Or does it shame you to be sav'd by me ?

Mat. It does ! that you should bleed for us each
day,

Who, sir, for you can nothing do, but pray.

Phr. Good man ! I am rewarded far above
All I can merit, in your daughter's love. [*Mat Ex.*

Several with baskets of provisions.

There I have brought rich plunder from the crowd,
Not to supply their treasures, but their blood :
To their repast the hungry rabble call,
Go scatter life, throw souls among them all !

[*Ex. with provisions. A shout. Phra. Ex.*

Scene, a Chamber.

*Enter CLARONA weeping, a book in her hand, sets
her self in a chair.*

Clar. Oh my devotion ! I shall let thee go,
For deadly, deadly sick with love I grow :

No sight of him but does my strength decay,
And yet I cannot keep my eyes away.
To these clear springs of life no more I go,

[Looks on the book.

Enter PHRAARTES, who starts to see her weeping.

Phr. In tears? what villany has fortune done
To my best soul, whilst I to arms was gone?
What have I spy'd? Now I the cause divine,
I see a book, that is no friend o' mine.
And does that trash still please your sickly mind?
Love has not wrought a thorough cure I find.

Clar. You with religion still will be severe ;
You wou'd think much shou'd I as harsh appear
To your friend, love.

Phr. Would it not pity breed,
To see thee climbing mountains for a weed ?
Chain'd like Prometheus rather to the brow
Of barren rocks, for ever clad in snow,
And there religion gnawing of thee still ;
Who would not the devouring vulture kill ?

Clar. How poor Cymmerians to the sun unknown,
Think ev'ry land all darkness, like their own.

Phr. How wretched lands with fables overflown,
From mountains of the moon, and springs un-
known,

With mud of falsehood rank their fertile earth,
Give nothing else but priests and prophets birth.

Clar. When men by miracles the truth display,
We may believe what miracles will say.

Phr. Workers of miracles I least believe ;
Men love by-ways who have design to thieve.

Clar. But it some faith in us may justly breed,
When what they do does nature's pow'r exceed.

Phr. Nature's an ocean endlessly profound,
Where line cou'd never yet discover ground :

We only see what on the surface swim,
 And what we often see we ne'er esteem.
 If one by chance a monster brings to shore,
 The monster we admire, the fisher more.

Clar. Supposing secret skill such feats cou'd shew,
 Can men by any art events foreknow ?
 What eye can have a prospect of events,
 Through a long wood of various accidents ?
 Chance can no more shew what will come to pass,
 Than things remote a broken optic glass.
 Yet have our sacred prophets often here
 Drawn maps of future things so plain and clear,
 That after-ages have unsoil'd, untorn,
 Found their own pictures drawn ere they were
 born.

None cou'd display 'em but the heav'nly mind,
 Where all th' ideas are at first design'd.

Phr. None knows how much may by the stars
 be guest,
 Or on th' imagination be imprest.
 But you ne'er find in draughts so much ador'd,
 More then dead colours daub'd, and features
 scor'd,

Which with some small addition may with ease
 Be drawn to what resemblances you please.

Clar. Have you of life to come no hope or fear ?

Phr. Why more of that, than the Platonic year ?
 I'll never toil after a state unknown.

Clar. But you shou'd search for fear there shou'd
 be one :

Prudence all ills that may be does prevent.

Phr. Then prudence will not lose firm continent,
 To rove the seas in an imprudent chase
 Of floating isles, and some enchanted place.

Clar. But such a place is worthy to be sought,
 And were there none, yet Heaven's a pleasant
 thought.

Phr. It may like poetry the mind employ,
In idle intervals of active joy ;
But I'll not all my life a dreaming lye,
Whilst solid pleasures run neglected by :
Whilst to uncertain cares my thoughts I give,
Lose what I'm sure of, and forget to live.

Clar. Where do you think you after death shall dwell ?

Phr. 'Mong a rude heap of things ; where none can tell.

I had myself at no request of mine,
And I'll as gen'rously my being resign.
How I came by it ne'er disturbs my head,
Nor what I shall be when I once am dead.

Clar. Then your brave self must you for ever lose ?

Phr. I wou'd not a new lease of life refuse,
Could I the deed obtain by any art.

Clar. Oh Heav'ns ! methinks you should not seek to part,

Were it from me alone, so soon as death,
And leave me wand'ring on wild nature's heath,
When we from these poor cottages are thrown,
Having no dwellings, and desiring none.

Phr. For a new life I on high rent wou'd stand,
But I'll meanwhile enjoy my present land ;
I will improve it till I've tir'd the clods,
Then for new acres I wou'd thank the gods.
But let us this fantastic talk give o'er,
These fairy thoughts shall pinch thy soul no more ;
Let us not think of lands remote, unknown,
But eat the fruits and spices of our own.

Enter PHEDRA.

Phed. Parthian Commanders wait without to bring
Tidings of great concernment to their King.

[*Ex. Phra.*

Clar. That Heav'n such cost on a brave mind
 shou'd lay,
 On no design but to be cast away !

SONG.

Come, pious mourner, pray no more !
 But let the gods alone ;
 You favours endlessly implore,
 But will be granting none :
 Can you expect from any King
 To gain whate'er you crave,
 Who dare when you your offerings bring
 Torment and wound his slave ?
 You ask of Heav'n eternal crowns,
 As your devotions due,
 And yet can wound me with your frowns,
 For asking smiles of you.

Asunder let's no longer stray,
 But both devotions join ;
 Let us when dead be sav'd your way,
 But whilst we live in mine.
 If e'er I to a soul am pin'd,
 I gain the thing I sought ;
 I'll be content to be all mind,
 To act it o'er in thought.
 Admit me to the place of bliss,
 To love's divine abodes !
 And we will laugh at paradise,
 And not be saints, but gods.

Enter PHRAARTES with some Parthian Commanders.

Phr. Brave men ! for the most glorious news
 you bring,
 Challenge the love and friendship of your King.
 My drooping fate is now reviv'd again ; [*To Clar.*
 My crown's restored, and the usurper slain :

My people, weary of the villain grown,
 Of him and Roman pride have cleans'd my throne :
 My conquering army near the town is come,
 And wait to guard me hence in triumph home.
 These gallant men who have the tidings brought,
 At the last storm to town their passage fought.
 Now I'm in sight of love's fair promised land,
 I see the shining of the golden sand.

Clar. I never shall be able to deny ; [Aside.
 That I cou'd save my innocence and die !

Phr. She falls ! she vanquisht falls into my arms !
 To conquering love resigning all her charms.
 Can any happiness compare with mine ?
 'Tis wretched sure to be a power divine,
 And not the joys of happy lovers know.
 Wou'dst thou, my dearest, be an angel now ?
 Oh, how the moments sweetly slide away !
 But yet I must be wretched for a day.

Who waits ?—Did you not say my troops had none
 Whose guidance they might safely trust to town ?

Parth. No Jewish guides cou'd any where be
 found,

The Roman troops spread ninety furlongs round.

Phr. I'll sally out to-day, and be their guide ;
 I dare in no man but myself confide.
 These troops of mighty consequence have grown,
 My fortunes all depend on them alone.
 But oh ! that I could build a tower of brass,
 Through which the force of thunder could not pass,
 My love from danger safely to enclose ;
 For I am fearful of each wind that blows,
 Lest it should breathe too rudely on my dear ;
 Then how much more shall I in absence fear
 The cruel enemy !—I dare not go !

Clar. Obliging kindness in your stay you shew :
 But if misfortune shou'd befall your men,
 Both wou'd in danger be of ruin then.

Phr. And has my danger in thy thoughts a part ?
 Who can express the pleasures of my heart ?
 The only place of strength within our pow'r
 Remaining now, is Queen Mariamne's tow'r ;
 Shall I entrust thee there till my return ?

Clar. There for your absence I will sadly mourn.

Phr. Then will you think on me ?

Clar. I will indeed !

Phr. And will you wish me back again with
 speed ?

Clar. For swift return and victory I'll pray !

Phr. How shall I do to force myself away ?
 Do not look on me lest I never go ;
 This is the hardest work love has to do.
 Come ! to the tow'r that must my love receive,
 And there I'll take a momentary leave ;
 Then like the monarch o' the winds, I'll go
 And loose my stormy squadrons on the foe.
 And, when the mighty vapour's spent and done,
 The wasting Roman inundation gone,
 And not a cloud in all the heav'ns we see,
 I'll come a hot and pleasant calm to thee. [Ex.

ACT IV.

Scene—The Roman Tents.

Enter TITUS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS, TIBERIAS.

Tib. Now, Sir, one more assault, and we conclude
 The torments of the starving multitude.
 We to our squadrons portions divide,
 Which, like wild horses to its members tied,
 Did rend it limb from limb, and left alone
 A torn dismemb'ed carkass of a town.

Mal. I did the Temple storm, the place to save
From its own guard, as Cæsar orders gave ;
And the live slaves, to burn my troops and me,
Gave fire to th'entrance of their sanctuary,
And in a moment level'd with the ground
Solomon's Porch, and all the buildings round.

Ant. The town must bow to you within a day,
For famine sweeps its dirty crowds away ;
They who maintain it are not men but bones,
Shadows of men and walking skeletons.
Their looks scare death itself, nor do they need
To fly from wounds, they have no blood to bleed.
Their flesh, if mangled, like chopt earth appears,
Or cloven trees, torn with the wind and years.

Mal. My civil fate did better treats afford,
And with fat juicy villains fed my sword :
That I had no great reason for complaints,
I had a noble banquet of cramm'd saints.

Tit. To all the heav'nly pow'rs I dare appeal,
If I'm in fault for what these wretches feel.

Tib. Except by mercy length'ning that disease,
Which stubborn cruelty with speed wou'd ease.

An alarm. Enter an OFFICER.

Tit. The news ?

Offic. The guardian angel of the town,
The Parthian King, is from its succour flown.
He broke from thence, like thunder from a cloud,
And tore down all that in his passage stood ;
Thence with his followers o'er the mountains
fled,

And all the way with slaughter'd Romans spread.

Ant. Then the proud city's dying pangs are past ;
Her mighty ghost is yielded up at last !

Mal. The very soul of all their souls is fled.

Tib. Better their walls had vanish'd in his stead.
Pursue him——

Tit. No! since for his life he flies,
 Let him enjoy what with disgrace he buys.
 Now I'll release the wretches from the rack ;
 Prepare my legions for a new attack :
 Their Temple save, unless the slaves appear
 Too obstinate, and it shall cost too dear.

Mal. I am prepared :—but, ere the fight begin,
 [Aside.

I must go gaze on the fair Jewish Queen.
 I know I must not hope, but I may dare
 To peep in Heav'n, though I must ne'er come there.
 [Ex.

Ant. I must to the fair Queen before I go,
 [Aside.

My thirsty soul does more intemp'rate grow :
 That hot elixir I must hourly taste,
 Which I'm assur'd will burn me at the last. [Ex.

Tib. Now, friend, the hour draws near when
 wretched I,
 The torments of departing love, must try,
 And with one stab that fatal wound must give,
 Of which I shall be groaning whilst I live.

Tib. Oh! does your mighty resolution yield?
 I thought you had entirely gain'd the field.

Tit. Dost think I from my breast so soon can
 tear

A love which has so long been growing there?
 Throw all that heap of riches out of door
 I hardly got, and in a trice be poor?
 Three years I lov'd and fought, on no design
 But at the last to make this treasure mine:
 I have spoil'd half the world but to be seen
 Attir'd in glories, pleasing to the Queen.
 Nay I, who shun her love to gain a throne,
 Desir'd the Empire for her sake alone.
 And now I have obtain'd my wish'd success,
 And I'm in reach of supreme happiness,

Shall I at last myself and her deceive,
And what I sought for, what I slighted leave ?

Tib. Oh ! do these thoughts your soul once more
invade ?

All this before you in the balance weigh'd ;
With an impartial finger pois'd the scale,
And left out nothing might for love prevail :
But still the Roman laws, your own renown
And glory weighed the other balance down.
And now——

Tit. Her love to all things I prefer,
What is renown or Empire without her ?

Tib. Grant, Sir, all charms that in her sex are
seen,

Are lodged in her, but still she is a Queen.
A Roman courage her great heart contains,
But there's no Roman blood within her veins.
And not our tyrants yet so bold have been,
To marry with a stranger and a Queen.
This hate to crowns is all that Rome, in chains,
Still of her ancient liberty retains.
Nay Roman monsters, whose supreme delight
Was against reason, laws, and gods to fight ;
Who Rome and nature in confusion hurl'd,
And walked antipodes to all the world ;
Yet they who durst both burn and plunder Rome,
Once to invade this law durst ne'er presume.
And Sir, shall you, the world's delight, do more
Against our laws than monsters did before ?

Tit. All this too well I know, but must I lose
My freedom ere I am at Rome's dispose ?
It will be time enough these thoughts to have,
When I am chosen her imperial slave ;
Till then my heart and person both are free,
And I am master of my destiny.

Tib. Ah, Sir ! against this fatal passion strive,
And do not Rome of your brave self deprive :

Shall she lose all the glory of your reign,
 Only to ease a love-sick lady's pain ?
 For, Sir, were you a god and shou'd presume
 To 'spouse a Queen, you must not govern Rome.
 Her rank is by your army too abhor'd,
 Who hate to see a Queen command their lord :
 Their hourly discontents I scarce can quell,
 They out of loyalty would fain rebel.
 Nay, they have all resolved the very hour
 The town is won to chuse you Emperor !
 But lest the Queen should in your glory share,
 They firmly have decreed to banish her.
 And the brave rebels I declare I'll lead ;
 If you will guard your passion, take my head,
[Kneels and flings his sword at Titus' feet.]

For I will ne'er endure the greatest throne,
 And bravest man, shou'd be by love undone.

Tit. Oh rise ! thou truly noble spirit, rise !

[Raises him.]

I have resolv'd on this great sacrifice,
 But do not know which way I shall begin ;
 I cannot speak to the unhappy Queen.

Tib. Release your spirit from that trifling care,
 I'll to the Queen th'unpleasing message bear ;
 And, as the patient's sight an artist hides,
 When from the body he a limb divides,
 That nature may not doubly be oppress'd,
 Then with a curious hand performs the rest ;
 So I the fatal deed will gently do,
 And not torment you with an interview :
 And will so mollify the parting pain,
 That injur'd love but little shall complain.

[Offers to go.]

Tit. Oh ! stay Tiberias ! make not so much speed,
 I know not if I shall survive the deed ;
 With haste I boldly rush on a design,
 Which may at once destroy her life and mine.

But yet what must be suffer'd we in vain
 Delay some moments, and prolong our pain.
 Go, then ! the sad and killing tidings bear,
 Excuse my crime, and all my grief declare ;
 Implore her my retirement to forgive,
 Tell her I cannot see her, go,—and live !
 And if to reign in my ungrateful breast,
 Her rigorous fate can sweeten in the least,
 Tell her that I, deserted and alone,
 Even an imperial exile in my throne,
 To my own self more hateful than to her,
 The name of lover to my tomb will bear ;
 That all my life will be in sorrow spent,
 And all my reign a glorious banishment. [Ex.

The Scene changes to the Queen's Tent.

Enter BERENICE and MONOBAZUS.

Ber. How, Sir, have I, under the name of friend,
 These many months a lover entertain'd ?

Mon. Let it not, Madam, your displeasure move,
 That I presume t'inform you of my love :
 Till now in humble duty I suppress
 The tort'ring secret till it burnt my breast.
 My bosom better could have fire retain'd,
 It wou'd have less my scorching vitals pain'd.

Ber. Suppose your passion great as you express,
 What did encourage you to this address ?
 Durst you once hope you entertain'd should be,
 Or find the least encouragement from me ?

Mon. My passion never yet so bold has been ;
 It were less vain to ask the gods to sin.
 Yet were it possible for you to err,
 Torments and death I would much rather bear,
 Than you one moment should unhappy be,
 And place your heart on one so low as me.

Ber. Good Heav'n! then what design could you propose?

Did you this secret for no end disclose?

Mon. To ease my soul was all I did design.

Ber. Would it had been in any breast but mine!

Now I not only must ungrateful seem,
But all past services must crimes esteem;
Against my nature my just debts disown,
Nay, I must punish you for what y've done.
And oh! good Heav'n! what starts into my
thought! [Aside.

I've found what has this change in Titus wrought;
I've been too lavish in this stranger's praise,
That, that did this disorder in him raise.
Sir, you have ruin'd me, have friendship shewn,
To make my fate as wretched as your own:
To save my life you have your sword employ'd,
And all the comforts of that life destroy'd.
Oblige me this once more, for goodness' sake,
Your self with speed out of my presence take.

Mon. What means this storm so sudden and
severe? [Aside.

My cruel fate pursues me everywhere.

My name can, like a charm, uncalm the sea,
Where'er I wander, there no peace can be.

Ber. Will you not please to answer my desire?

Mon. But one word more, and, Madam, I retire.

Enter SEMANDRA.

Sem. Madam, the King!

Ber. No visitants admit,
I'm for all conversation now unfit.

Enter MALCHUS, followed by ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. Ha! Malchus here?

Mal. Antiochus so nigh?

Ant. Ha! Prince Monobazus do I espy?

Mal. What ! does the Queen that traitor entertain,
By whom her brother was so lately slain ?

Mon. Oh hateful sight ! does fortune hither
bring

My mortal enemy th'Arabian King ?

Ber. They gaze as if they both this stranger
knew.

Mal. Now my revenge the rebel shall pursue,
Whose fortune oft has put me in distress ;
Besides I'm jealous here of his success.

And dares he, Madam, in your sight appear ?

Ber. Oh, Sir ! his quality I fain would hear,
For till this hour his name I never knew.

Mal. Prince Monobazus, who your brother slew,
Dispers'd my troops, and wounded me in fight,
'Cause I maintain'd his injur'd brother's right.

Ant. What need this great officiousness be
shewn ?

Mal. You are his friend.

Ant. I do the title own.

Mal. You did not once this mighty friendship
shew.

Ant. But I love valour in a friend or foe.

Mon. Do not for me, Sir, discompose your mind,
I only from the King prevention find :
The guilt he makes with so much passion known,
I now was humbly on my knee to own.

Ber. Oh Heavens ! and does there stand before
my view
My brother's murderer ?

Mon. It is too true——

Your brother I unfortunately kill'd.

Ant. You did ! but it was fairly in the field.

Ber. Did this ill spirit me all this while pursue.
And did I entertain his service too ?
Now I perceive he hither did retreat,
By subtle ways his mischiefs to complete ;

On all my brother's race to wreak his spight.
Wherein could he offend to such a height,
That even his life was a revenge too small,
But I amongst your enemies must fall !

Mon. All names most black and odious are my
due,
Excepting that of enemy to you.

Ber. Cease your feign'd love, for I your life will
have !

Mine but for ends of malice you did save,
And so am unobliged ; yours all the pleas
Of justice craves ; Guards, on the murd'rer seize !

Ant. Ah, Madam !

Mon. Do not, Sir, a hind'rance be,
The Queen will both oblige herself and me.

Ber. Yes, you shall die !—but why do I pre-
sume

On lives of others here to pass a doom,
When in few hours perhaps it will be shewn,
I have not power to assure my own ?
And see,—Tiberias from my Lord is sent !

Enter TIBERIAS.

I am assur'd he brings me some complaint :
What it should be, I cannot, dare not guess ;
If he be jealous, that does love express.
But that slight grief were easy to disarm ;
No, something else does his great soul alarm :
Whate'er it is, vain fear I will repel ;
I'm sure from Titus I've deserv'd so well,
That I my innocence may boldly trust,
For, if he be unkind, he is unjust.
Tiberias, quickly thy ill news impart,
What does sit heavy on thy Prince's heart ?
I know the news is bad I am to hear,
'Cause thou art chosen for the messenger.

Tib. Ah, Madam !—

Ber. Nay, I am not now to learn,
 How thou hast made my ruin thy concern ;
 Hast tamper'd with thy Prince's heart, and strove
 To sow dissensions, and to blast our love.
 But I forgive thee, since I have thereby
 The pleasure had his constancy to try.

Tib. Madam, what e'er I in my life have done,
 I am too much a Roman to disown ;
 That Cæsar's glory I with care have sought,
 Can never by his friends be judged a fault.
 But since my Lord did so unhappy prove,
 To have his glory contradict his love,
 That I took part with glory is most true,
 But, Madam, never out of hate to you.
 The Roman laws were made ere I was born,
 Nor bear I to your rank a native scorn ;
 I wish Rome paid crown'd heads the honour due,
 At least from all her laws exempted you.
 But since she'll not reform at my request,
 Of her proud humour let us make the best.
 Then, Madam, know, my Lord at last o'ercome
 By me, by all the army, senate, Rome,
 Knowing how much your rank incurs their hate,
 And fearing to involve you in a state
 That to you both unfortunate would prove ;
 Exceeding tender of your gen'rous love,
 And of the happiness of one so dear—
 Assur'd your courage the great shock will bear,—
 Sends to inform you 'tis the will of fate,
 You two for ever now must separate.

Ber. For ever sep'rate ! what does he intend ?
 Will he to Berenice this message send ?

Ant. Oh Heav'ns !

Mal. Amazement !

Tib. Madam, 'tis too true !
 But to his noble love I'll justice do ;

All kinds of passions in his soul arise,
 He weeps, laments, adores, and almost dies :
 But to what end ? his many griefs are vain,
 Rome in her throne no Queen will entertain,
 You two must part, and after this one day,
 He begs no longer in the camp you'll stay.

Ber. Alas ! Semandra—— [*Half weeping.*]

Sem. What I long did fear !

Madam, this sad assault with courage bear ;
 Raise all that's great in you to your defence,
 You'll need it in this mighty exigence.

Mon. Oh gods ! have I this fatal difference made ?

Ant. All this is falsehood, and the Queen's be-
 tray'd.

Mal. Now some small pleasure in despair I
 take. [*Aside.*]

Ber. And can Vespasian Berenice forsake ?

Are these his oaths and vows ?

Ant. It cannot be ;

Tiberias, the Queen is wrong'd by thee.

Tib. She is not, Sir !

Ant. She is ! and wert thou, where

I durst presume, thy falsehood should appear.

Mal. Did I think that your labour I wou'd save.

Tib. Kings, when you please you shall occasion
 have.

Mon. Ah Sir ! I beg let your contention cease ;

[*To Ant.*]

To me the injur'd Queen's revenge release.

If, Madam, a poor malefactor may,

After his sentence be allow'd to pray,

I beg the glorious office on my knees,

And after doom me to what death you please.

Ber. How ! do you think my honour I'll refer

For justice to my brother's murderer ?

To his great ghost too much offence I give,

Since by your aid I am content to live.

To too much guilt already I'm betray'd ;
 Your life shou'd now be offer'd to his shade :
 But lest if I your guilty blood should spill,
 The world should think I pay my debts but ill,
 All your past deeds I with your life requite,
 But never more appear within my sight !

Mon. Then to the town I will myself convey,
 Sorrow shou'd in the shades of sorrow stay :
 The gods have there all kinds of deaths in store,
 Shortly I shall afflict the world no more. [*Ex.*

Ber. For you who these great mysteries reveal,
 [*To Tib.*

I from your message to your Lord appeal ;
 Against his faith I nothing will believe,
 Till I this sentence from his mouth receive :
 And, if it proves not as thy self hath said,
 Tiberias, know, I will demand thy head !

Tib. Agreed !—meanwhile I will my Lord prepare
 For your approach, and straight attend you there.
 [*Ex.*

She offers to go, and is stay'd by Sem.

Sem. Hold, Madam, will y' in this disorder go ?
 Some little pains upon yourself bestow ;
 Stay till your beauty has regain'd its grace,
 Your hair and veil let me in order place.

Ber. No, no, Semandra, let thy Queen alone !
 Titus shall quickly see what he has done ;
 The aid of these poor trifles I despise :
 If my too constant heart, my weeping eyes,
 My grief !—my grief !—my death no pity gain !
 What can these slighted ornaments obtain ?

[*Goes out weeping.*

Mal. The Queen's resentment adds to my despair.
 [*Ex.*

Ant. I'll bury all my troubled thoughts in war.
 [*Ex.*

Scene,—Titus, his Tent.

Enter TITUS and TIBERIAS.

Tit. Great gods ! how I this hast'ning combat
fear,

My guilty soul wants courage to appear.
Her absence once I not an hour could bear,
Now for her sight with terror I prepare.

Tib. Sir, place strong guards about your heart
one hour ;

This storm repuls'd, you are a conqueror.

Tit. Poor vict'ry, injur'd beauty to subdue !
What more could an untam'd barbarian do ?

[*Sees her coming.*

She comes ! Great genii of me and Rome,
Help me in this one field to overcome ;
If you regard the honour of the throne,
Trust not my glory with myself alone.

Ber. So, Sir, and is your fainting passion tir'd ?
Have you at length my parting hence desir'd ?

Tit. Ah, Madam ! do not a poor Prince oppress ;
The gods who gave me all the happiness
Of your past loves, think I too blest have been,
And now to moderate my joys begin.
Glory they in the room of love bestow,
By splendid steps to ruin I must go :
Be doom'd to Empire, to a throne confin'd,
Have pow'r, but lose the freedom of my mind :
Great as a god, as solitary too ;
Ador'd, but banish'd from the sight of you :
For, Madam, I with sorrow must declare,
We for eternal parting must prepare.

Ber. Oh, cruel man ! do you these words express
Now you have rais'd my love to such excess ?
Did I for this permit my eyes each day,
On you to gaze my liberty away ?

Advance my flame to an immod'rate height,
 Hating all bounds in what I took delight ?
 Stifle all thoughts that with your int'rest strove,
 And even exchange my very soul for love ?
 And will you now unjust to me become,
 For a poor servile flattery of Rome ?

Tit. Glory's unjust, which never can repay
 With all it gives the half it takes away.

Ber. Is this a time the secret to impart ?
 Why all this while have you not warn'd my
 heart ?

Can you deny that your own laws you knew ?
 Nay, did not often I object 'em too,
 And in love's pleasing way with caution tread,
 Fearing it to some precipice would lead ?
 But you with oaths entic'd me to love on ;
 I lov'd, and lov'd, till all my heart was gone.
 Why nam'd you not the haughty laws of Rome,
 When I might have return'd unwounded home,
 And been contented in as high degree
 To part with you as you do now from me ?

Tit. Oh ! do not make my charge too weighty
 grow !

I under too much guilt already bow.
 Part with content ! the gods can tell what stings,
 What tot'ring pangs this parting moment brings.
 The other crime I must with shame confess,
 And I have no excuse but love's excess ;
 I did not soon enough these thoughts produce,
 My self I then took pleasure to seduce :
 My dazzled eyes were blinded with delight,
 And power and Empire were not then in sight.
 I all those cares did from my breast remove,
 And would hear nothing but the charms of love.

Ber. False man ! that power and Empire which
 you name,
 You swore you sought but to protect your flame :

And now your stars have flatter'd you, must I
 For the reward of all my kindness die ?
 Oh Titus ! Titus !—think what 'tis you do—
 Must Berenice be slain, and slain by you ?

Tit. 'Tis true, the guilt I'll to my self assume,
 And not accuse the army, senate, Rome.
 It is my glory governs me alone,
 Else I by arms could place you in the throne.
 I know what injury myself I do,
 And that I cannot live exil'd from you :
 But let me die, 'tis glory I decree,
 I'll live in an immortal memory ;
 Succeeding ages shall my virtues own,
 Adore my ashes, and my statues crown,
 Whilst to the world I've an example set,
 No stoic shall attempt to imitate.

Ber. Oh unkind Prince ! your desir'd fame en-
 joy !

To gain it too inglorious ways employ :
 Leave a renown'd example when you die,
 But leave another of inconstancy.
 I'll strive no more, I did but stay to hear—
 What did to me impossible appear—
 The mouth which swore me love this sentence
 speak,
 And all passed oaths in my own presence break.
 Nay, infidelity with pride proclaim,
 And boast on falsehood to erect a fame ;
 That immortality shall thence begin,
 Great deed to ruin an unhappy Queen.
 When I am dead, the praise of it assume,
 Let your crown'd statues triumph o'er my tomb ;
 The conquest must immortal glory gain,
 A Queen for loving you, by falsehood slain.

Tit. Oh ! how you tear me !

Ber. Yes, I may believe
 You much for her whom you have ruin'd grieve.

Oh, wretched me !—why shou'd the best of men,
[*Flings herself down in a chair.*]

Whose noble nature does the friendship gain
Of his worst enemies,—Heav'n not so mild,
Who the delight of all the world is styl'd,
Of cruelty and falsehood make his boast,
Practis'd to wretched me, who love him most ?
This, Heav'n ! is just from thee ; I, for his love,
To my religion did unfaithful prove,
Contemn thy laws, and for his sake dismiss
All hope or right in future paradise :
And he in fear of laws his faith denies,
And from my love to future glory flies ;
Only when dead an empty fame to raise,
To live in brass, and breathe in airy praise.

Tit. You break my heart!

Ber. Farewell, oh cruel Prince !

What you have done, few moments shall evince.
I will not crowd your way to glory long,
Nor will I crave Heav'n's vengeance for my wrong.
I wou'd not have him arm in my relief ;
Heav'n could I help it should not see my grief :
No, I'll seek vengeance from another place ;
I know your soul, though cruel, cannot chace
Out of your troubled thoughts with so much ease,
My present grief, and all past kindnesses ;
But when my blood you on the floor shall see,
Each drop a dagger to your heart shall be. [Ex.

Tit. Oh ! let me follow her ! she's gone to die.

Tib. That does not need; her women, sir, are nigh.

And they will turn those thoughts out of her breast.

Tit. I'm a barbarian, I my self detest :

Nero in cruelty I have outdone.

Tib. Dismiss your sorrow, Sir, the day's your own :

Pore not on wounds which at the present bleed,
But think of glories which shall soon succeed.

Tit. Curst be the fate such victories bestows ;
 Why should proud Rome be suffered to impose
 On princes such ungrateful things as these ?
 She shall not part, let Rome say what she please.

Tib. Oh Sir !—

Tit. Ye gods ! I know not what I say !

Tib. Come, Sir, pursue the triumphs of the day :
 Spur on your swift success, this rebel town
 Subdu'd, and then you perfect your renown.

Tit. Talk not to me of fond renown, the rude
 Inconstant blast of the base multitude :
 Their breaths nor souls can satisfaction make,
 For half the joys I part with for their sake.
 I'll not so dear for sordid flatt'ry give ;
 Without renown or Empire I can live,
 But not without the Queen ; she, only she,
 Fame, Empire, glory, all things is to me.
 Go, and endeavour to appease her mind,
 And say, my love she, spite of Rome, shall find.

[*Ex.*

Tib. These are the strugglings of departing love ;
 Th'ill genius in a tempest does remove :
 I'll let the storm consume itself, and then
 He'll soon the mild Vespasian be again.

[*Ex.*

ACT V.

Scene—The Palace.

An Alarm—Enter MATTHIAS, PHINEAS, SAGAN.

Mat. All's lost ! we are resigned to heathen rage.

Sag. Heav'n in our aid no longer does engage.

Phin. Have we a shadow twenty ages chas'd ;
 Is all our faith prov'd a vain dream at last ?

Mat. What shall we say ? these things our reason pose :

The more we think, the more ourselves we lose.
Our thoughts we never can in order place ;
They dance, like atoms, in a boundless space.

Sag. Let's think no more, but make a swift retreat

To some strong place, where, during the fierce heat
Of rage and slaughter, we may shelter take,
And for our selves at least conditions make.

Phin. This tower, where your daughter keeps, is strong,

And may, with some provisions, hold out long.

Mat. Life now is much the least of all my cares ;
But of Heav'n's bounty no good man despairs.
Clarona !——

CLARONA appears in the Balcony.

Clar. Ha ! my father's voice I hear !

'Tis he ! Oh ! this disperses all my fear. [*Ex.*

Mat. Daughter !—she answers not ! Oh ! I begin
To tremble ! all I fear's not well within ! [*Knock.*

Enter CLARONA.

Clar. My father here ! I scarce can speak for joy.
I by degrees did all my guards employ
To seek and aid you ; but of all I sent,
Not one returned ; that all my patience spent.
Of guards forsaken, looking ev'ry hour
For bloody foes, and nothing in the tow'r
But my poor trembling women here, and I,
I was resolv'd to seek you out and die.

Enter PHEDRA, running.

Phed. Haste, Sir, the rebels come ! you'll be too late !

I saw 'em from the tow'r ; they're at the gate !
They're come ! I heard the murd'ers call for you.

Mat. Pursu'd by Romans, and by rebels too !

Base wretches ! with what danger, guilt, and pains,
 They purchase misery, dishonour, chains ;
 Total destruction ! it is fit we die,
 We fight and hinder them of slavery.

Enter JOHN and PHARISEES.

Joh. Kill ! kill ! their idol's gone: they can repair
 No longer to their Parthian Lucifer.

JOHN, ELEAZAR, &c., force into the tower. An Alarm. Enter MATTHIAS, PHINEAS, SAGAN, CLARONA, PHEDRA, pursued. PHINEAS, SAGAN, fall dead ; MATTHIAS wounded.

Mat. For this I thank thee ! thou hast set me
 free

From having share in all that misery
 Thy wickedness does on thy country bring.

Joh. No ! the vile Achan, the accursed thing
 That made us stink, and all our prayers prove
 Offence to Heav'n, we from the land remove.
 Thou, wanton idol, who our land has stain'd
 With Pagan love, and all our race prophan'd,
 Shalt perish too. [*Wounds Clarona.*]

Elea. By thy allurements led,
 That savage boar much blood of saints hath shed.

An alarm and shout.

Hark, an alarm ! [*John and Elea. look out.*]

Joh. The Roman troops are near !

Elea. And Parthian banners in the streets appear !

Joh. I fear that cursed dragon King is come,
 He plagues us more than all the pow'r of Rome.

[*Exeunt John, Eleazar, and Pharisees.*]

Mat. Oh, daughter ! do you bleed ?

Clar. Too slow I do :

But, Sir, I hope to fall asleep with you.

Mat. The sight oppresses nature ; but my mind
 Does from thy piety true comfort find.

Our Temple, nation, glory, faith are gone ;
 And what wou'dst thou do in the world alone ?
 When dead, we shall behold, within the scenes,
 What this dark riddle of destruction means.
 I try to sound this depth, but have not line ;
 Thick gloomy mists encompass things divine :
 Poor human understandings they despise ;
 Vainly proud man endeavours to be wise.
 Come, daughter ! follow my coelestial part,
 Haste to be more an angel than thou art. [*Dies.*]

Clar. The light, the splendor of our nation's
 gone,
 A brighter in our firmament ne'er shone.
 In this one gallant man does slaughter'd lye
 Truth, wisdom, valour, learning, piety.
 This tax, as nature's subject I must pay, [*Weeps.*]
 The little time I in her Empire stay ;
 My wound, I hope, will liberty bestow ;
 For, if not mortal, grief will make it so.
 How to the tow'r shall I convey these dear
 Sacred remains ?

Phed. I see some soldiers near,
 Perhaps they may be of our friends.

Clar. Go, try !
 Beg of 'em this last act of charity.

[*Ex. Phed. and re-enters with Soldiers.*]
 My father from my arms went up to joy,
 Now in his cold embraces I will die.

[*Ex. led by Phed. and Soldiers, some carrying off Mat.*]

An Alarm ; Enter PHRAARTES and MONOBAZUS.

Mon. Whilst you Clarona search, I'll still
 alarm
 The foe, and keep our soldiers' courage warm.

Phr. Does thy rash youth at length its error
 see ?
 But few hours since, with foolish bravery

Thou wert thy rival's buckler, and didst prove
 So kind, to save him to enjoy thy love.
 My tenderness to thee hath ruin'd both :
 But that thy youth I pitied, and was loth
 So many blooming hopes at once to shed,
 Thy rival, and our troubles, had been dead.

Mon. I to attain the Queen did long despair,
 So placed my happiness in serving her.

Phr. Never condemn thyself! he who will
 have

Fortune or women love him, must be brave.
 Women are apt to err : that beauteous she
 Who thinks herself too good, or fair for me,
 Shall be too fair for all the world beside,
 And take up all her pleasure in her pride.
 But throw away despair, for I am here ;
 Thy Queen is thine, thy happiness is near :
 Thy rival shall in chains thy nuptials grace,
 And thou his mistress in his tent embrace.
 Be gone ! I'll follow.—When I parted hence,

[*Exit Mon.*]

My love I trusted to this tower's defence.
 Ha ! the gates open !——and no guard within !
 I fear this cursed tow'r has faithless been :
 And if it has, let but an air, or sound
 Offend her, I will burn it to the ground. [*Exit.*]

*A Bed plac'd, a Lamp by it. Enter CLARONA led
 by PHEDRA. She lies down on the bed.*

Clar. Death, I attend thy coming ! for I now
 Have finish'd all I have to do below.
 I hear a noise ! the echoing chambers ring
 With sounds confus'd. [*Trampling within.*]

Phedra runs out, and returns.

Phed. Madam, it is the King !

Clar. And shall Clarona see him ere she dies ?
 Is such a blessing granted to my eyes ?

Enter PHRAARTES.

Phr. Silence, and darkness! all's not well, I
fear;——
I shake!——

Clar. My Lord!—

Phr. Her heav'nly voice I hear!—
Now to a gentle calm my passions fall,
That divine music has appeas'd 'em all.
My love!—to thy embraces let me haste!
[*Embraces.*

That this to all eternity might last.
But ha! thou sigh'st and weep'st! what dost thou
ail?
Art thou not well? thy cheeks are cold and
pale.

Ease, ease my soul, for I distracted grow;
The cause of all this pompous sorrow shew!
Why is this lamp, this solitude, this bed?
Speak! ere I fall in thy embraces dead.

Clar. Insatiable eyes, give o'er, give o'er;
One close and greedy look, and then no more.

Phr. What talk is this?

Clar. No longer to detain
Your wand'ring thoughts, see there my father
slain!

And the same bloody weapon pierc'd my breast,
Which sent his soul to everlasting rest.

Phr. Plagues! tortures! death on all by whom
'twas done!

And me, from your defence for being gone.
This has exceeded all that I cou'd fear.——
And see—blood—blood—is sprinkled ev'rywhere!
Where is the wound whose fatal spring does feed
This purple river?—run for help with speed!—
Millions of gold to any one for aid!—
Confusion!—why is not my will obey'd?

Clar. I have had all the help that skill can give.

Phr. Are there no hopes?

Clar. Most certain hopes.

Phr. To live?

Clar. To live.

Phr. Oh joy!

Clar. My joys indeed are near;
Ever to live in Heav'n, no longer here.

Phr. Is that your life?—I fear'd that pleasing tale

[*Aside.*

Of Heav'n at last wou'd over Love prevail.

Man is a foolish pamphlet, full of lies;

Lies are his hopes, and lies are all his joys.

Some promise him to come, and some to stay;

Those never come, and these fly fast away.

Clar. Oh! how much love and excellence I leave.

Phr. Oh! how much sweetness shall the grave receive.

Clar. How is my way to death with pleasures strew'd!

That I cou'd stay for ever on the road;

For ever, ever, slumber on this breast:

I'm husht with music to my long—long—rest.

My belov'd lord—farewell!

[*Dies.*

Phr. She dies!—she dies!—

Speak once again! open once more those eyes!

Phraartes speaks to thee.—She's fled—she's fled!—

And her pale picture left me in her stead.

This—this is all of her that I must have—

And this is too the portion of the grave.

Away with tears—this fond—this womanish flood!—

One kiss!—and then—to blood—revenge
—and blood.

[*Kisses.*

Charms!—conqu'ring charms in death!—hence
with her, hence!

For I begin to wander from my sense.

Where are those lying priests, that hang the graves
With maps of future worlds?—Shew me, you
slaves,

These lands of ghosts!—Where is Clarona gone?
[*Grows mad.*]

Aloft!—I see her mounting to the sun!—

The flaming Satyr towards her does roll,

His scorching lust makes summer at the Pole.

Let the hot planet touch her if he dares—

Touch her, and I will cut him into stars,

And the bright chips into the ocean throw!—

Oh, my sick brain!—Where is Phraartes now?

Gone from himself!—Who shall his sense re-
store?

None, none, for his Clarona is no more!

Enter MONOBAZUS.

Mon. Haste hence, Sir! all's on fire! Heav'n
rains it down,

Sends troops of flame to prey upon the town!

A legion now the Temple round besets,

Thick drops of gold the falling building sweats;

The Romans strive with streams of Jewish blood

To quench the fire, but 'twill not be withstood;

A Divine fury on the flame has seiz'd,

It claims the pile, and will not be appeas'd;

The cursed Jews a league with it have made,

And to destroy the Romans lend it aid;

That a strange mixture now you may behold,

Rivers of fire, of blood, and liquid gold.

Phr. I thank the fire, it does revenge my wrong;

I'll go and guide its rav'nous troops along,

And all the plunder I can find bestow,

And wish the world I in its arms cou'd throw.—

Ruin from hence the universe invade !
 My light is set in an eternal shade.
 Look in and see my wretched meaning there.

Mon. Clarona pale and slumb'ring does appear.

[*Looks in.*

Phr. Dead ! dead !——gone out ; that dark and fatal door

Which once lock'd on us, never opens more ;
 That vanisht light no more on me shall shine,
 Now I'll prepare her fun'ral pomp and mine.
 The Macedonian King but to the shade
 Of a dead friend whole cities offerings made,
 Wasted whole provinces, whole nations slew ;
 Then what shou'd I for a slain mistress do ?
 Something I'll do, but what I cannot tell,
 My mighty thoughts 'bove all expression swell.

Offers to go, MONOBAZUS stays him.

Mon. Oh, stay, Sir ! I have lost a mistress too,
 And want revenge and death as well as you.
 Embassadors this moment tidings bring,
 My royal brother's dead, and I'm a King !
 I sent 'em back, and gave my crown away,
 And here to die with you on purpose stay ;
 For I less glory judge it, and judge true,
 To govern Kingdoms than to die with you.

Phr. Gallant young King !——let me your welcome give

To our high rank !——much honour we receive,
 Which I am sorry we so soon shou'd lose.
 But since to share my destiny you chuse,
 I will not seek to do your glory wrong :
 No, you shall die with me.——Then, come along !
 Our persons, fames, and glories we will bear,
 To live and reign, we know not how nor where.
 In better company we cannot go ;
 We dare the utmost of our fortunes know :

Plunge into deeps and never be perplex,
Be Kings this moment, and be nothing next. [*Ex.*

*The Scene,—the Temple burning, fill'd with Jews
lamenting.*

Om. Oh!—our Temple!—our Temple!—

1. Jerusalem's lost!—that Heav'n shou'd this
permit!

This Queen of nations now in dust must sit.

Enter JOHN and ELEAZAR.

Ele. What shall we do? the fire does raging
grow,
And streams of people to the Romans flow.

Joh. I've prophets hir'd, who shall deliv'rance
cry,
And death to all that to the Romans fly.

Enter TWO PROPHETS.

1 *Pro.* Lift up your heads, ye people! for this
hour
Salvation comes from Heav'n, the seat of Power.

2 *Pro.* Salvation comes! a flaming sword she
bears!

Woe for partakers with idolaters!

Enter a PHARISEE.

Phar. Haste, haste! deliv'rance on our swords
does wait!

The Roman tyrant at the Golden Gate
In person, with a legion of his Guard,
With fire encompass'd, is from flight debarr'd.

Joh. Fall on! and, lest the Pagan shou'd retire,
Set the north chambers of the Priest on fire.

[*Exeunt.*

*An alarm. Enter TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS,
and ANTIOCHUS.*

Tib. Gods ! at what rash design does Cæsar aim.
To plunge himself thus deep in blood and flame !

Tit. Oh, save this building !

Mal. Sir, all hopes are past,
The mounted flame does keep his seat too fast.

Ant. Besides, the dogs do their own Temple
burn,
These fiery spears against our breasts to turn.

An alarm. Enter an OFFICER.

Offic. Haste, haste, Sir, succours to your legions
bring !

They fall in crowds before the Parthian King.
On yonder burning mount, which all commands,
He like another flaming mountain stands ;
And fights, and kills, with rage so much above
All that is man, the Romans think him Jove.
Some cry for mercy, some by terror fall ;
By fear, by fire, and him, they perish all.

Tit. That triple league no longer shall succeed ;
The King, the mighty Chief of it, with speed
Shall be undeify'd by my own hands :
While I ascend with the Prætorian bands.
Tiberias ! King Antiochus and you
The rebels in the upper tow'r subdue !
Rebellion there has long my pow'r defied,
But I will wound him now on ev'ry side :
Cut off that Hydra's head all at a blow,
That no more new ones in the stead may grow. [*Ex.*

*After an alarm within, enter MALCHUS and TIBERIAS,
meeting.*

Mal. To Cæsar, haste ! with all the speed you can,
The Parthian King is something more than man ;

At least he is in league with pow'rs Divine,
 For Heav'n and earth in his assistance join :
 Voices are heard, and visions seen i' th' air,
 Thunder and lightning to his aid repair.

Tib. Strange things you tell ; and which does
 yet increase
 My wonder more, the strange and sudden peace
 Is made between the Parthian King and gods :
 'Tis not long since they were at mortal odds.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene is drawn, and PHRAARTES, MONOBAZUS, and their followers are seen defending a high rocky mount. The ROMANS oft attempt to scale it, but are beaten down by great stones flung on their heads : TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS, come to their assistance, scale the mount, and after some opposition ascend and take it. After a fight upon the mount, the Scene closes. A shout of triumph.

The Scene changes to the Town.

Enter TITUS, TIBERIAS, MALCHUS, ANTIOCHUS.

Tit. This loud and open flattery forbear,
 This public impudence ; I hate to wear
 A robe of glory which is not my own,
 And tread on ashes which I ought to crown.

Tib. The Parthian Monarch's valour all must
 own ;

But that does add the more to your renown,
 Whose greater valour conquer'd so much odds,
 The King, the fire, the thunder, and the gods.

Tit. Vainglorious falsehood still, and flatt'ry all ;
 He fell by gods, by gods alone cou'd fall.
 At first the gods against the Romans fought ;
 As they the glory to destroy him sought,

For whom the whole world's Empire was too small,
Who was too great by mortal hands to fall.

Tib. I'm sure the visions help'd him while they
stay'd.

Tit. They did ! but he, contemning of their aid,
Enrag'd they intermeddled with his fame,
Chasing us, sunk in ambuscades of flame,
The gods had laid, to save their favourite, Rome :
Yet scarce durst stay to execute their doom,
But flung the burning Temple on his head ;
Then straight for shelter to their Heav'n they
fled :

Thus down alive into the shades he fell,
And, stead of dying, he invaded hell.

Tib. Cæsar this vast revenue of renown
May give away, and not impair his own.
Your eagles now, great sir, their wings have spread
O'er all the town, and struck rebellion dead.
See, mighty sir, beneath your feet, in chains,
The torn, dissected monster's last remains !
This bloody villain, hunger ;——this, surprise

[*Pointing to John and Eleazar.*
Drove from strong vaults, that might all force de-
spise.

Ant. With these, some thousand captives, sir,
are torn

From their retreats, your triumph to adorn.
The noble Jews in battle chose to fall,
And bravely with their country perish'd all.

Tib. Of all the slain the numbers to compute,
The numb'ring art of rules is destitute :
The earth cannot suffice the dead for graves,
Nor iron mines yield chains enough for slaves.

Tit. These slaves shall satisfy me for this guilt,
And for the blood of all their nation spilt :
Conduct 'em hence, and guard 'em to their doom,
They shall be public spectacles in Rome

First wait on my triumphal chariot there,
Then, in a spacious amphitheatre,
I'll for this triumph build, be all enclos'd,
And to wild beasts in open view expos'd.

Tib. Now, sir, that none of their surviving
race,

As some will from your clemency find grace,
In after ages may their fancies please
With hopes from double-meaning prophecies,
The plainest sense of 'em we will display,
And in their ears fulfil 'em all to-day.
Besides the heaps wherewith their scrolls abound,
On an old tow'r we an inscription found,
Where it was writ—One day in Jewish land
A man shall rise, who shall the world command.
These foolish slaves applied the gods intent
To their base nation, which to you was meant.
On you, Sir, it shall be fulfill'd this hour,
You are proclaim'd that mighty Emperor.

A shout.

Om. Long live Titus Vespasian, Emperor of
Rome!

Tit. My thanks to all my troops! I'll grateful
prove

For all their valour, loyalty, and love.
Oh! now I have receiv'd the fatal blow,
And must from love to worlds of glory go:
Leaving all joys for ever out of sight,
Which gave my soul in th' other state delight.
Where is the Queen? My promise I forget,
For I must see, perhaps retain her yet.

Tib. Great sir, as I have been inform'd, dis-
pleas'd,

You stay'd so long, she has her rage appeas'd,
And all her sorrow chang'd into disdain,
Lamenting most, she did so much complain.

She now for ever has renounc'd your sight,
And is preparing for a speedy flight.

Ant. Not far from hence, her train and chariots
stay.

Mal. And see, she's veil'd, and coming, sir, this
way.

Enter BERENICE and SEMANDRA.

Tit. Ah, Madam ! whither——

Ber. Trouble me no more !

Tit. I but one word, one look from you implore.

Ber. Pray, sir, retire.

Tit. Whence does this change arise ?

Ber. Why talk you, sir, with one you so de-
spise ?

You have attain'd the Empire you desire,
To the applauses of your troops retire :
The music which did so delight your ears,
And ravish you, whilst I lay drown'd in tears,
Let 'em once more their cruel joy repeat ;
Though wherein I have ever given so great
Offence to all your troops, I cannot tell,
Except it was in loving you too well.

Tit. Oh, Madam ! do you mind a foolish crowd ?

Ber. They speak their Emperor's sense too plain,
and loud ;

And whom you slight, they surely may contemn.
Go, sir, you have attain'd the diadem
So long desir'd and sought ! observant be
To all your laws, and be not seen with me.
I'm going now your orders to obey,
And shall not long afflict you with my stay.

Tit. Oh ! to my love you great injustice do ;
Do I prefer the Imperial throne to you ?

Ber. Why else to banishment must I be sent ?

Tit. Oh, gods ! and see you not my great con-
straint,

By what strong maxims I am captive led,
 What pikes and javelins guard th' Imperial bed ?
 And it were yet more baseness to submit,
 And, for the sake of love, the Empire quit ;
 That were a folly nothing cou'd redeem,
 For love, to lose your love and your esteem ;
 You wou'd look back and blush, to see your chains
 Drag after you the wretched small remains
 Of a poor Emperor, despis'd, forlorn,
 Whom you in honour wou'd be forc'd to scorn.

Ber. These are great maxims, Sir, it is confest,
 Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
 Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds ;
 In ours it fills up all the room it finds.
 I cannot tell what glories you pursue,
 I'd quit the Empire of the world for you.

Tit. And, Madam, what for you wou'd I refuse ?
 But poorly Empire and renown to lose,
 Were all those just pretences to forsake,
 I to so brave a heart as yours can make ;
 So giving fame for love, should forfeit both.
 For Madam, say, wou'd not your spirit loath
 An abject Prince, who should such meanness shew,
 He poorly should for love to exile go ?
 Yet this inglorious exile I must chuse,
 Or throne, life, glory, you, and all must lose.

Ber. No, you shall lose no glory for my sake,
 I nothing from you, but myself, will take :
 With too much flame I love Vespasian still,
 To let him bear for me the least of ill.
 So great a love for you my heart contains,
 I'd go to Rome with you a slave in chains ;
 But think it hard you should my love requite.
 With driving me for ever from your sight.

Tit. Must my misfortunes still my crimes be
 thought ?
 Oh, gods ! in what distractions am I brought ?

Ber. You of your own distractions can complain ;
 But mine, though greater, I lament in vain.
 Say all your grief is more than a pretence,
 You have renown your loss to recompense,
 And by your own free choice yourself undo ;
 But I am into exile sent by you.
 Despis'd, forlorn, disgrac'd, inglorious made,
 Nothing in my obscure and mournful shade
 To comfort me, for all the wrongs I bear,
 But death, whose aid I will not long defer.

Offers to go out in passion, but is stopt by Titus.

Tit. What do you threat me with ?—Strive
 not in vain !
 You shall not stir whilst these sad thoughts remain.

This shall not be the tragical event
 Of parting :—Stay, unless 'tis your intent
 I should at farewell some revenge afford,
 And at your feet fall dead upon my sword.
 If ever you would kind to me appear,
 If ever Titus to the Queen was dear,
 As to my life any regard you bear,
 Do not part from me in this sad despair.

Ber. I can deny you nothing ; I will still
 Live and be wretched, since it is your will.
 I hope, though I to exile must remove,
 I am not wholly banish'd from your love.
 The laws of Rome do not their Emp'ror bind,
 At once to chase me from his sight, and mind :
 And 'tis no fundamental rule of State,
 Of a poor Queen the memory to hate.

Tit. I hate your memory ?—Oh, most unkind !
 Why with these words do you afflict my mind ?
 The thought of you is all the joy, Heav'n knows !
 I in my glorious banishment propose.

Since the first hour my heart to love did bow,
 It never felt such tenderness as now ;——
 Witness these tears !—— [Weeps.

Ber. Oh, Sir ! these are not due !——
 An Emp'r or weep !——and must I pity you ?
 Shew me less love, that I may part with ease.

Tit. Oh, gods ! who thought of these extremities ?

Ber. Who could have thought a love so chaste as mine,
 So great, so pure, so void of all design,
 Should so unfortunate to me have prov'd ?
 Wou'd I had never seen, or never lov'd.

She pauses to weep, and then proceeds.

Well, Sir, your sorrow kindly I resent ;
 So kindly that I'll go to banishment :
 Since, till I'm gone, unhappy you must be,
 I will make room for your felicity.
 Let Pow'r Vespasian to herself enjoy,
 I will not enviously by stay destroy
 So great advancement of th' Imperial Throne :
 Better one Queen, than the whole world undone.
 And for your future peace, I will provide :
 Some cave this troubler of the world shall hide,
 Where I till death will love you as before,
 But never interrupt your glory more. [Ex.

Tit. Oh, I am lost !——

Tib. Now the great combat's done,
 All danger's over, and the day's your own.
 Altars and Temples now——

Tit. Oh ! I despise
 Those flatt'ring pomps, and splendid mockeries,
 Where I am worshipt like a pow'r Divine,
 And yet all hearts are free to love but mine.
 Myself I'll longer on the rack retain,
 And at her chariot see her once again ;

Then gaze till wide and spacious seas of air
 Drown the last view, and then for death prepare :
 I mean that tedious death, which men wou'd fain
 Gild with the specious title of a reign.
 Prepare to march by the approach of day,
 I hate in this abandon'd place to stay,
 Where I am hourly with the thoughts pursu'd
 Of the Queen's tears, and my ingratitude. [E^r.

FINIS.

The Play ended, Mrs Marshall returns and speaks

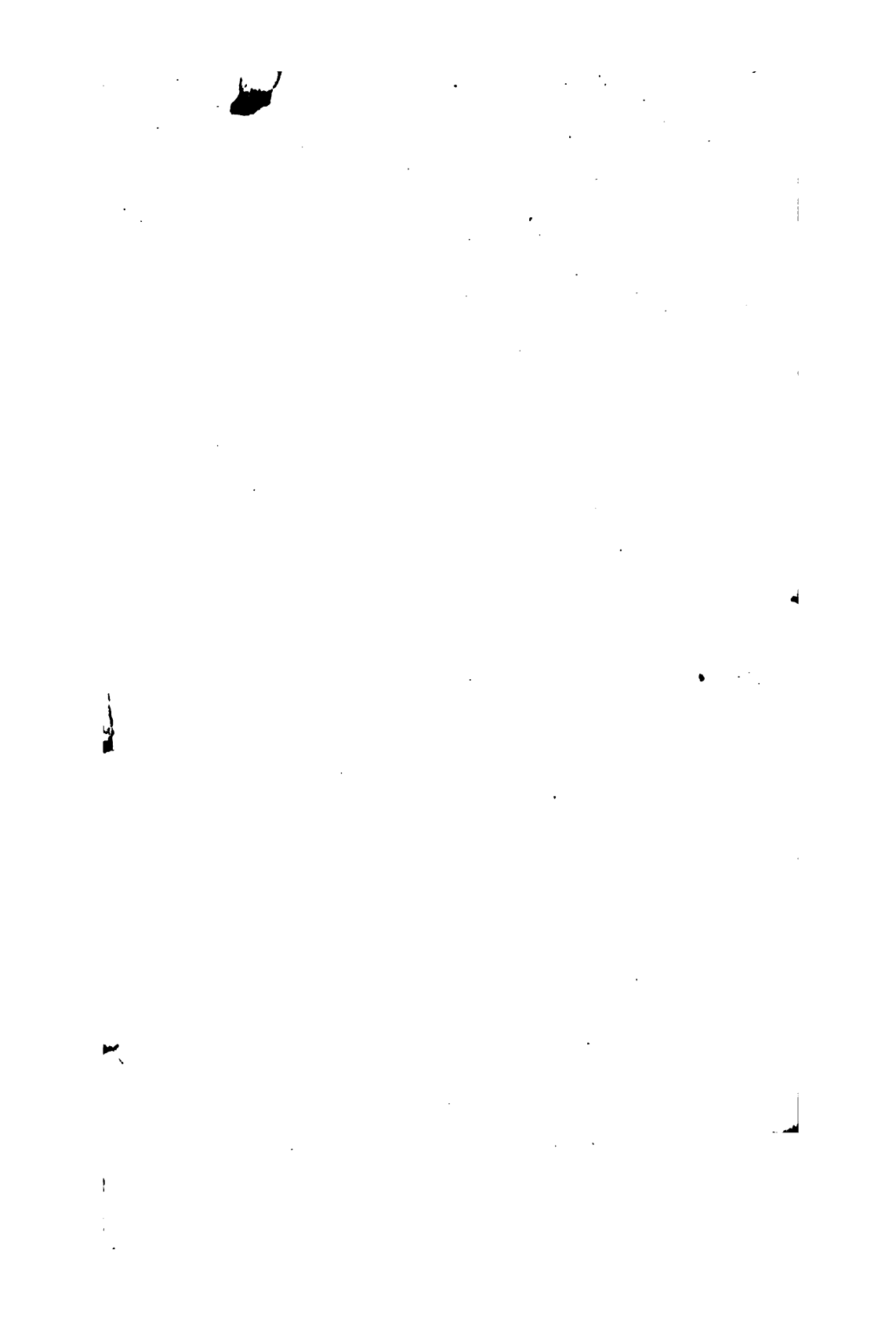
THE EPILOGUE,

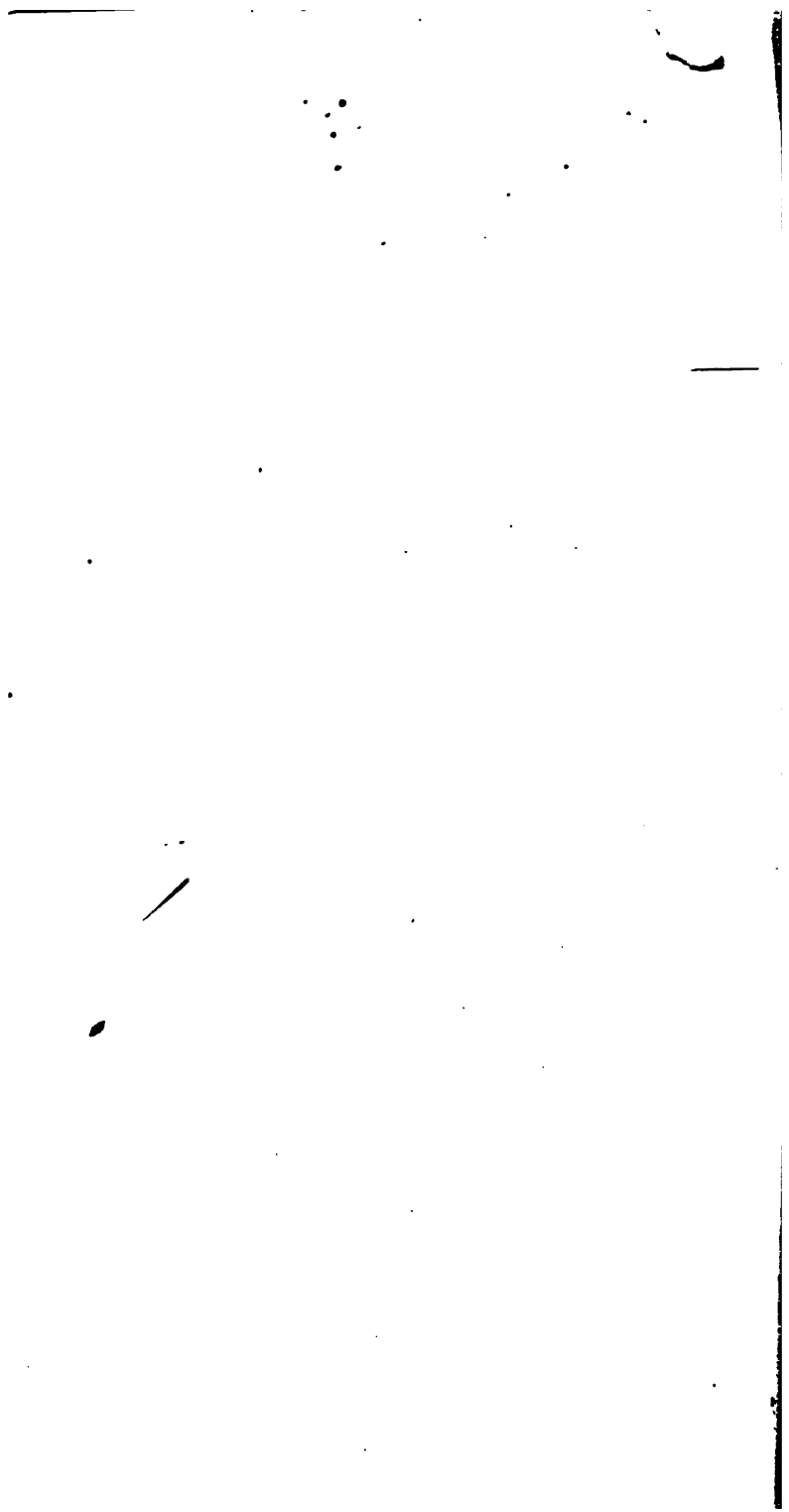
in the Character of Queen Berenice.

How! is the gallant British nation here?
Nay then in spite of Titus I'll appear,
And make this brave assembly judge my cause:
Wou'd you forsake your loves for fear of laws?
You are so brave, where love is in the case,
Men fear no danger, women no disgrace.
A confidant is out o' fashion grown,
Or any common friend will serve for one.
Who, madam, pays your eyes their tribute due?
—— 'Tis my Lord such a one:——And, is he
true?——
—— Oh! very true, and worthy my esteem.——
—— And, madam, had you pretty Miss by him?——
—— Yes, madam;——Oh! we lead a pleasant
life,
Lord how we laugh at his poor nauseous wife!——
—— I thought you were ador'd by such a one:——
—— I lov'd him first, but that intrigue is done.——
—— Why did you part?——He was a younger
brother;
Besides, we grew a weary of each other.
Thus brave are you, nor can you well forbear;
Your women charming, men most gallant are.
With this small beauty I might servants have,
Now I am free; but I your pardon crave,
I never more will any friendships make,
For my unkind, unconstant lover's sake.

No!—you in love as Gauls do in the field,
 Charge fierce, subdue, but soon your conquests
 yield :

Never keep long the beauties which you take,
 But first dismantle 'em, then give 'em back.
 Then to all new intrigues a long farewell ;
 But woman-like, though I dissemble well,
 I love to talk of my false lover oft ;
 And if the passions I have sigh'd be soft,
 And such as may unhappy beauties please,
 All you forsaken slighted mistresses,
 In mine, to hear your own complainings come ;
 'Tis better than to mope alone at home,
 Or in the rooms, where first your hearts were won,
 Or private lodgings, where you were—undone.
 Come all of you ! but if the half resort,
 Queen Berenice will have a crowded court.





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